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THE WORKS

OF

HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

With an Essay on his Life and Genius

BY

ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION

EDITED BY

JAMES P. BROWNE, M.D. (EDINB.)

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PHILOSOPHICAL

TRANSACTIONS,

FOR THE YEAR 1742-3.

THE CONTENTS.

Several Papers *relating to the* Terrestrial CHRYSIPUS, GOLDEN-FOOT, *or* GUINEA, *an* Insect, *or* Vegetable, *which has this surprising* Property, *that being cut into several pieces, each piece lives, and in a short time becomes as perfect an Insect, or Vegetable, as that, of which it was originally only a part.*

Abstract of *Part* of a Letter from the *Heer Rottenscrach*, in *Germany*, communicating Observations on the CHRYSIPUS.

SIR,

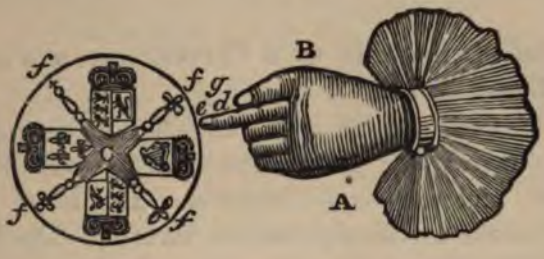
Some time since died here of old age, one Petrus Gualterus, *a man well known in the learned world, and famous for nothing so much as for an extraordinary collection which he had made of the* Chrysipi, *an animal or vegetable; of which I doubt not but there are still some to be found in England: however, if that should be difficult, it may be easy to send some over to you; as they are at present very plentiful in these parts. I can answer for the truth of the facts contained in the Paper I send you, as there is not one of them but what I have seen repeated above twenty times; and I wish others may be encouraged to try the experiments over again, and satisfy themselves of the truth by their own eyes. The accounts of the* Chrysipi, *as well as the collection itself, were found in the cabinet of the above-mentioned* Petrus, *after his death; for he could never be prevailed on to communicate a sight of either while alive. I am,*

SIR, &c.

THE FIGURE OF

THE TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS

STICKING TO A FINGER.



Observations and Experiments upon the TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS, *or* GUINEA, *by Mynheer* Petrus Gualterus.

Translated from the FRENCH *by* P. H. I. Z. C. G. S.

THE animal in question is a terrestrial vegetable or insect, of which mention is made in the *Philosophical Transactions* for several years, as may be seen in N° 000. Art. 0000. and N° 00. Art. 002. and N°—— Art. 18.

This animal or vegetable is of a rotund, orbicular, or round form, as represented in the figure annexed; in which A, denotes the ruffle; B, the hand; *g*, the thumb of that hand; *d*, the finger; *e*, the part of that finger to which the CHRYSIPUS sticks: *f*, *f*, *f*, *f*, four tubes, representing the Πέος,* or *man's staff*, mentioned by Galen in

* See *Philos. Transact.* concerning the *arbor vitæ*, *anno* 1732.

his Treatise *de Usu Partium*; and by Aristotle, in that little book called his Ἀρχιβιβλίον, or *Master-piece*. The το θηλυκον, or *woman's pipe*, an oblong perforated substance, to which the said Πεῆ directly tend, is represented by the letter C. *The mouth of the* Chrysipus *is in this anteriour middle, it opens into the stomach, which takes up the whole length of the body.* The whole body forms but one pipe, a sort of gut, which can be opened but at one end, *i.e.* at letter C.

The size of the body of a Chrysipus varies according to its different species.

I know two species only, differing in extent almost one-half; which for distinction sake, I call the *whole Chrysipus*, and the *hemi-Chrysipus*. The latter of these is by no means so valuable as the former. The length of the Πεῆ differ likewise in proportion to the different size or extension of these two.

The Πεῆ of those of a modern growth are so imperfect and invisible to the naked eye, that it is much to be feared the species will soon be entirely lost among us; and, indeed, in England, they are observed of late to be much rarer than formerly, especially in the country, where at present there are very few of them to be found; but at the same time it is remarked, that in some places of the Continent, particularly in a certain part of Germany, they are much plentier; being to be found in great numbers, where formerly there were scarce any to be met with.

I have not, after the minutest observation, been able to settle with any degree of certainty, whether this be really an animal or vegetable, or whether it be not strictly neither, or rather both. For as I have, by the help of my microscope, discovered some of its parts to resemble those of a lion; I have at other times taken notice of something not unlike the *Flower-de-luce*. Not to repeat

those parts above-mentioned, which bear great analogy to the Ἀιδοια of the human body. On their extremities (if they are not very old) may be seen certain letters forming the names of several of our kings; whence I have been almost inclined to conclude, that these are the flowers mentioned by Virgil, and which appear to have been so extremely scarce in his time.

> *Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum*
> *Nascuntur flores.*

Particularly as he adds,

> *——Et Phyllida solus habeto.*

Of which we shall take notice hereafter, when we come to speak of his properties. What hath principally dissuaded me from an opinion of its being an animal, is, that I could never observe any symptoms of voluntary motion; but indeed the same may be said of an oyster, which I think is not yet settled by the learned to be *absolutely* a vegetable.

But though it hath not, or seems not to have any progressive motion of its own, yet is it very easy to communicate a motion to it. Indeed some persons have made them fly all over the town with great velocity.

What is said of the *Polypus*, in a late excellent paper communicated to the Royal Society, is likewise applicable to the *Chrysipus*.

'They make use of their progressive motion, when 'communicated to them, to place themselves conveni-'ently, so as to catch their prey. They are voracious 'animals; their Πεῆ are so many snares which they set 'for numbers of small *insects*. As soon as any of them 'touches one of the Πεῆ, it is caught.'

But then it differs from the *Polypus* in the consequence;

for instead of making the *insect* its prey, it becomes itself a prey to it, and instead of conveying an *insect* twice as large as its own mouth into it, in imitation of the *Polypus*, the poor *Chrysipus* is itself conveyed into the *Loculus* or pouch of an *insect* a thousand times as large as itself. Notwithstanding which, this wretched animal (for so I think we may be allowed to call it) is so eager after its prey, that if the *insect* (which seldom happens) makes any resistance, it summons other *Chrysipi* to its aid, which in the end hardly ever fail of subduing it, and getting into its pouch.

The learned *Gualterus* goes on in these words: 'A 'Chrysipus, by the simple contact of my own finger, has 'so closely attached itself to my hand, that by the joint 'and indefatigable labour of several of my friends, it 'could by no means be severed, or made to quit its hold.'

As to the generation of the *Chrysipus*, it differs from all other animals or vegetables whatever; for though it seems the best supplied for this natural function, nature having provided each female part with four male ones, which one would think sufficient; yet it may be said, as of the *Polypus*, they have no distinguished place by which they bring forth their young.

Gualterus judiciously remarks:* 'I have' (says he) 'some of them, that have greatly *multiplied under my* 'eyes, and of which I might almost say, that they have 'produced young ones from all the exterior parts of their 'body.

'I have learned by a *continual attention* to the two 'species of them, that all the individuals of these species 'produce young ones.

'I have for sixty years had under my eye thousands 'of them; and though I have OBSERVED THEM CON-

* Vide Remarks on the *Polypus*, p. 6.

'STANTLY, and with ATTENTION, so as to watch them 'night and day, I never observed any thing like the 'common animal copulation.

'I tried at first two of them; but these I found would 'not produce a complete *Chrysipus;* at least I had reason 'to think the operation would be so slow that I must 'have waited some years for its completion. Upon this, 'I tried a hundred of them together; by whose mar-'vellous union (whether it be, that they mix total, like 'those heavenly spirits mentioned by Milton, or by any 'other process not yet revealed to human wit) they were 'found in the year's end to produce three, four, and 'sometimes five complete *Chrysipi.* I have indeed often 'made them in that space produce ten or twenty; but 'this hath been by some held a dangerous experiment, 'not only to the parent *Chrysipi* themselves, which have 'by these means been utterly lost and destroyed, but even 'to the philosopher who hath attempted it; for as some 'curious persons have, by hermetic experiments, endan-'gered the loss of their teeth, so we, by a too intense 'application to this *Chrysipean* philosophy, have been 'sometimes found to endanger our ears.' He then pro-ceeds thus:

* 'Another fact, which I have observed, has proved 'to me, that they have the faculty of multiplying, before 'they are severed from their parent. I have seen a '*Chrysipus*, still adhering, bring forth young ones; and 'those young ones themselves have also brought forth 'others. Upon supposition, that perhaps there was some '*copulation between the parent and young ones*, whilst they 'were yet united; or between the young ones coming 'from the body of the same parent; I made divers 'experiments to be sure of the fact; but not one of those

* Remarks, p. 7.

'experiments ever led me to any thing that could give 'the idea of a copulation.'

I now proceed to the singularities resulting from the operation I have tried upon them.

A *Chrysipus* of the larger kind may be divided into one-and-twenty substances (whether animal or vegetable we determine not), every substance being at least as large as the original *Chrysipus*. These may again be subdivided, each of them into twenty-four; and what is very remarkable, every one of these parts is heavier, and rather larger than the first *Chrysipus*. The only difference in this change, is that of the colour; for the first sort are yellow, the second white, and the third resemble the complexion and substance of many human faces.

These subdivided parts are by some observed to lose in a great degree their adherescent quality; notwithstanding which, *Gualterus* writes, that, from the minutest observations upon his own experience, they all adhered with equal tenacity to his own fingers.

The manner of dividing a *Chrysipus* differs, however, greatly from that of the *Polypus;* for whereas we are taught in that excellent treatise above-mentioned, that

* 'If the body of a *Polypus* is cut into two parts 'transversely, each of those parts becomes a complete '*Polypus:* on the very day of the operation, the first 'part, or anterior end of the *Polypus*, that is, the head, 'the mouth, and the arms: this part, I say, lengthens 'itself, it creeps, and eats.

'The second part, *which has no head, gets one;* a 'mouth forms itself at the anterior end; and shoots 'forth arms. This reproduction comes about more or 'less quickly, according as the weather is more or 'less warm. In summer, I have seen arms begin to

* See *Polypus*, pp. 8, 9, 10.

'sprout out twenty-four hours after the operation, and 'the new head perfected in every respect in a few days.

'Each of those parts thus becomes a perfect *Polypus*, 'performs absolutely all its functions. It creeps, it eats, 'it grows, and it multiplies; *and all that*, as much as 'a *Polypus* which never had been cut.

'In whatever place the body of a *Polypus* is cut, whether 'in the middle, or more or less near the head, or the 'posterior part, the experiment has always the same success.

'If a *Polypus* is cut transversely at the same moment, 'into three or four parts, they all equally become so 'many complete ones.

'The animal is too small to be cut at the same time 'into a great number of parts; *I therefore did it succes-* 'sively. I first cut a *Polypus* into four parts, and let 'them grow; next, I cut those quarters again; and at 'this rate I proceeded, *till I had made* 50 *out of one* 'single one: and here I stopped, for there would have 'been *no end of the experiment.*

'I have now actually by me several parts of the same '*Polypus* cut into pieces above a year ago; since which 'time they have produced a great number of young ones.

'*A Polypus may also be cut in two, lengthways. Be-* 'ginning by the head, one first splits the said head, and 'afterwards the stomach: the *Polypus* being in the form 'of a pipe, each half of what is thus cut lengthways 'forms a half pipe: the anterior extremity of which is 'terminated by the half of the head, the half of the mouth, 'and part of the arms. It is not long before the two 'edges of those half-pipes close after the operation; they 'generally begin at the posterior part, and close up by 'degrees to the anterior part. *Then each half-pipe* 'becomes a whole one complete: a stomach is formed, 'in which nothing is wanting; and *out of each half* 'mouth a whole one is formed also.

'I have seen all this done in less than an hour; and 'that the *Polypus* produced from each of those halves, 'at the end of that time, did not differ from the whole 'ones, except that it had fewer arms; but in a few days 'more grew out.

'I have cut a *Polypus* lengthways, between seven and 'eight in the morning; and between two and three in the 'afternoon, *each of the parts has been able to eat a worm 'as long as itself.*

'If a *Polypus* is cut lengthways, beginning at the 'head, and the section is not carried quite through; the 'result is, a *Polypus* with two bodies, two heads, and one 'tail. Some of those bodies and heads may again be cut 'lengthways soon after. In this manner I have *produced 'a* Polypus *that had several bodies, as many heads, and 'one tail.* I afterwards at once cut off the seven heads 'of this new *Hydra:* seven others grew again; *and 'the heads that were cut off, became each a complete* 'Polypus.

'I cut a *Polypus*, transversely, into two parts: I put 'these two parts close to each other again, and they 'reunited where they had been cut. The *Polypus*, thus 'reunited, eat the day after it had undergone this 'operation; it is since grown, and has multiplied.

'*I took the posterior part of one* Polypus, *and the 'anterior of another, and I have brought them to reunite 'in the same manner as the foregoing.* Next day, the 'Polypus *that resulted*, eat. It has continued well these 'two months since the operation: it is grown, and has 'put forth young ones from each of the parts of which it 'was formed. The two foregoing experiments do not 'always succeed; it often happens, that the two parts 'will not join again.

'In order to comprehend the experiment I am now 'going to speak of, one should recollect, that the whole

'body of a *Polypus* forms only one pipe, a sort of gut, 'or pouch.

'*I have been able to turn that pouch, that body of* 'the Polypus, INSIDE-OUTWARDS; AS ONE MAY TURN A 'STOCKING.

'I have several by me, that have remained turned in 'this manner; THEIR INSIDE IS BECOME THEIR OUTSIDE, 'AND THEIR OUTSIDE THEIR INSIDE: they eat, they 'grow, and they multiply, as if they had never been 'turned.'

Now, in the division and subdivision of our *Chrysipus*, we are forced to proceed in quite a different manner; namely, by the metabolic, or mutative, not by the schystic or divisive. Some have indeed attempted this latter method; but like that great philosopher the elder Pliny, they have perished in their disquisitions, as he did, by suffocation. Indeed, there is a method called the *Kleptistic*, which hath been preferred to the metabolic; but this is too dangerous; the ingenious Gualterus never carried it farther than the metabolic, contenting himself sometimes to divide the original *Chrysipus* into twenty-two parts, and again to subdivide these into twenty-five; but this requires great art.

It can't be doubted but that Mr. Trembley will, in the work he is pleased to promise us, give some account of the longevity of the *Polypus*. As to the age of the *Chrysipus*, it differs extremely; some being of equal duration with the life of man, and some of scarce a moment's existence. The best method of preserving them is, I believe, in bags or chests, in large numbers; for they seldom live long when they are alone. The great Gualterus says he thought he could never put enough of them together. If you carry them in your pockets singly, or in pairs, as some do, they will last a very little while, and in some pockets not a day.

* We are told of the *Polypus*, 'That they are to be 'looked for in such ditches whose water is stocked with 'small insects. Pieces of wood, leaves, aquatic plants, 'in short, every thing is to be taken out of the water, 'that is met with at the bottom, or on the surface of the 'water, on the edges, and in the middle of the ditches. 'What is thus taken out, must be put into a glass of 'clear water, and these insects, if there are any, will soon 'discover themselves; especially if the glass is let stand 'a little, without moving it: for thus the insects, which 'contract themselves when they are first taken out, will 'again extend themselves when they are at rest, and be-'come thereby so much the more remarkable.'

The *Chrysipus* is to be looked for in scrutoires, and behind wainscots in old houses. In searching for them, particular regard is to be had to the persons who inhabit, or have inhabited in the same houses, by observing which rule, you may often prevent throwing away your labour. They love to be rather with old than young persons, and detest finery so much, that they are seldom to be found in the pockets of laced clothes, and hardly ever in gilded palaces. They are sometimes very difficult to be met with, even though you know where they are, by reason of *pieces of wood*, *iron*, &c. which must be removed away before you can come at them. There are, however, several sure methods of procuring them, which are all ascertained in a treatise on that subject, composed by Petrus Gualterus, which, now he is dead, will shortly see the light.

I come now, in the last place, to speak of the virtues of the *Chrysipus:* In these it exceeds not only the *Polypus*, of which not one single virtue is recorded, but all other animals and vegetables whatever. Indeed, I intend here only to set down some of its chief qualities; for to enumerate all, would require a large volume.

* *Polypus*, pp. 1, 2.

First, then, A single *Chrysipus* stuck on to the finger, will make a man talk for a full hour, nay, will make him say whatever the person who sticks it on desires: and again, if you desire silence, it will as effectually stop the most loquacious tongue. Sometimes, indeed, one or two, or even twenty, are not sufficient; but if you apply the proper number, they seldom or never fail of success. It will likewise make men blind or deaf, as you think proper; and all this without doing the least injury to the several organs.

Secondly, It hath a most miraculous quality of turning black into white, or white into black. Indeed it hath the powers of the prismatic glass, and can, from any object, reflect what colour it pleases.

Thirdly, It is the strongest love-powder in the world, and hath such efficacy on the female sex, that it hath often produced love in the finest women to the most worthless and ugly, old and decrepit of our sex.

To give the strongest idea in one instance, of the salubrious quality of the *Chrysipus:* it is a medicine which the physicians are so fond of taking themselves, that few of them care to visit a patient, without swallowing a dose of it.

To conclude, *facts like these I have related, to be admitted*, require the most convincing proofs. *I venture to say, I am able to produce such proofs.* In the mean time, I refer my curious reader to the treatise I have above mentioned, which is not yet published, and perhaps never may.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since I composed the above treatise, I have been informed, that these animals swarm in England all over the country, like the locusts, once in SEVEN years; and like them too, they generally cause much mischief, and greatly ruin the country in which they have swarmed.

THE

FIRST OLYNTHIAC

OF

DEMOSTHENES.

FIRST OLYNTHIAC

OF

DEMOSTHENES.

THE ARGUMENT.

Olynthus was a powerful free city of Thrace, on the confines of Macedonia. By certain alluring offers, Philip had tempted them into an alliance with him, the terms of which were a joint war against the Athenians, and if a peace, a joint peace. The Olynthians, some time after, becoming jealous of his growing power, detach themselves from his alliance, and make a separate peace with the Athenians. Philip, exclaiming against this as a breach of their former treaty, and glad of an opportunity, which he had long been seeking, immediately declares war against them, and besieges their city. Upon this they despatch an embassy to Athens for succour. The subject of this embassy coming to be debated among the Athenians, Demosthenes gives his sentiments in the following oration.

No treasures, O Athenians! can, I am confident, be so desirable in your eyes, as to discover what is most advantageous to be done for this city, in the affair now before you. And since it is of so important a nature, the strictest attention should be given to all those who are willing to deliver their opinions; for not only the

salutary counsels which any one may have premeditated, are to be heard and received, but I consider it as peculiar to your fortune and good genius, that many things, highly expedient, may suggest themselves to the speakers, even extemporarily, and without premeditation; and then you may easily, from the whole, collect the most useful resolutions. The present occasion wants only a tongue to declare, that the posture of these affairs requires your immediate application, if you have any regard for your preservation. I know not what disposition we all entertain; but my own opinion is, that we vote a supply of men to the Olynthians, and that we send them immediately; and thus by lending them our assistance now, we shall prevent the accidents, which we have formerly felt, from falling again on us. Let an embassy be dispatched, not only to declare these our intentions, but to see them executed. For my greatest apprehension is, that the artful Philip, who well knows to improve every opportunity, by concessions, where they are most convenient, and by threats, which we may believe him capable of fulfilling, at the same time objecting our absence to our allies, may draw from the whole some considerable advantage to himself. This however, O Athenians! will give some comfort, that the very particular circumstance which adds the greatest strength to Philip is likewise favourable to us. In his own person he unites the several powers of general, of king, and of treasurer; he presides absolutely in all councils, and is constantly at the head of his army. This indeed will contribute greatly to his successes in the field, but will have a contrary effect, with regard to that truce which he is so desirous to make with the Olynthians; who will find their contention not to be for glory, nor for the enlargement of dominion; the subversion or slavery of their country is what they fight against. They have

seen in what manner he hath treated those Amphipolitans who surrendered their city to him; and those Pydnæans who received him into theirs: and indeed, universally, a kingly state is, in my opinion, a thing in which republics will never trust; and above all, if their territories border on each other. These things therefore, O Athenians! being well known to you, when you enter on this debate, your resolutions must be for war, and to prosecute it with as much vigour as you have formerly shewn on any occasion. You must resolve to raise supplies with the utmost alacrity; to muster yourselves; to omit nothing; for no longer can a reason be assigned, or excuse alleged, why you should decline what the present exigency requires. For the Olynthians, whom with such universal clamours you have formerly insisted on our fomenting against Philip, are now embroiled with him by mere accident; and this most advantageously for you; since, had they undertaken the war at your request, their alliance might have been less stable, and only to serve a present turn: but since their animosity arises from injuries offered to themselves, their hostility will be firm; as well on account of their fears, as of their resentment. The opportunity which now offers is not, O Athenians! to be lost, nor should you suffer what you have already often suffered. For had we, when we returned from succouring the Eubæans, when Hierax and Stratrocles from the Amphipolitans, in this very place, besought you to sail to their assistance, and to receive their city into your protection; had we then consulted our own interest with the same zeal with which we provided for the safety of the Eubæans, we had then possessed ourselves of Amphipolis, and escaped the troubles which have since perplexed us. Again, when we were first acquainted with the sieges of Pydna, Potidæa, Methone, Pagasæ, and others (for I will not waste time in

enumerating all), had we then assisted only one of these with proper vigour, we should have found Philip much humbler, and easier to be dealt with: whereas now, by constantly pretermitting the opportunities when they presented themselves, and trusting in fortune for the good success of future events, we have encreased the power, O Athenians! of Philip ourselves, and have raised him higher than any king of Macedonia ever was. Now then an opportunity is come. What is it? why this which the Olynthians have of their own accord offered to this city; nor is it inferior to any of those we have formerly lost. To me, O Athenians! it appears, that if we settle a just account with the gods, notwithstanding all things are not as they ought to be, they are entitled to our liberal thanksgivings. For as to our losses in war, they are justly to be set down to our own neglect: but that we formerly suffered not these misfortunes, and that an alliance now appears to balance these evils, if we will but accept it: this, in my opinion, must be referred to the benevolence of the gods. But it happens as in the affair of riches, of which, I think, it is proverbially said, that if a man preserves the wealth he attains, he is greatly thankful to fortune; but if he insensibly consumes it, his gratitude to fortune is consumed at the same time. So in public affairs, if we make not a right improvement of opportunities, we forget the good offered us by the gods; for from the final event, we generally form our judgments of all that preceded. It is therefore highly necessary, O Athenians! to take effectual care, that by making a right use of the occasion now offered us, we wipe off the stains contracted by our former conduct: for should we, O Athenians! desert these people likewise, and Philip be enabled to destroy Olynthus, will any man tell me what afterwards shall stop his future progress, wherever he desires to extend it? But consider,

O Athenians! and see, by what means this Philip, once so inconsiderable, is now become so great. He first became master of Amphipolis, secondly of Pydna, next of Potidæa, and then of Methone. After these conquests, he turned his arms towards Thessaly, where having reduced Phera, Pagasæ, Magnesia, he marched on to Thrace. Here, after he had dethroned some kings, and given crowns to others, he fell sick. On a small amendment of health, instead of refreshing himself with repose, he fell presently on the Olynthians. His expeditions against the Illyrians, the Pæonians, against Arymba, and who can recount all the other nations I omit. But should any man say, why therefore do you commemorate these things to us now? my answer is, that you may know, O Athenians! and sensibly perceive these two things: First, how pernicious it is to neglect the least article of what ought to be done; and, secondly, that you may discern the restless disposition of Philip to undertake, and his alacrity to execute: whence we may conclude, he will never think he hath done enough, nor indulge himself in ease. If then his disposition be to aim still at greater and greater conquests, and ours to neglect every brave measure for our defence; consider, in what event we can hope these things should terminate! Good gods! is there any of you so infatuated, that he can be ignorant that the war will come home to us, if we neglect it? and if this should happen, I fear, O Athenians! that we shall imitate those who borrow money at great usury, who, for a short affluence of present wealth, are afterwards turned out of their original patrimony. So we shall be found to pay dearly for our sloth; and by giving our minds entirely up to pleasure, shall bring on ourselves many and grievous calamities, against our will shall be at last reduced to a necessity of action, and to contend even

for our own country. Perhaps some one may object, that to find fault is easy, and within any man's capacity; but to advise proper measures to be taken in the present exigency, is the part of a counsellor. I am not ignorant, O Athenians! that not those who have been the first causes of the misfortune, but those who have afterwards delivered their opinions concerning it, fall often under your severe displeasure, when the success doth not answer their expectations. Be that as it will, I do not so tender my own safety, that from any regard to that, I should conceal what I imagine may conduce to your welfare.

The measures you are to take are, in my opinion, two: First, to preserve the Olynthian cities, by sending a supply of men to their assistance; secondly, to ravage the country of the enemy; and this by attacking it both by sea and land. If either of these be neglected, I much fear the success of your expedition: for should he, while you are wasting his territories, by submitting to suffer this, take Olynthus: he will be easily able to return home, and defend his own. On the other hand, if you only send succours to the Olynthians; when Philip perceives himself safe at home, he will set down before Olynthus, and employing every artifice against the town, will at length master it. We must therefore assist the Olynthians with numerous forces, and in two several places. This is my advice concerning the manner of our assisting them. As for the supply of money to be raised; you have a treasure, O Athenians! you have a treasury fuller of money, set apart for military uses, than any other city of Greece: this fund you may apply according to your pleasure, on this occasion: if the army be supplied this way, you will want no tax: if not, you will hardly find any tax sufficient. What? says some one, do you move to have this fund applied to the army? not I, truly; I only suggest that an army should be

levied; that this fund should be applied to it; that those who do their duty to the public, should receive their reward from it; whereas, in celebrating the public festivals, much is received by those who do nothing for it.

As to the rest, I think, all should contribute largely, if much wanted, less, if little. Money is wanted, and without it, nothing which is necessary to be done can be performed. Others propose other means of raising it; of which do you fix on that which seems most advantageous, and apply yourselves to your preservation, while you have an opportunity: for you ought to consider and weigh well the posture in which Philip's affairs now stand: for it appears to me, that no man, even though he hath not examined them with much accuracy, can imagine them to be in the fairest situation. He would never have entered into this war, had he thought it would have been protracted. He hoped at his very entrance to have carried all things before him, which expectation hath deceived him. This, therefore, by falling out contrary to his opinion, hath given him the first shock, and much dejected him. Then the commotions in Thessaly: for these are by nature the most perfidious of mortals, and have always proved so; as such he hath now sufficiently experienced them. They have decreed to demand Pagasæ of him, and to forbid the fortifying Magnesia. I have moreover heard it said, that the Thessalians would no longer open their ports to him, nor suffer his fleets to be victualled in their markets; for that these should go to the support of the republics of Thessaly, and not to the use of Philip. But should he be deprived of these, he will find himself reduced to great straits to provide for his auxiliaries. And further; can we suppose that Pæonia and Illyria, and all the other cities, will chuse rather to be slaves than free, and their own masters? They are not inured to bondage, and the

man is, as they say, prone to insolence; which is indeed very credible; for unmerited success entirely perverts the understanding in weaker minds; whence it is often more difficult to retain advantages than it was to gain them. It is our parts then, O Athenians! to take advantage of this distress of Philip, to undertake the business with the utmost expedition; not only to dispatch the necessary embassies, but to follow them with an army, and to stir up all his other enemies against him: for we may be assured of this, that had Philip the same opportunity, and the war was near our borders, he would be abundantly ready to invade us. Are you not then ashamed through fear to omit bringing that on him, when you have an opportunity, which he, had he that opportunity, would surely bring on you? Besides, let none of you be ignorant, that you have now your option, whether you shall attack him abroad, or be attacked by him at home; for if the Olynthians, by your assistance, are preserved, the kingdom of Philip will be by your forces invaded; and you may then retain your own dominions, your own city in safety; but should Philip once master the Olynthians, who would oppose his march hither? The Thebans? let me not be thought too bitter, if I say, they would be ready to assist him against us. The Phocians? they are not able to save themselves, unless you, or some one else, will assist them. But, my friend, says one, Philip will have no desire to invade us.——I answer, it would surely be most absurd, if what he imprudently now threatens us with, he would not, when he conveniently could, perform. As to the difference, whether the war be here or there, there is, I think, no need of argument; for if it was necessary for you to be thirty days in the field within your own territories, and to sustain your army with your own product, supposing no enemy there at the same time; I say, the

losses of your husbandmen, who supply those provisions, would be greater than the whole expense of the preceding war. But if an actual war should come to our doors, what losses must we then expect? Add to this, the insults of the enemy, and that which to generous minds is not inferior to any loss, the disgrace of such an incident. It becomes us all, therefore, when we consider all these things, to apply our utmost endeavours to expel this war from our borders; the rich, that for the many things they possess, parting with a little, they may secure the quiet possession of the rest; the young men, that having learnt experience in the art of war, at Philip's expense, in his country, they may become formidable defenders of their own; the orators, that they may be judicially vindicated in the advice they have given to the republic: since according to the success of the measures taken in consequence of their opinions, so you will judge of the advisers themselves. May this success be happy, for the sake of every one!

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It would be a strange consideration (saith Cicero) that while so many excellent remedies have been discovered for the several diseases of the human body, the mind should be left without any assistance to alleviate and repel the disorders which befal it. The contrary of this he asserts to be true, and prescribes philosophy to us, as a certain and infallible method to assuage and remove all those perturbations which are liable to affect this nobler part of man.

Of the same opinion were all those wise and illustrious ancients, whose writings and sayings on this subject have been transmitted to us. And when Seneca tells us, that *virtue* is sufficient to subdue all our passions, he means no other (as he explains it in many parts of his works) than *that exalted divine philosophy*, which consisted not in vain pomp, or useless curiosity, nor even in the search of more profitable knowledge, but in acquiring solid lasting habits of virtue, and ingrafting them into our character. It was not the bare knowing the right way, but the constant and steady walking in it, which those glorious writers recommended and dignified by the

august names of *philosophy* and *virtue;* which two words, if they did not always use in a synonymous sense, yet they all agreed in this, that virtue was the consummation of true philosophy.

Now that this supreme philosophy, this habit of virtue, which strengthened the mind of a Socrates, or a Brutus, is really superior to every evil which can attack us, I make no doubt; but in truth, this is to have a sound, not a sickly constitution. With all proper deference, therefore, to such great authorities, they seem to me to assert no more than that health is a remedy against disease: for a soul once possessed of that degree of virtue which can without emotion look on poverty, pain, disgrace, and death, as things indifferent; a soul, as Horace expresses it,

Totus teres atque rotundus;

or, according to Seneca, *which derives all its comfort from* WITHIN, *not from* WITHOUT; which can look down on all the ruffling billows of fortune, as from a rock on shore we survey a tempestuous sea with unconcern; such a soul is surely in a state of health which no vigour of bodily constitution can resemble.

And as this health of the mind exceeds that of the body in degree, so doth it in constancy or duration. In the latter, the transition from perfect health to sickness is easy, and often sudden; whereas the former, being once firmly established in the robust state above described, is never afterwards liable to be shocked by any accident or impulse of fortune.

It must be confessed, indeed, that those great masters have pointed out the way to this philosophy, and have endeavoured to allure and persuade others into it; but as it is certain that few of their disciples have been able to arrive at its perfection; nay, as several of the masters

themselves have done little honour to their precepts, by their examples, there seems still great occasion for a mental physician, who should consider the human mind (as is often the case of the body) in too weak and depraved a situation to be restored to firm vigour and sanity, and should propose rather to palliate and lessen its disorders, than absolutely to cure them.

To consider the whole catalogue of diseases to which our minds are liable, and to prescribe proper remedies for them all, would require a much longer treatise than what I now intend; I shall confine myself therefore to one only, and to a particular species of that one, viz. to *affliction for the death of our friends.*

This is a malady to which the best and worthiest of men are chiefly liable. It is, like a fever, the distemper of a rich and generous constitution. Indeed, we may say of those base tempers which are totally incapable of being affected with it, what a witty physician of the last age said of a shattered and rotten carcass, that they are not worth preserving.

For this reason the calm demeanour of Stilpo the philosopher, who, when he had lost his children at the taking *Megara* by *Demetrius*, concluded, *he had lost nothing, for that he carried all which was his own about him*, hath no charms for me. I am more apt to impute such sudden tranquillity at so great a loss, to ostentation or obduracy, than to consummate virtue. It is rather wanting the affection than conquering it. To overcome the affliction arising from the loss of our friends, is great and praiseworthy; but it requires some reason and time. This sudden unruffled composure is owing to mere insensibility; to a depravity of the heart, not goodness of the understanding.

But in a mind of a different cast, in one susceptible of a tender affection, fortune can make no other ravage

equal to such a loss. It is tearing the heart, the soul from the body; not by a momentary operation, like that by which the most cruel tormentors of the body soon destroy the subject of their cruelty; but by a continued, tedious, though violent agitation; the soul having this double unfortunate superiority to the body, that its agonies, as they are more exquisite, so they are more lasting.

If however this calamity be not in a more humane disposition to be presently or totally removed, an attempt to lessen it is, however, worth our attention. He who could reduce the torments of the gout to one-half or a third of the pain, would, I apprehend, be a physician in much vogue and request; and surely, some palliative remedies are as much worth our seeking in the mental disorder; especially if this latter should (as appears to me who have felt both) exceed the former in its anguish a hundred fold.

I will proceed, therefore, without further apology, to present my reader with the best prescriptions I am capable of furnishing; many of which have this uncommon recommendation, that I have tried them upon myself with some success. And if Montaigne be right in his choice of a physician, who had himself had the disease which he undertook to cure, I shall at least have that pretension to some confidence and regard.

And first, by way of preparative; while we yet enjoy our friends, and no immediate danger threatens us of losing them, nothing can be wholesomer than frequent reflections on the certainty of this loss, however distant it may then appear to us; for if it be worth our while to prepare the body for diseases which may possibly (or at most probably) attack us, how much more necessary must it seem to furnish the mind with every assistance to encounter a calamity which our own death

only, or the previous determination of our friendship, can prevent from happening to us.

It hath been mentioned as one of the first ingredients of a *wise* man, that nothing befalls him entirely unforeseen, and unexpected. And this is surely the principal means of taking his happiness or misery out of the hands of fortune. Pleasure or pain, which seizes us unprepared, and by surprise, have a double force, and are both more capable of subduing the mind, than when they come upon us looking for them, and prepared to receive them. That pleasure is heightened by long expectation appears to me a great though vulgar error. The mind, by constant premeditation on either, lessens the sweetness of the one, and bitterness of the other. It hath been well said of lovers, who for a long time procrastinate and delay their happiness, that they have loved themselves out before they come to the actual enjoyment; this is as true in the more ungrateful article of affliction. The objects of our passions, as well as of our appetites, may be in a great measure devoured by imagination; and grief, like hunger, may be so palled and abated by expectation, that it may retain no sharpness when its food is set before it.

The thoughts which are to engage our consideration on this head are too various, and many of them too obvious, to be enumerated; the principal are surely, First, the certainty of the dissolution of this alliance, however sweet it be to us, or however closely the knot be tied. Secondly, the extreme shortness of this duration, even at the best. And, Thirdly, the many accidents by which it is daily and hourly liable of being brought to an end.

Had not the wise man frequently meditated on these subjects, he would not have coolly answered the person who acquainted him with the death of his son—I KNEW

I had begot a Mortal. Whereas, by the behaviour of some on these occasions, we might be almost induced to suspect they were disappointed in their hopes of their friend's immortality; that something uncommon, and beyond the general fate of men, had happened to them. In a word, that they had flattered their fondness for their children and friends as enthusiastically as the poets have their works, which

> ——— *nec Jovis ira nec ignis,*
> *Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*

Nor is there any dissuasive from such contemplation: it is no breach of friendship, nor violence of paternal fondness: for the event we dread and detest is not by these means forwarded, as simple persons think their own death would be by making a will. On the contrary, the sweetest and most rapturous enjoyments are thus promoted and encouraged: for what can be a more delightful thought than to assure ourselves, after such reflections, that the evil we apprehend, and which might so probably have happened, hath been yet fortunately escaped. If it be true, that the loss of a blessing teaches us its true value, will not these ruminations on the certainty of losing our friends, and the uncertainty of our enjoyment of them, add a relish to the present possession? Shall we not, in a word, return to their conversation, after such reflections, with the same eagerness and ecstasy, with which we receive those we love into our arms, when we first wake from a dream which hath terrified us with their deaths?

Thus then we have a double incentive to these meditations; as they serve as well to heighten our present enjoyment, as to lessen our future loss, and to fortify us against it. I shall now proceed to give my reader

some instructions for his conduct, when this dreadful catastrophe hath actually befallen him.

And here I address myself to common men, and who partake of the more amiable weaknesses of human nature; not to those elevated souls whom the consummation of virtue and philosophy hath raised to a divine pitch of excellence, and placed beyond the reach of human calamity; for which reason I do not expect this loss shall be received with the composure of Stilpo. Nay, I shall not regard tears, lamentations, or any other indulgence to the first agonies of our grief on so dreadful an occasion, as marks of effeminacy; but shall rather esteem them as the symptoms of a laudable tenderness, than of a contemptible imbecility of heart.

However, though I admit the first emotions of our grief to be so far irresistible, that they are not to be instantly and absolutely overcome, yet we are not, on the other side, totally to abandon ourselves to them. Wisdom is our shield against all calamity, and this we are not cowardly to throw away, though some of the sharper darts of fortune may have pierced us through it. The mind of a wise man may be ruffled and disordered, but cannot be subdued; in the former, it differs from the perfection of the Deity; in the latter, from the abject condition of a fool.

With whatever violence our passions at first attack us they will in time subside. It is then that reason is to be called to our assistance, and we should use every suggestion which it can lend to our relief; our utmost force being to be exerted to repel and subdue an enemy when he begins to retreat: this, indeed, one would imagine, should want little or no persuasion to recommend it; inasmuch as we all naturally pursue happiness and avoid misery.

There are, however, two causes of our unwillingness to

hearken to the voice of reason on this occasion. The first is, a foolish opinion, that friendship requires an exorbitant affliction of us; that we are thus discharging our duty to the dead, and offering (according to the superstition of the ancients) an agreeable sacrifice to their manes; the other, and perhaps the commoner motive is, the immediate satisfaction we ourselves feel in this indulgence; which, though attended with very dreadful consequences, gives the same present relief to a tender disposition, that air or water brings to one in a high fever.

Now what can possibly, on the least examination, appear more absurd than the former of these? When the grave, beyond which we can enter into no engagement with one another, hath dissolved all bonds of friendship between us, and removed the object of our affection far from the reach of any of our offices; can any thing be more vain and ridiculous, than to nourish an affliction to our own misery, by which we can convey neither profit nor pleasure to our friend? But I shall not dwell on an absurdity so monstrous in itself that the bare first mention throws it in a light which no illustration nor argument can heighten.

And as to the second, it is, as I have said, like those indulgences which, however pleasant they may be to the distemper, serve only to increase it, and for which we are sure to pay the bitterest agonies in the end. Nothing can indeed betray a weaker or more childish temper of mind than this conduct; by which, like infants, we reject a remedy, if it be the least distasteful; and are ready to receive any grateful food, without regarding the nourishment which at the same time we contribute to the disease.

Without staying, therefore, longer to argue with such, I shall first recommend to my disciple or patient, of

another complexion, carefully to avoid all circumstances which may revive the memory of the deceased, whom it is now his business to forget as fast, and as much as possible; whereas, such is the perverseness of our natures, we are constantly endeavouring, at every opportunity, to recal to our remembrance the words, looks, gestures, and other particularities of a friend. One carries about with him the picture; a second the hair; and others, some little gift or token of the dead, as a memorial of their loss. What is all this less than being self-tormentors, and playing with affliction? Indeed, time is the truest and best physician on these occasions; and our wisest part is to lend him the utmost assistance we can; whereas, by pursuing the methods I have here objected to, we withstand with all our might the aid and comfort which that great reliever of human misery so kindly offers us.

Diversions of the lightest kind have been recommended as a remedy for affliction; but for my part, I rather conceive they will increase than diminish it; especially where music is to make up any part of the entertainment; for the nature of this is to sooth or inflame, not to alter our passions. Indeed, I should rather propose such diversions by way of trial than of cure; for when they can be pursued with any good effect, our affliction is, I apprehend, very little grievous or dangerous.

To say the truth, the physic for this, as well as every other mental disorder, is to be dispensed to us by philosophy and religion. The former of these words (however unhappily it hath contracted the contempt of the pretty gentlemen and fine ladies) doth surely convey, to those who understand it, no very ridiculous idea. Philosophy, in its purer and stricter sense, means no more than the love of wisdom; but in its common and vulgar acceptation it signifies, the search after wisdom;

or often, wisdom itself ; for to distinguish between wisdom and philosophy (says a great writer) is rather matter of vain curiosity than of real utility.

Now from this fountain (call it by which of the names we please) may be drawn the following considerations:

First, the injustice of our complaint, who have been only obliged to fulfil the condition on which we first received the good, whose loss we deplore, viz. that of parting with it again. We are tenants at will to fortune, and as we have advanced no consideration on our side, can have no right to accuse her caprice in determining our estate. However short-lived our possession hath been, it was still more than she promised, or we could demand. We are already obliged to her for more than we can pay; but, like ungrateful persons, with whom one denial effaces the remembrance of an hundred benefits, we forget what we have already received; and rail at her, because she is not pleased to continue those favours, which of her own free-will she hath so long bestowed on us.

Again, as we might have been called on to fulfil the condition of our tenure long before, so, sooner or later, of necessity we must have done it. The longest term we could hope for is extremely short, and compared by Solomon himself to the length of a span. Of what duration is this life of man computed? A scrivener, who sells his annuity at fourteen years and a half, rejoices in his cunning, and thinks he hath outwitted you at least half a year in the bargain.

But who will ensure these fourteen years? No man. On the contrary, how great is the premium for insuring you one? and great as it is, he who accepts it, is often a loser.

I shall not go into the hackneyed common-place of the numberless avenues to death; a road almost as much

beaten by writers, as those avenues to death are by mankind: Tibullus sums them up in half a verse,

—— *Leti mille repente viæ.*

Surely no accident can befal our friend which should so little surprise us; for there is no other which he may not escape. In poverty, pain, or other instances, his lot may be harder than his neighbour's. In this the happiest and most miserable, the greatest and lowest, richest and poorest of mankind share all alike.

It is not then, it cannot be, death itself (which is a part of life) that we lament should happen to our friend, but it is the time of his dying. We desire not a pardon, we desire a reprieve only. A reprieve, for how long? *Sine die.* But if he could escape this fever, this small-pox, this inflammation of the bowels, he may live twenty years. He may so; but it is more probable he will not live ten; it is very possible, not one. But suppose he should have twenty, nay thirty years to come. In prospect, it is true, the term seems to have some duration; but, cast your eyes backwards, and how contemptible the span appears: for it happens in life (however pleasant the journey may be) as to a weary traveller, the plain he is yet to pass extends itself much larger to his eye than that which he hath already conquered.

And suppose fortune should be so generous to indulge us in the possession of our wish, and give us this twenty years longer possession of our friend, should we be then contented to resign? Or shall we not, in imitation of a child who desires its mamma to stay five minutes, and it will take the potion, be still as unwilling as ever? I am afraid the latter will be the case; seeing that neither our calamity, nor the child's physic, becomes less nauseous by the delay.

But, admitting this condition to be never so hard,will

not philosophy shew us the folly of immoderate affliction? Can all our sorrow mend our case? Can we wash back our friend with our tears, or waft him back with our sighs and lamentations? It is a foolish mean-spiritedness in a criminal, to blubber to his judge when he knows he shall not prevail by it; and it is natural to admire those more who meet their fate with a decent constancy and resignation. Were the sentences of fate capable of remission; could our sorrows or sufferings restore our friends to us, I would commend him who outdid the fabled Niobe in weeping: but since no such event is to be expected; since *from that Bourne no Traveller returns;* surely it is the part of a wise man to bring himself to be content in a situation which no wit or wisdom, labour or art, trouble or pain, can alter.

And let us seriously examine our hearts, whether it is for the sake of our friends or ourselves, that we grieve. I am ready to agree with a celebrated French writer, That *the lamentation expressed for the loss of our dearest friends is often, in reality, for ourselves; that we are concerned at being less happy, less easy, and of less consequence than we were before; and thus the dead enjoy the honour of those tears which are truly shed on account of the living:* concluding,—that *in these afflictions men impose on themselves.* Now, if, on the inquiry, this should be found to be our case, I shall leave the patient to seek his remedy elsewhere, having first recommended to him an assembly, a ball, an opera, a play, an amour, or, if he please, all of them; which will very speedily produce his cure. But, on the contrary, if, after the strictest examination, it should appear (as I make no doubt is sometimes the case) that our sorrow arises from that pure and disinterested affection which many minds are so far from being capable of entertaining, that they can have no idea of it; in a word, if it be manifest that our fears

are justly to be imputed to our friend's account, it may be then worth our while to consider the nature and degree of this misfortune which hath happened to him; and if, on duly considering it, we should be able to demonstrate to ourselves, that this supposed dreadful calamity should exist only in opinion, and all its horrors vanish, on being closely and nearly examined; then, I apprehend, the very foundation of our grief will be removed, and it must, of necessary consequence, immediately cease.

I shall not attempt to make an estimate of human life, which to do in the most concise manner, would fill more pages than I can here allow it; nor will it be necessary for me, since admitting there was more real happiness in life than the wisest men have allowed; as the weakest and simplest will be ready to confess that there is much evil in it likewise; and as I conceive every partial man will, on casting up the whole, acknowledge that the latter is more than a balance for the former, I apprehend it will appear, sufficiently for my purpose, that death is not that king of terrors as he is represented to be.

Death is nothing more than the negation of life. If therefore life be no general good, death is no general evil. Now, if this be a point in judgment, who shall decide it? Shall we prefer the judgment of women and children, or of wise men? If of the latter, shall I not have all their suffrages with me? Thales, the chief of the sages, held life and death as things indifferent. Socrates, the greatest of all the philosophers, speaks of death as of a deliverance. Solomon, who had tasted all the sweets of life, condemns the whole as vanity and vexation: and Cicero (to name no more) whose life had been a very fortunate one, assures us in his old age, that *if any of the gods would frankly offer him to renew his infancy, and live his life over again, he would strenuously refuse it.*

But if we will be hardy enough to fly in the face of these and numberless other such authorities; if we will still maintain that the pleasures of life have in them something truly solid, and worthy our regard and desire, we shall not, however, be bold enough to say, that these pleasures are lasting, certain, or the portion of many among us. We shall not, I apprehend, insure the possession of them to our friend, nor secure him from all those evils which, as I have before said, none have ever denied the real existence of; nor shall we surely contend, that he may not more likely have escaped the latter, than have been deprived of the former.

I remember the most excellent of women, and tenderest of mothers, when, after a painful and dangerous delivery, she was told she had a daughter, answering; *Good God! have I produced a creature who is to undergo what I have suffered!* Some years afterwards, I heard the same woman, on the death of that very child, then one of the loveliest creatures ever seen, comforting herself with reflecting, that *her child could never know what it was to feel such a loss as she then lamented.*

In reality, she was right in both instances; and however instinct, youth, a flow of spirits, violent attachments, and above all, folly may blind us, the day of death is (to most people at least) a day of more happiness than that of our birth, as it puts an end to all those evils which the other gave a beginning to. So just is that sentiment of Solon, which Crœsus afterwards experienced the truth of, and which is couched in these lines:

——ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo, postremaque funera debet.

If therefore death be no evil, there is certainly no reason why we should lament its having happened to our friend; but if there be any whom neither his own

observation, nor what Plato hath advanced in his apology for Socrates, in his Crito, and his Phædon; or Cicero, in the first and third books of his Tusculan questions; or Montaigne (if he hath a contempt for the ancients), can convince, that death is not an evil worthy our lamentation, let such a man comfort himself, that the evil which his friend hath suffered, he shall himself shortly have his share in. As nothing can be a greater consolation to a delicate friendship than this, so there is nothing we may so surely depend on. A few days may, and a few years most infallibly will bring this about, and we shall then reap one benefit from the cause of our present affliction, that we are not then to be torn from the person we love.

These are, I think, the chief comforts which the voice of human philosophy can administer to us on this occasion. Religion goes much farther, and gives us a most delightful assurance, that our friend is not barely no loser, but a gainer by his dissolution; that those virtues and good qualities which were the objects of our affection on earth, are now become the foundation of his happiness and reward in a better world.

Lastly: it gives a hope, the sweetest, most endearing and ravishing, which can enter into a mind capable of, and inflamed with friendship—the hope of again meeting the beloved person, of renewing and cementing the dear union in bliss everlasting. This is a rapture which leaves the warmest imagination at a distance. *Who can conceive* (says Sherlock, in his Discourse on Death) *the melting caresses of two souls in Paradise?* What are all the trash and trifles, the bubbles, bawbles, and gewgaws of this life, to such a meeting? This is a hope which no reasoning shall ever argue me out of, nor millions of such worlds as this should purchase; nor can any man shew me its absolute impossibility, till he can demonstrate that it is not in the power of the Almighty to bestow it on me.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

AND

DIOGENES THE CYNIC.

A

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BETWEEN

ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

AND

DIOGENES THE CYNIC.

ALEXANDER.

WHAT fellow art thou, who darest thus to lie at thy ease in our presence, when all others, as thou seest, rise to do us homage? Dost thou not know us?

Diog. I cannot say I do: but by the number of thy attendants, by the splendour of thy habit; but, above all, by the vanity of thy appearance, and the arrogance of thy speech, I conceive thou mayst be Alexander the son of Philip.

Alex. And who can more justly challenge thy respect, than Alexander, at the head of that victorious army, who hath performed such wonderful exploits,* and under his conduct, hath subdued the world?

Diog. Who? why the tailor who made me this old cloke.

* This is an anachronism: for Diogenes was of Sinope, and the meeting between him and Alexander fell out while the latter was confederating the Grecian States in the Peloponnesse before his Asiatic expedition: but that season would not have furnished sufficient matter for this dialogue; we have therefore fixed the time of it at the conqueror's return from India.

Alex. Thou art an odd fellow, and I have a curiosity to know thy name.

Diog. I am not ashamed of it: I am called Diogenes: a name composed of as many and as well-sounding syllables as Alexander.

Alex. Diogenes, I rejoice at this encounter. I have heard of thy name, and been long desirous of seeing thee; in which wish, since fortune hath accidentally favoured me, I shall be glad of thy conversation a while: and that thou likewise mayest be pleased with our meeting, ask me some favour; and as thou knowest my power, so shalt thou experience my will to oblige thee.

Diog. Why, then, Alexander the Great, I desire thee to stand from between me and the sun; whose beams thou hast withheld from me some time, a blessing which it is not in thy power to recompense the loss of.

Alex. Thou hast a very shallow opinion of my power, indeed; and if it was a just one, I should have travelled so far, undergone so much, and conquered so many nations, to a fine purpose, truly.

Diog. That is not my fault.

Alex. Dost thou not know that I am able to give thee a kingdom?

Diog. I know thou art able, if I had one, to take it from me; and I shall never place any value on that which such as thou art can deprive me of.

Alex. Thou dost speak vainly in contempt of a power which no other man ever yet arrived at. Hath the Granicus yet recovered the bloody colour with which I contaminated its waves? Are not the fields of Issus and Arbela still white with human bones? Will Susa shew no monuments of my victory? Are Darius and Porus names unknown to thee? Have not the groans of those millions reached thy ears, who, but for the valour of this heart, and the strength of this arm, had still enjoyed life

and tranquillity? Hath then this son of Jupiter, this conqueror of the world, adored by his followers, dreaded by his foes, and worshipped by all, lived to hear his power contemned, and the offer of his favour slighted, by a poor philosopher, a wretched Cynic, whose cloke appears to be his only possession!

Diog. I retort the charge of vanity on thyself, proud Alexander! for how vainly dost thou endeavour to raise thyself on the monuments of thy disgrace! I acknowledge indeed all the exploits thou hast recounted and the millions thou hast to thy eternal shame destroyed. But is it hence thou wouldst claim Jupiter for thy father? Hath not then every plague or pestilential vapour the same title? If thou art the dread of wretches to whom death appears the greatest of evils, is not every mortal disease the same? And if thou hast the adoration of thy servile followers, do they offer thee more than they are ready to pay to every tinsel ornament, or empty title? Is then the fear or worship of slaves of so great honour, when at the same time thou art the contempt of every brave honest man, though, like me, an old cloke should be his only possession?

Alex. Thou seemest, to my apprehension, to be ignorant, that in professing this disregard for the glory I have so painfully achieved, thou art undermining the foundation of all that honour which is the encouragement to, and reward of, every thing truly great and noble; for in what doth all honour, glory, and fame consist, but in the breath of that multitude, whose estimation, with such ill-grounded scorn, thou dost affect to despise? A reward which hath ever appeared sufficient to inflame the ambition of high and exalted souls; though, from their meanness, low minds may be incapable of tasting, or rather, for which pride, from the despair of attaining it, may inspire thee to feign a false and counterfeit disdain. What

other reward than this have all those heroes proposed to themselves, who rejected the enjoyments which ease, riches, pleasure, and power, have held forth to them in their native country, have deserted their homes, and all those things which to vulgar mortals appear lovely or desirable, and, in defiance of difficulty and danger, invaded and spoiled the cities and territories of others ; when their anger hath been provoked by no injury, nor their hope inspired by the prospect of any other good than of this very glory and honour, this adoration of slaves, which thou, from having never tasted its sweets, hast treated with contempt ?

Diog. Thy own words have convinced me (stand a little more out of the sun, if you please), that thou hast not the least idea of true honour. Was it to depend on the suffrages of such wretches, it would indeed be that contemptible thing which you represent it to be estimated in my opinion : but true honour is of a different nature ; it results from the secret satisfaction of our own minds, and is decreed us by wise men and the gods ; it is the shadow of wisdom and virtue, and is inseparable from them ; nor is it either in thy power to deserve, nor in that of thy followers to bestow. As for such heroes as thou hast named, who, like thyself, were born the curses of mankind, I readily agree they pursue another kind of glory, even that which thou hast mentioned, the applause of their slaves and sycophants : in this instance, indeed, their masters, since they bestow on them the reward, such as it is, of all their labours.

Alex. However, as you would persuade me you have so clear a notion of my honour, I would be glad to be on a par with you, by conceiving some idea of yours ; which I can never obtain of the shadow, till I have some clearer knowledge of the substance, and understand in what your wisdom and virtue consist.

Diog. Not in ravaging countries, burning cities, plundering and massacring mankind.

Alex. No, rather in biting and snarling at them.

Diog. I snarl at them because of their vice and folly; in a word, because there are among them many such as thee and thy followers.

Alex. If thou wouldst confess the truth, envy is the true source of all thy bitterness; it is that which begets thy hatred, and from hatred comes thy railing; whereas the thirst of glory only is my motive. I hate not those whom I attack, as plainly appears by the clemency I shew to them when they are conquered.

Diog. Thy clemency is cruelty. Thou givest to one what thou hast by violence and plunder taken from another; and in so doing, thou only raisest him to be again the mark of fortune's caprice, and to be tumbled down a second time by thyself, or by some other like thee. My snarling is the effect of my love; in order, by my invectives against vice, to frighten men from it, and drive them into the road of virtue.

Alex. For which purpose thou hast forsworn society, and art retired to preach to trees and stones.

Diog. I have left society, because I cannot endure the evils I see and detest in it.

Alex. Rather because thou canst not enjoy the good thou dost covet in it. For the same reason I have left my own country, which afforded not sufficient food for my ambition.

Diog. But I come not like thee abroad, to rob and plunder others. Thy ambition hath destroyed a million, whereas I have never occasioned the death of a single man.

Alex. Because thou hast not been able; but thou hast done all within thy power, by cursing and devoting to destruction almost as many as I have conquered. Come,

come, thou art not the poor-spirited fellow thou wouldst appear. There is more greatness of soul in thee than at present shines forth. Poor circumstances are clouds which often conceal and obscure the brightest minds. Pride will not suffer thee to confess passions which fortune hath not put it in thy power to gratify. It is, therefore, that thou deniest ambition; for hadst thou a soul as capacious as mine, I see no better way which thy humble fortune would allow thee of feeding its ambition, than what thou hast chosen; for when alone in this retreat which thou hast chosen, thou mayest contemplate thy own greatness. Here no stronger rival will contend with thee; nor can the hateful objects of superior power, riches, or happiness, invade thy sight. But, be honest and confess, had fortune placed thee at the head of a Macedonian army——

Diog. Had fortune placed me at the head of the world, it could not have raised me in my own opinion. And is this mighty soul, which is, it seems, so much more capacious than mine, obliged at last to support its superiority on the backs of a multitude of armed slaves? And who in reality have gained these conquests, and gathered all these laurels, of which thou art so vain? Hadst thou alone past into Asia, the empire of Darius had still stood unshaken. But though Alexander had never been born, who will say the same troops might not, under some other general, have done as great, or perhaps greater mischiefs? The honour, therefore, such as it is, is by no means justly thy own. Thou usurpest the whole, when thou art, at most, entitled to an equal share only. It is not, then, Alexander, but Alexander and his army are superior to Diogenes. And in what are they his superiors? In brutal strength—in which they would be again excelled by an equal number of lions, or wolves, or tigers. An army which would be able to

do as much more mischief than themselves, as they are than Diogenes.

Alex. Then thy grief broke forth. Thou hatest us because we can do more mischief than thyself. And in this I see thou claimest the precedence over me; that I make use of others as the instruments of my conquests, whereas all thy raillery and curses against mankind proceed only out of thy own mouth. And if I alone am not able to conquer the world, thou alone art able to curse it.

Diog. If I desired to curse it effectually, I have nothing more to do, than to wish thee long life and prosperity.

Alex. But then thou must wish well to an individual, which is contrary to thy nature, who hatest all.

Diog. Thou art mistaken. Long life, to such as thee, is the greatest of curses; for, to mortify thy pride effectually, know, there is not in thy whole army, no, nor among all the objects of thy triumph, one equally miserable with thyself; for if the satisfaction of violent desires be happiness, and a total failure of success in most eager pursuits, misery (which cannot, I apprehend, be doubted), what can be more miserable, than to entertain desires which we know never can be satisfied? And this a little reflection will teach thee is thy own case; for what are thy desires? not pleasures; with that Macedonia would have furnished thee. Not riches; for, capacious as thy soul is, if it had been all filled with avarice, the wealth of Darius would have contented it. Not power; for then the conquest of Porus, and the extending thy arms to the farthest limits of the world,* must have satisfied thy ambition. Thy desire consists in nothing certain, and therefore with nothing certain can be gratified. It is as restless as fire, which still consumes what-

* Which was then known to the Greeks.

ever comes in its way, without determining where to stop. How contemptible must thy own power appear to thee, when it cannot give thee the possession of thy wish; but how much more contemptible thy understanding, which cannot enable thee to know certainly what that wish is?

Alex. I can at least comprehend thine, and can grant it. I like thy humour, and will deserve thy friendship. I know the Athenians have affronted thee, have contemned thy philosophy, and suspected thy morals. I will revenge thy cause on them. I will lead my army back, and punish their ill usage of thee. Thou thyself shalt accompany us; and, when thou beholdest their city in flames, shalt have the triumph of proclaiming, that thy just resentment hath brought this calamity on them.

Diog. They do indeed deserve it at my hands; and though revenge is not what I profess, yet the punishment of such dogs may be of good example. I therefore embrace thy offer; but let us not be particular, let Corinth and Lacedæmon share the same fate. They are both the nest of vermin only, and fire alone will purify them. Gods! what a delight it will be to see the rascals, who have so openly in derision called me a snarling cur, roasting in their own houses.

Alex. Yet, on a second consideration, would it not be wiser to preserve the cities, especially Corinth, which is so full of wealth, and only massacre the inhabitants?

Diog. D—n their wealth; I despise it.

Alex. Well, then, let it be given to the soldiers, as the demolition of it will not increase the punishment of the citizens, when we have cut their throats.

Diog. True——Then you may give some of it to the soldiers; but as the dogs have formerly insulted me with

their riches, I will, if you please, retain a little—perhaps a moiety, or not much more, to my own use. It will give me at least an opportunity of shewing the world, I can despise riches when I possess them, as much as I did before in my poverty.

Alex. Art not thou a true dog? Is this thy contempt of wealth? This thy abhorrence of the vices of mankind? To sacrifice three of the noblest cities of the world to thy wrath and revenge! And hast thou the impudence to dispute any longer the superiority with me, who have it in my power to punish my enemies with death, while thou only canst persecute with evil wishes.

Diog. I have still the same superiority over thee, which thou dost challenge over thy soldiers. I would have made thee the tool of my purpose. But I will discourse no longer with thee; for I now despise and curse thee more than I do all the world besides. And may perdition seize thee, and all thy followers!

[*Here some of the army would have fallen upon him, but Alexander interposed.*

Alex. Let him alone. I admire his obstinacy; nay, I almost envy it.——Farewell, old Cynic; and if it will flatter thy pride, be assured, I esteem thee so much, that *was I not* Alexander, *I could desire to be* Diogenes.

Diog. Go to the Gibbet, and take with thee as a mortification; that *was I not* Diogenes, *I could almost content myself with being* Alexander.

AN

INTERLUDE

BETWEEN

JUPITER, JUNO, APOLLO,

AND

MERCURY.

WHICH WAS ORIGINALLY INTENDED AS AN

INTRODUCTION TO A COMEDY,

CALLED

JUPITER'S DESCENT ON EARTH.

AN

INTERLUDE

BETWEEN

JUPITER, JUNO, APOLLO,

AND

MERCURY.

SCENE I.

JUPITER, JUNO.

JUPITER.

PRAY be pacified.

Juno. It is intolerable, insufferable, and I never will submit to it.

Jup. But, my dear——

Juno. Good Mr. Jupiter, leave off that odious word; you know I detest it. Use it to the trollop Venus, and the rest of your sluts. It sounds most agreeable to their ears, but it is nauseous to a goddess of strict virtue.

Jup. Madam, I do not doubt your virtue.

Juno. You don't? That is, I suppose, humbly insinuating that others do: but who are their divinities? I would be glad to know who they are; they are neither Diana nor Minerva, I am well assured; both of whom pity me, for they know your tricks; they can neither of them keep a maid of honour for you. I desire you will treat me with good manners at least. I should have

had that, if I had married a mortal, though he had spent my fortune, and lain with my chambermaids, as you suffer men to do with impunity—highly to your honour be it spoken!

Jup. Faith! Madam, I know but one way to prevent them, which is by annihilating mankind; and I fancy your friends below, the ladies, would hardly thank you for obtaining that favour at my hands.

Juno. I desire you would not reflect on my friends below; it is very well known, I never shewed any favour, but to those of the purest, unspotted characters. And all my acquaintance, when I have been on the earth, have been of that kind; for I never return a visit to any other.

Jup. Nay, I have no inclination to find fault with the women of the earth; you know I like them very well.

Juno. Yes, the trollops of the earth, such as Venus converses with. You never shew any civility to my favourites, nor make the men do it.

Jup. My dear, give me leave to say, your favourites are such, that man must be new made before he can be brought to give them the preference; for when I moulded up the clay of man, I put not one ingredient in to make him in love with ugliness, which is one of the most glaring qualities in all your favourites, whom I have ever seen; and you must not wonder, while you have such favourites, that the men slight them.

Juno. The men slight them! I'd have you know, Sir, they slight the men; and I can, at this moment, hear not less than a thousand railing at mankind.

Jup. Ay, as I hear at this instant several grave black gentlemen railing at riches, and enjoying them, or at least coveting them, at the same time.

Juno. Very fine! Very civil! I understand your com-

parison.——Well, Sir, you may go on giving an example of a bad husband, but I will not give the example of a tame wife; and if you will not make men better, I will go down to the earth and make women worse; that every house may be too hot for a husband, as I will shortly make heaven for you.

Jup. That I believe you will——but if you begin your project of making women worse, I will take Hymen, and hang him; for I will take some care of my votaries, as well as you of yours.

SCENE II.

Enter APOLLO.

Apol. Mr. Jupiter, good-morrow to you.

Jup. Apollo, how dost thou?——You are a wise deity, Apollo; prithee will you answer me one question?

Apol. To my best ability.

Jup. You have been much conversant with the affairs of men, what dost thou think the foolishest thing a man can do?

Apol. Turn poet.

Jup. That is honest enough, as it comes from the god of poets; but you have missed the mark, for certainly the foolishest thing a man can do, is to marry.

Apol. Fie! What is it then in a god? Who, besides that he ought to be wiser than man, is tied for ever by his immortality, and has not the chance which you have given to man, of getting rid of his wife.

Jup. Apollo, thy reproof is just: but let us talk of something else; for when I am out of the hearing my wife, I beg I may never hear of her.

Apol. Have you read any of those books I brought you, just sent me by my votaries upon earth?

Jup. I have read them all.——The poem is extremely fine, and the similes most beautiful.—There is indeed one little fault in the similes.

Apol. What is that?

Jup. There is not the least resemblance between the things compared together.

Apol. One half of the simile is good, however.

Jup. The dedications please me extremely, and I am glad to find there are such excellent men upon earth. ——There is one whom I find two or three authors agree to be much better than any of us in heaven are. This discovery, together with my wife's tongue, has determined me to make a trip to the earth, and spend some time in such godlike company. Apollo, will you go with me?

Apol. I would with all my heart, but I shall be of disservice to you; for when I was last on earth, though I heard of these people, I could not get admission to any of them: you had better take Plutus with you, he is acquainted with them all.

Jup. Hang him, proud rascal, of all the deities he is my aversion; I would have kick'd him out of heaven long ago, but that I am afraid, if he was to take his residence entirely upon the earth, he would foment a rebellion against me.

Apol. Your fear has too just a ground, for the god of riches has more interest there than all the other gods put together: nay, he has supplanted us in all our provinces; he gives wit to men I never heard of, and beauty to women Venus never saw.——Nay, he ventures to make free with Mars himself; and sometimes, they tell me, puts men at the head of military affairs, who never saw an enemy, nor of whom an enemy ever could see any other than the back.

Jup. Faith! it is surprising, that a god whom I sent

down to earth when I was angry with mankind, and who has done them more hurt than all the other deities, should ingratiate himself so far into their favour.

Apol. You may thank yourself, you might have made man wiser if you would.

Jup. What, to laugh at? No, Apollo, believe me, man far outdoes my intention; and when I read in those little histories, called dedications, how excellent he is grown, I am eager to be with him, that I may make another promotion to the stars; and here comes my son of fortune to accompany us.

SCENE III.

MERCURY, JUPITER, APOLLO.

[MERCURY *kneels.*]

Mer. Pray, father Jupiter, be pleased to bless me.

Jup. I do, my boy. What part of heaven, pray, have you been spending your time in?

Mer. With some ladies of your acquaintance, Apollo. I have been at blind-man's buff with the nine muses; but before we began to play, we had charming sport between Miss Thally and one of the poets; such a scene of courtship or invocation as you call it. *Say, O Thalia,* cries the bard; and then he scratches his head; and then, *Say, O Thalia,* again; and repeated it a hundred times over; but the devil a word would she say.

Apol. She's a humorsome little jade, and if she takes it into her head to hold her tongue, not all the poets on earth can open her lips.

Jup. I wish Juno had some of her frolics, with all my heart.

Mer. No, my mother-in-law is of a humour quite contrary——

Jup. Ay; for which reason I intend to make an elopement from her, and pay a short visit to our friends on earth. Son Mercury, you shall along with me.

Mer. Sir, I am at your disposal: but pray what is the reason of this visit?

Jup. Partly my wife's temper and partly some informations I have lately received of the prodigious virtue of mankind; which, if I find as great as represented, I believe I shall leave Madam Juno for good-and-all, and live entirely amongst men.

Mer. I shall be glad to be introduced by you into the company of these virtuous men; for I am quite weary of the little rogues you put me at the head of. The last time I was on the earth, I believe I had three sets of my acquaintance hang'd in one year's revolution, and not one man of any reputable condition among them; there were indeed one or two condemned, but, I don't know how, they were found to be honest at last. And I must tell you, Sir, I will be god of rogues no longer, if you suffer it to be an established maxim, that no rich man can be a rogue.

Jup. We'll talk of that hereafter. I'll now go put on my travelling clothes, order my charger, and be ready for you in half an hour.

SCENE IV.

APOLLO, MERCURY.

Mer. Do you know the true reason of this expedition?

Apol. The great virtue of mankind, he tells us.

Mer. The little virtue of womankind rather——Do you know him no better, than to think he would budge

a step after human virtue; besides, where the devil should he find it, if he would?

Apol. You have not read the late dedications of my votaries.

Mer. Of my votaries, you mean: I hope you will not dispute my title to the dedications, as the god of thieves. You make no distinction, I hope, between robbing with a pistol and with a pen.

Apol. My votaries robbers! Mr. Mercury?

Mer. Yes, Mr. Apollo; did not my Lord Chancellor Midas decree me the lawyers for the same reason. Would not he be a rogue who should take a man's money for persuading him he was a lord or a baronet, when he knew he was no such thing? Is not he equally such, who picks his pocket by heaping virtues on him which he knows he has no title to? These fellows prevent the very use of praise, which, while only the reward of virtue, will always invite men to it; but when it is to be bought, will be despised by the true deserving, equally with a ribbon or a feather, which may be bought by any one in a milliner's or a minister's shop.

Apol. Very well! at this rate you will rob me of all my panegyrical writers.

Mer. Ay, and of your satirical writers too, at least a great many of 'em; for unjust satire is as bad as unjust panegyric.

Apol. If it is unjust indeed——But, Sir, I hope you have no claim to my writers of plays, poems which have neither satire nor panegyric in 'em.

Mer. Yes, Sir, to all who are thieves, and steal from one another.

Apol. Methinks, Sir, you should not reflect thus on wits to me, who am the god of wit.

Mer. Heyday, Sir, nor you on thieves, to me who am the god of thieves. We have no such reason to

quarrel about our votaries, they are much of the same kind; for as it is a proverb, That all poets are poor; so it is a maxim, That all poor men are rogues.

Apol. Sir, Sir, I have men of quality that write.

Mer. Yes, Sir, and I have men of quality that rob; but neither are the one poets, or the other rogues; for as the one can write without wit, so can the other rob without roguery. They call it privilege, I think: Jupiter I suppose gave it them; and instead of quarrelling with one another, I think it would be wiser in us to unite in a petition to my father, that he would revoke it, and put them on a footing with our other votaries.

Apol. It is in vain to petition him any thing against mankind at present, he is in such good humour with them; if they should sour his temper, at his return perhaps he may be willing to do us justice.

Mer. It shall be my fault if he is not in a worse humour with them; at least I will take care he shall not be deceived; and that might happen; for men are such hypocrites, that the greatest part deceive even themselves, and are much worse than they think themselves to be.

Apol. And Jupiter, you know, though he is the greatest, is far from being the wisest of the gods.

Mer. His own honesty makes him the less suspicious of others; for, except in regard to women, he is as honest a fellow as any deity in all the Elysian Fields; but I shall make him wait for me.—Dear Mr. Apollo, I am your humble servant.

Apol. My dear Mercury, a good journey to you; at your return, I shall be glad to drink a bottle of nectar with you.

Mer. I shall be proud to kiss your hands.

THE

TRUE PATRIOT.

No. 1. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1745.

ILLE EGO, *qui quondam*——

FASHION is the great governor of this world; it presides not only in matters of dress and amusement, but in law, physic, politics, religion, and all other things of the gravest kind; indeed, the wisest of men would be puzzled to give any better reason, why particular forms in all these have been, at certain times, universally received, and at others universally rejected, than that they were in or out of fashion.

Men as well as things are in like manner indebted to the favour of this *grand monarque*. It is a phrase commonly used in the polite world, that such a person is in fashion; nay, I myself have known an individual in fashion, and then out of fashion, and then in fashion again. Shakespeare hath shared both these fates in poetry, and so hath Mr. Handel in music; so hath my Lord Coke in law, and in physic the great Sydenham; and as to politics and religion, I am sure every man's memory will suggest to himself very great masters in both, even in the present age, who have been, in the highest degree, both in and out of fashion.

It is, therefore, the business of every man to accommo-

date himself to the fashion of the times; which if he neglects, he must not be surprised if the greatest parts and abilities are totally disregarded. If Socrates himself was to go to court in an antique dress, he would be neglected, or perhaps ridiculed; or if old Hippocrates was to visit the college of physicians, and there talk the language of his aphorisms, he would be despised; the college, as Molière says, *having altered all that* at present.

But of all mankind, there are none whom it so absolutely imports to conform to this golden rule, as an author; by neglecting this, Milton himself lay long in obscurity, and the world had nearly lost the best poem which perhaps it hath ever seen. On the contrary, by adhering to it, Tom Durfey, whose name is almost forgot, and many others, who are quite forgotten, flourished most notably in their respective ages, and eat and were read very plentifully by their contemporaries.

In strict obedience to this sovereign power, being informed by my bookseller, a man of great sagacity in his business, *that nobody at present reads any thing but newspapers*, I have determined to conform myself to the reigning taste. The number indeed of these writers at first a little staggered us both; but upon perusal of their works, I fancied I had discovered two or three little imperfections in them all, which somewhat diminished the force of this objection, and gave me hopes that the public will expel some of them to make room for their betters.

The first little imperfection in these writings, is, that there is scarce a syllable of TRUTH in any of them. If this be admitted to be a fault, it requires no other evidence than themselves, and the perpetual contradictions which occur not only on comparing one with the other, but the same author with himself at different days.

2ndly, There is no SENSE in them; to prove this, likewise, I appeal to their works.

3rdly, There is, in reality, NOTHING *in them at all.* And this also must be allowed by their readers, if paragraphs which contain neither wit, nor humour, nor sense, nor the least importance, may be properly said to contain nothing. Such are the arrival of my Lord —— *with a great equipage*, the marriage of Miss —— *of great beauty and merit*, and the death of Mr. —— *who was never heard of in his life*, &c. &c.

Nor will this appear strange, if we consider who are the authors of such tracts; namely the journeymen of booksellers, of whom, I believe, much the same may be truly predicated, as of these their productions.

But the encouragement with which these lucubrations are read, may seem more strange and more difficult to be accounted for. And here I cannot agree with my bookseller, that their eminent badness recommends them. The true reason is, I believe, simply the same which I once heard an economist assign for the content and satisfaction with which his family drank water-cider, viz. because they could procure no other liquor. Indeed, I make no doubt, but that the understanding, as well as the palate, though it may out of necessity swallow the worse, will in general prefer the better.

In this confidence I have resolved to provide the public a better entertainment than it hath lately been dieted with; and as it is no great assurance in an Author to think himself capable of excelling such writings as have been mentioned above, so neither can he be called too sanguine in promising himself a more favourable reception from the Public.

It is not usual for us of superior eminence in our profession, to hang out our names on the sign-post; however, to raise some expectation in the mind of every reader, as well as to give a slight direction to those conjectures which he will be apt to make on this occasion, I

shall set down some few hints, by which a sagacious guesser may arrive at sufficient certainty concerning me.

And *first*, I faithfully promise him, that I do not live within a mile of Grub-street; nor am I acquainted with a single inhabitant of that place.

2*ndly*, I am of no party; a word which I hope, by these my labours, to eradicate out of our constitution; this being indeed the true source of all those evils which we have reason to complain of.

3*rdly*, I am a gentleman; a circumstance from which my reader will reap many advantages; for at the same time that he may peruse my paper, without any danger of seeing himself, or any of his friends traduced with scurrility, so he may expect, by means of my intercourse with people of condition, to find here many articles of importance concerning the affairs and transactions of the great world (which can never reach the ears of vulgar news-writers), not only in matters of state and politics, but amusement. All routs, drums, and assemblies, will fall under my immediate inspection, and the adventures which happen at them will be inserted in my paper, with due regard, however, to the character I here profess, and with strict care to give no offence to the parties concerned.

Lastly, As to my learning, knowledge, and other qualifications for the office I have undertaken, I shall be silent, and leave the decision to my reader's judgment; of whom I desire no more than that he would not despise me before he is acquainted with me.

And to prevent this, as I have already given some account *what* I am, so I shall proceed to throw forth a few hints *who* I am; a matter commonly of the greatest importance towards the recommendation of all works of literature.

First, then, It is very probable I am Lord *B——ke*.

This I collect from my style in writing, and knowledge in politics. Again, it is as probable that I am the B——p of ****, from my zeal for the Protestant religion. When I consider these, together with the wit and humour which will diffuse themselves through the whole, it is more than possible I may be Lord *C*—— himself, or at least he may have some share in my paper.

From some, or all of these reasons, I am very likely Mr. *W*——*n*, Mr. *D*——*n*, Mr. *L*——*n*, Mr. *F*——*g*, *T*——*n*, or, indeed, any other person who hath ever distinguished himself in the republic of letters.

This at least is very probable, that some of these gentlemen may contribute a share of their abilities to the carrying on this work; in which, as nothing shall ever appear in it inconsistent with decency, or the religion and true civil interest of my country, no person, how great soever, need be ashamed of being imagined to have a part; unless he should be weak enough to be ashamed of writing at all; that is, of having more sense than his neighbours, or of communicating it to them.

I come now to consider the only remaining article, viz. the price, which is one-third more than my contemporary weekly historians set on their labours.

And here I might, with modesty enough, insist, that if I am either what or who I pretend to be, I have sufficient title to this distinction. It is well known that, among mechanics, a much larger advance is often allowed only for a particular name. A genteel person would not be suspected of dealing with any other than the most eminent in his trade, though he is convinced he pays an additional price by so doing. And I hope the polite world, especially when they consider the regard to fashion which I have above professed, will not scruple to allow me the same pre-eminence.

But, in reality, this is the cheapest paper which was ever given to the Public, both in quality, of which enough hath been said already, and in which light a shilling would, I apprehend, be a more moderate price than the three halfpence which is demanded by some others: and *secondly*, (which my bookseller chiefly insists on) in quantity; as I shall contain, he says, full three times as many letters as the above-mentioned papers; and for which reason he at first advised me to demand fourpence at least, for that one-ninth part would be still abated to the Public. To be serious, I would desire my reader to weigh fairly with himself, whether he doth not gain six times the knowledge and amusement by my paper, compared to any other; and then I think he will have no difficulty to determine in my favour.

Indeed, the prudent part of mankind will be considerable gainers by purchasing my paper; for as it will contain every thing which is worth their knowing, all others will become absolutely needless: and I leave to their determination, whether three pennyworth of truth and sense is not more worth their purchasing, than all the rubbish and nonsense of the week, which will cost them twenty times as much. In other words, is it not better to give their understanding an entertainment once a week, than to surcharge it every day with coarse and homely fare?

I shall conclude the whole in the words of the fair and honest tradesman: Gentlemen, upon my word and honour, I can afford it no cheaper; and I believe there is no shop in town will use you better for the price.

No. 3. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1745.

———— *Furit ensis et ignis*
Quoque caret flammâ scelerum est locus.

SIL. ITAL.

THE rebellion having long been the universal subject of conversation in this town, it is no wonder that what so absolutely engages our waking thoughts should attend us to the pillow, and represent to us in dreams or visions those ideas which fear had before suggested to our minds.

It is natural, on all occasions, to have some little attention to our private welfare, nor do I ever honour the patriot the less (I am sure I confide in him much the more) whose own good is involved in that of the Public. I am not, therefore, ashamed to give the Public the following dream or vision, though my own little affairs, and the private consequences which the success of this rebellion would produce to myself, form the principal object; for, I believe, at the same time, there are few of my readers who will not find themselves interested in some parts of it.

Methought I was sitting in my study, meditating for the good and entertainment of the Public, with my two little children (as is my usual course to suffer them) playing near me; when I heard a very hard knock at my door, and immediately afterwards several ill-looked rascals burst in upon me, one of whom seized me with great violence, saying, I was his prisoner, and must go with him. I asked him for what offence. Have you the impudence to ask that, said he, when the words True

Patriot lie now before you? I then bid him shew me his warrant. He answered, *there it is*, pointing to several men, who were in Highland dresses, with broad swords by their sides. My children then ran towards me, and bursting into tears, expressed their concern for their poor papa. Upon which one of the ruffians seized my little boy, and pulling him from me, dashed him against the ground; and all immediately hurried me away out of my room and house, before I could be sensible of the effects of this barbarity.

My concern for my poor children, from whom I had been torn in the above manner, prevented me from taking much notice of any objects in the streets, through which I was dragged with many insults.—Houses burnt down, dead bodies of men, women and children, strewed every where as we passed, and great numbers of Highlanders, and Popish priests in their several habits, made, however, too forcible an impression on me to be unobserved.

My guard now brought me to Newgate, where they were informed that jail was too full to admit a single person more. I was then conducted to a large booth in Smithfield, as I thought, where I was shut in with a great number of prisoners, amongst whom were many of the most considerable persons in this kingdom. Two of these were in a very particular manner reviled by the Highland guards (for all the soldiers were in that dress), and these two I presently recollected to be the A-chb-sh-p of Y-k, and the B—p of Win—r.

As there is great inconsistency of time and place in most dreams, I now found myself, by an unaccountable transition, in a court which bore some resemblance to the court of King's Bench; only a great cross was erected in the middle; and instead of those officers of justice who usually attend that court, a number

of Highlanders, with drawn swords, stood there as sentinels; the judges too were persons whose faces I had never seen before. I was obliged, I thought, to stand some time at the bar, before my trial came on, the court being busied in a cause where an abbot was plaintiff, in determining the boundaries of some abbey land, which they decided for the plaintiff, the chief justice declaring, it was his majesty's pleasure, in all doubtful cases, that judgment should be in favour of the church.

A charge of high-treason was then, I dreamed, exhibited against me, for having writ in defence of his present majesty King GEORGE, and my paper of the True Patriot was produced in evidence against me.

Being called on to make my defence, I insisted entirely on the statute of Hen. 7. by which all persons are exempted from incurring the penalties of treason, in defence of the King *de facto*. But the chief justice told me in broken English, That if I had no other plea, they should presently overrule that; for that his majesty was resolved to make an example of all who had any ways distinguished themselves, in opposition to his cause.

Methought I then replied, with a resolution which I hope every Englishman would exert on such an occasion, THAT THE LIFE OF NO MAN WAS WORTH PRESERVING, LONGER THAN IT WAS TO BE DEFENDED BY THE KNOWN LAWS OF HIS COUNTRY; and that if the King's arbitrary pleasure was to be that law, I was indifferent what he determined concerning myself.

The court having put it to the vote (for no jury, I thought, attended), and unanimously agreed that I was guilty, proceeded to pass the sentence usual in cases of high treason, having first made many eulogiums on the Pope, the Roman Catholic religion, and the King, who was to support both, and be supported by them.

I was then delivered into the hands of the executioner, who stood ready, and was ordered to allow me only three hours to confess myself, and be reconciled to the Church of Rome. Upon which a priest, whose face I remember to have seen at a place called an oratory, and who was, for his good services, preferred to be the ordinary of Newgate, immediately advanced, and began to revile me, saying, I was the wickedest heretic in the kingdom, and had exerted myself with more impudence against his majesty and his holiness, than any other person whatsoever: but he added, as I had the good fortune to make some atonement for my impiety by being hanged, if I would embrace his religion, confess myself and receive absolution, I might possibly, after some expiation in purgatory, receive a final pardon.

I was hence conducted into a dungeon, where, by a glimmering light, I saw many wretches my fellow-prisoners, who, for various crimes, were condemned to various punishments.

Among these appeared one in a very ragged plight, whom I very well knew, and who, the last time I saw him, appeared to live in great affluence and splendour. Upon my inquiring the reason of his being detained in that region of horror, he very frankly told me it was for stealing a loaf. He acknowledged the fact; but said he had been obliged to it for the relief of his indigent family. I see, continued he, your surprise at this change of my fortune; but, you must know, my whole estate was in the funds, by the wiping out of which I was at once reduced to the condition in which you now see me. I rose in the morning with 40,000*l.* I had a wife whom I tenderly loved, and three blooming daughters. The eldest was within a week of her marriage, and I was to have paid down 10,000*l.* with her. At noon I found a royal decree had reduced me to downright beggary. My

daughter hath lost her marriage, and is gone distracted. My wife is dead of a broken heart, and my poor girls have neither clothes to cover them, nor meat to feed them: so that I may truly say,

> ——*Miser, O miser, omnia ademit*
> *Una dies infesta mihi tot præmia vitæ.*

Here methought he stopped, and a flood of tears gushed from his eyes. I should perhaps have been a greater sharer in his sorrow, had not the consideration of his children's ruin represented to me the situation of my own. Good gods! what were the agonies I then felt, though in a dream? Racks, wheels, gibbets were no longer the objects of terror. My children possessed my whole mind, and my fearful imagination ran through every scene of horror which villains can act on their fellow-creatures. Sometimes I saw their helpless hands struggling for a moment with a barbarous cut-throat. Here I saw my poor boy, my whole ambition, the hopes and prospect of my age, sprawling on the floor, and weltering in his blood; there my fancy painted my daughter, the object of all my tenderness, prostituted even in her infancy to the brutal lust of a ruffian, and then sacrificed to his cruelty. Such were my terrors, when I was relieved from them by the welcome presence of the executioner, who summoned me immediately forth, telling me, since I had refused the assistance of the priest, he could grant me no longer indulgence.

The first sight which occurred to me as I passed through the streets (for common objects totally escape the observation of a man in my present temper of mind), was a young lady of quality, and the greatest beauty of this age, in the hands of two Highlanders, who were struggling with each other for their booty. The lovely

prize, though her hair was dishevelled and torn, her eyes swollen with tears, her face all pale, and some marks of blood both on that and her breast, which was all naked and exposed, retained still sufficient charms to discover herself to me, who have always beheld her with wonder and admiration. Indeed, it may be questioned whether perfect beauty loses or acquires charms by distress. This sight was matter of entertainment to my conductors, who, however, hurried me presently from it, as I wish they had also from her screams, which reached my ears to a great distance.

After such a spectacle as this, the dead bodies which lay every where in the streets (for there had been, I was told, a massacre the night before), scarce made any impression; nay, the very fires in which Protestants were roasting, were in my sense, objects of much less horror; nay, such an effect had this sight wrought on my mind, which hath been always full of the utmost tenderness for that charming sex, that for a moment it obliterated all concern for my children, from whom I was to be hurried for ever without a farewell, or without knowing in what condition I left them; or indeed, whether they had hitherto survived the cruelty which now methought raged every where, with all the fury which rage, zeal, lust, and wanton fierceness could inspire into the bloody hearts of Popish priests, bigots, and barbarians. Of such a scene my learned reader may see a fine picture drawn by Silius Italicus, in his second book, where he describes the sacking the brave city of Saguntum by a less savage army.

I then overheard a priest admonish the executioner to exert the utmost rigour of my sentence towards me; after which, the same priest advancing forwards, and putting on a look of compassion, advised me, for the sake of my soul, to embrace the holy communion. I gave him no

answer, and he turned his back, thundering forth curses against me.

At length I arrived at the fatal place which promised me a speedy end to all my sufferings. Here, methought, I saw a man who by his countenance and actions exprest the highest degree of despair. He stamped with his feet, beat his face, tore his hair, and uttered the most horrid execrations. Upon inquiring into the circumstances of this person, I was informed by one of the bye-standers, that he was a non-juror, who had lent considerable assistance to the Pretender's cause, out of principle; and was now lamenting the consequences which the success of it had brought on such honest gentlemen as myself. My informer added, with a smile, the wise man expected his majesty would keep his word with heretics.

The executioner then attempted to put the rope round my neck, when my little girl entered my bedchamber, and put an end to my dream, by pulling open my eyes, and telling me that the tailor had brought home my clothes for his majesty's birthday.

The sight of my dear child, added to the name of that gracious Prince, at once deprived me of every private and public fear; and the joy which now began to arise, being soon after heightened by consideration of the day, the sound of bells, and the hurry which prevailed every where, from the eagerness of all sorts of people to demonstrate their loyalty at this season, gave me altogether as delightful a sensation as perhaps the heart of man is capable of feeling; of which I have the pleasure to know every reader must partake, who hath had good-nature enough to sympathize with me in the foregoing part of this vision.

No. 4. TUESDAY, November 26, 1745.

Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,
Mendici, mimi, balatrones; hoc genus omne
Mœstum et sollicitum est.———

HOR.

The Author of the Serious Address to the People of Great Britain (a pamphlet which ought to be in every man's hands at this season), hath incontestibly shewn the danger of this rebellion to all who have any regard for the Protestant religion, or the laws and liberties of their country.

We have further endeavoured, in our last paper, to give a lively picture of the utter misery and desolation it would introduce, and the insecurity of our estates, properties, lives and families, under the government of an absolute Popish Prince (for absolute he would plainly be), introduced by the conquering arms of France, Spain, and the Highlands.

So that every good and worthy Protestant in this nation, who is attached to his religion and liberties, or who hath any estate or property, either in church-lands or in the funds (which includes almost every man who hath either estate or property in the kingdom), is concerned, in the highest degree, to oppose the present rebellion.

I am however aware, that there yet remains a party to be spoken to, who are not strictly concerned in interest in any of the preceding lights; I mean those gentlemen who have no property, nor any regard either for the religion or liberty of their country.

Now if I can make it appear, that those persons likewise are interested in opposing the Pretender's cause, I think we may then justly conclude, he cannot have a single partisan in this nation (the most bigoted Roman Catholics excepted) who is sensible enough to know his own good.

And first, the most noble party of free-thinkers, who have no religion, are most heartily concerned to oppose the introduction of Popery, which would obtrude one on them, one not only inconsistent with free-thinking, but indeed with any thinking at all. How would a man of spirit, whose principles are too elevated to worship the great Creator of the universe, submit to pay his adoration to a rabble of saints, most of whom he would have been justly ashamed to have kept company with while alive!

But besides the slavish doctrines which he must believe, or, at least, meanly pretend to believe, how would a genius who cannot conform to the little acts of decency required by a Protestant church support the slavish impositions of auricular confession, penance, fasting, and all the tiresome forms and ceremonies exacted by the Church of Rome.

Lastly, whereas the said free-thinkers have long regarded it as an intolerable grievance, that a certain body of men called *parsons*, should, for the useless services of praying, preaching, catechising, and instructing the people, receive a certain fixed stipend from the public, which the law foolishly allows them to call their own: how would these men brook the restoration of abbey-lands, impropriations, and the numberless flowers which the reformation hath lopped off from the church, and which the re-establishment of Popery would most infallibly restore to it.

Again, there are many worthy persons who, though very little concerned for the true liberty of their country,

have, however, the utmost respect for what is by several mistaken for it; I mean licentiousness, or a free power of abusing the king, ministry, and every thing great, noble, and solemn.

The impunity with which this liberty hath been of late years practised, must be acknowledged by every man of the least candour. Indeed, to such a degree, that power and government, instead of being objects of reverence and terror, have been set up as the butts of ridicule and buffoonery, as if they were only intended to be laughed at by the people.

Now this is a liberty which hath only flourished under this royal family. His present majesty, as he hath less deserved than his predecessors to be the object of it, so he hath supported it with more dignity and contempt than they have done; but how impatient the Pretender will be under this liberty, and how certainly he will abolish it, may be concluded, not only from the absolute power which he infallibly brings with him; but from the many ears and noses which his family, without such power, have heretofore sacrificed on these occasions.

And this is a loss not only to be deplored by those men of genius, who have exerted and may exert their great talents this way. There are many who, without the capacity of writing, have that of reading, and have done their utmost to support and encourage such authors and their works. These will lose their favourite amusement, all those laughs and shrugs which they have formerly vented at the expense of their superiors.

But if these concerns should appear chimerical, I come now to pecuniary considerations; to a large body of men whose whole trade would be ruined by this man's success. The reader will be, perhaps, in doubt what trade can be carried on by such persons as I have described in the beginning of this paper: how much more will he be sur-

prised to hear, that it is the principal trade which of late years hath been carried on in this kingdom. To keep him therefore no longer in suspense, I mean the honest method of selling ourselves, which hath flourished so notably for a long time among us. A business which I have ventured to call honest, notwithstanding the objections raised by weak and scrupulous people against it.

I know indeed many answers have been given to these objections by a late philosopher of great eminence, and by the followers of his school; such as, *that all mankind are rascals; that they are only to be governed by corruption*, &c. But to say the truth, there is no occasion of having recourse to these deep and obscure doctrines for this purpose: there is a much fuller and plainer answer to be given, and which is founded on principles the very reverse of those which were taught in this school, namely the principles of common sense and common honesty; for if it be granted, as surely it will be, that we are freemen, we have certainly a right to ourselves; and whatever we have a right to, we have also a right to sell. And, perhaps, it was a doubt in that great philosopher, *whether we were freemen or no*, that led him into those doctrines I have mentioned.

Now this trade, by which alone so many thousands have got an honest livelihood for themselves and families, must be totally ruined; for, if this nation should be at once enslaved, it would be impossible for an honest man to carry on this business any longer. A freeman (as hath been proved) may justly sell himself, but a slave cannot.

And if a man should be so dishonourable and base as to offer at carrying on this trade in an enslaved country, contrary to all the rules of honesty, and all the most solemn ties of slavery, yet who would buy him? The reasons against such a purchase are too obvious to be mentioned. Indeed, we may say in general, that as it is

dishonest in a slave to sell, so it is as foolish in a slave to buy; for as the one hath no property to part with, so neither can the other acquire any.

For these reasons, I think it is visibly the interest of all that part of the nation, to whom I have addressed myself in the beginning of this paper, to exclude Popery and arbitrary power.

There is, however, one objection, which I foresee may and will be made to this conclusion; and that is, whereas the estates of all the lords and commons of this kingdom will be forfeited, and at the disposal of the conqueror, and the personal fortunes of all others will, in the confusion at least, be liable to plunder, that such honest gentlemen may have a sufficient chance abundantly to repair or compensate all their losses.

I own there is something very plausible in this argument, and it might, perhaps, have great force, if the Pretender's son had landed in England, as he did in Scotland; and had been pleased to place that confidence in English rabble, with which he hath vouchsafed rather to honour these highland banditti. In this case, I grant, no man could justly have been blamed who had fixed the eyes of his affection on his neighbour's estate, gardens, house, purse, wife, or daughter, for joining the young man's cause, provided the success of it had been probable; such a behaviour would then have been highly consistent with all the rules taught in that school of philosophy above-mentioned, and none but a musty moralist, for whose doctrine great men have doubtless an adequate contempt, would have condemned it.

But the fact is otherwise: The *Highlanders* are those to whom he must owe any success he may attain; these are therefore to be served before you; and I easily refer to your own consideration, when Rome, and France, and Spain, are repaid their demands, when a vast army of

hungry Highlanders, and a larger army of as hungry priests, are satisfied, how miserable a pittance will remain to your share? indeed, so small a one must this be, that the greatest adept in our philoso-political school would think it scarce worth his while to sacrifice his conscience to the certainty of obtaining it.

These latter considerations I earnestly recommend to the most serious attention of the gentlemen for whose use this paper is calculated; and I am certain that any argument for the Pretender's cause, drawn from the hopes of plundering their neighbours (with which, perhaps, some honest men have too fondly flattered themselves), will have very little weight with any person. Nay, I must remind them, that they will not be suffered to rifle the very churches themselves, upon whose small riches, most probably, the said gentlemen have cast their eyes.

It appears then, that none will be, or can be gainers by this rebellion, but Popish priests and Highlanders; and I have too good an opinion of my country to apprehend that her religion, liberties, and properties, can ever be endangered by such adversaries.

No. 7. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1745.

TO THE TRUE PATRIOT.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your paper, intituled the True Patriot, numbers one and two, inclosed in the franks of my great and most honoured patron, for which I have the highest

thanks for you both. I am delighted, and that greatly, with many passages in these papers. The moderation which you profess towards all parties, perfectly becomes a Christian. Indeed I have always thought, that moderation in the shepherd was the best, if not only, way to bring home all the straggling sheep to his flock. I have intimated this at the vestry, and even at visitation before the archdeacon:

Sed Cassandræ non creditum est.

I like your method of placing a motto from the classics at the head of every paper. It must give some encouragement to your readers, that the author understands (at least) one line of Latin, which is perhaps more than can be safely predicated of every writer in this age.

You desire me, Sir, to write you something proper to be seen, *et quidem*, by the Public; as therefore a subject worthy their most serious attention now offers itself, viz. the ensuing fast ordained by authority, I have communicated my thoughts to you thereon, which you may suppress or publicate as you think meet.

——— ἔρχεν ἐπ' ἔργον
Θεοῖσιν ἐπευξάμενος τελέσαι.

PYTHAGORAS.

—— "Go upon the work,
"Having first prayed to the gods for success."

As it is impossible for any man to reflect seriously on the progress of the present unnatural rebellion, without imputing such unparalleled success to some other cause than has yet appeared, some other strength than what any visible human means hath placed in the hands of the rebels; so will it be extremely difficult to assign any adequate cause whatsoever, without recurring to one, of whose great efficacy we have frequent examples

in sacred history. I mean the just judgment of God against an offending people.

And that this is really so, we may conclude from these two considerations: First, from the rapidity of the rebels' progress, so unaccountable from human means; for can history produce an instance parallel to this, of six or seven men landing in a great and powerful nation, in opposition to the inclination of the people, in defiance of a vast and mighty army (for though the greater part of this army was not then in the kingdom, it was so nearly within call, that every man of them might, within the compass of a few days or weeks at farthest, have been brought home and landed in any part of it). If we consider, I say, this handful of men landing in the most desolate corner, among a set of poor, naked, hungry, disarmed slaves, abiding there with impunity, till they had, as it were, in the face of a large body of his majesty's troops, collected a kind of army, or rather rabble, together; if we view this army intimidating the King's forces from approaching them by their situation; soon afterwards quitting that situation, marching directly up to the northern capital, and entering it without surprise or without a blow. If we again view this half-armed, half-disciplined mob, without the assistance of a single piece of artillery, march up to, attack, and *smite* a superior number of the King's regular troops, with cannon in their front to defend them. If we consider them returning from this complete victory to the capital, which they had before taken; there remaining, for near two months, in contempt of twelve millions of people, above a hundred thousand of which have arms in their hands, and one-half of these the best troops in Europe. If we consider them afterwards, at the approach of a large army, under a general of great experience and approved merit, bending their course, though not

in a direct line, towards this army; and then, by long and painful marches, over almost inaccessible mountains, through the worst of roads, in the worst of seasons; by those means, I say, slipping that army, and leaving it behind them. If we view them next march on towards another army still greater, under a young, brave, vigilant, and indefatigable prince, who were advancing in their front to meet, as the others were in their rear to pursue them. If we consider, I say, these banditti, not yet increased to full 6000, and above a third of these old men and boys, not to be depended on, proceeding without a check through a long tract of country, through many towns and cities, which they plundered, at least to a degree, up within a few miles of this third army, sent to oppose them; then, by the advantage of a dark night, passing by this army likewise, and by a most incredible march getting between that and the metropolis, into which they struck a terror scarce to be credited. Though besides the two armies at their heels, there was still one in this very metropolis infinitely superior to these rebels, not only in arms and discipline, but in numbers. Who, I say, can consider such things as these, and retain the least doubt, whether he shall impute them to a judgment inflicted on this sinful nation; especially when, in the second place, we must allow such judgment to be most undoubtedly our due.

To run through every species of crime with which our *Sodom* abounds would fill your whole paper. Indeed, such monstrous impieties and iniquities have I both seen and heard of, within these three last years, during my sojourning in what is called the world, particularly the last winter, while I tarried in the great city, that while I verily believe we are the silliest nation under heaven in every other light, we are wiser than *Sodom* in wickedness. If we would avoid, therefore, that final

judgment which was denounced against that city; if we would avoid that total destruction with which we are threatened, not remotely and at a distance, but immediately and at hand; if we would pacify that vengeance which hath already begun to operate by sending rebels, foreign enemies, pestilence, the forerunner of famine, and poverty among us; if we would pacify that vengeance which seems already bent to our destruction by breathing the breath of folly as well as perfidy into the nostrils of the great; what have we to do, but to set about THE WORK recommended by the wise and pious, though Heathen philosopher, in my motto? And what is THIS WORK but a thorough amendment of our lives, a perfect alteration of our ways? But before we begin this, let us, in obedience to the rule of that philosopher, prescribed above, first apply ourselves by fasting and prayer to the throne of offended grace. My lords the bishops have wisely set apart a particular day for this solemn service. A day, which I hope will be kept universally through this kingdom, with all those marks of true piety and repentance, which our present dreadful situation demands. Indeed, the wretch whose hard heart is not seriously in earnest on this occasion, deserves no more the appellation of a good Englishman, than of a good churchman, or a true Christian. All sober and wise nations have, in times of public danger, instituted certain solemn sacrifices to their gods; now the Christian sacrifices are those of fasting and prayer: and if ever these were in a more extraordinary manner necessary, it is surely now, when the least reflection must convince us that we do in so eminent a manner deserve the judgment of God, and when we have so much reason to apprehend it is coming upon us. I hope, therefore, (I repeat it once more) that this day will be kept by us ALL, in the most solemn

manner, and that not a man will dare refuse complying with those duties which the state requires of us; but I must, at the same time, recommend to my countrymen a caution, that they would not mistake THE WORK itself for what is only the beginning of, or preface to it. Let them not vainly imagine, that when they have fasted and prayed for a day; nay, even for an age, that THE WORK is done. It is a total amendment of life, a total change of manners, which can bring THE WORK to a conclusion, or produce any good effects from it. Here again, to give particular instances would be to enumerate all those vices which I have already declined recounting, and would be too prolix. They are known, they are obvious, and few men who resolve to amend their lives, will, I believe, want any assistance to discover what parts of them stand in need of amendment. I shall, however, point out two or three particulars, which I the rather single out, because I have heard, that there are some who dispute whether they are really vices or no, though every polity, as well as the Christian, have agreed in condemning them as such. The first of these is lying. The devil himself is, in scripture, said to be the father of lies; and liars are, perhaps, some of the vilest and wickedest children he has. Nay, I think the morals of all civilized nations have denied even the character of a gentleman to a liar. So heinous is this vice, that it has not only stigmatized particular persons, but whole communities, with infamy. And yet have we not persons, ay, and very great persons too, so famous for it, that their credit is a jest, and their words mere wind? I need not point them out, for they take sufficient care to point out themselves. Luxury is a second vice, which is so far from being acknowledged as criminal, that it is ostentatiously affected. Now this is not only a vice in itself, but it is in reality a privation of all virtue. For first, in lower

fortunes it prevents men from being honest; and, in higher situations, it excludes that virtue without which no man can be a Christian, namely charity. For as surely as charity covereth a multitude of sins, so must a multitude of dishes, pictures, jewels, houses, horses, servants, &c., cover all charity. I remember dining last winter at a great man's table, where we had among many others, one dish, the expense of which would have provided very liberally for a poor family a whole twelvemonth. In short, I never saw, during my abode in the great city, a single man who gave me reason to think, that he would have enabled himself to be charitable, by retrenching the most idle superfluity of his expense. Perhaps the large subscriptions which have prevailed all over the kingdom at this season, may be urged as an instance of charity. To this I answer, in the words of a very great and generous friend of mine, who disclaimed all merit from a very liberal subscription, saying, 'It was rather sense than goodness, to sacrifice a 'small part for the security of the whole.' Now true charity is of another kind, it has no self-interested motives, pursues no immediate return nor worldly good, well knowing that it is laying up a much surer and much greater reward for itself. But, indeed, who wonders that men are so backward in sacrificing any of their wealth to their consciences, who before had sacrificed their consciences to the acquisition of that very wealth. Can we expect to find charity in an age, when scarce any refuse to own the most profligate rapaciousness! when no man is ashamed of avowing the pursuit of riches through every dirty road and track? To speak out, in an age when every thing is venal; and when there is scarce one among the mighty who would not be equally ashamed at being thought not to set *some price* on himself, as he would at being imagined to set too low a one? This is

an assertion whose truth is too well known. Indeed, my four years knowledge of the world hath scarce furnished me with examples of any other kind. I believe I have already exceeded my portion of hour-glass; I shall, therefore, reserve what I have farther to say on this subject to some other opportunity.

I am, &c.

ABRAHAM ADAMS.

No. 9. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1745.

Non hoc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscit. VIRG.

THE following letter came attended with a small present of Bologna sausages, Naples soap, Florence oil, and a paper of maccaroni.

SIGNIOR SAR,

'Me be inform, dat you be de Patriat, dat is to say, 'van parson who take part vor de muny; now, Sar, dat 'be commodity me did forget to bring over vid me; but 'ven me ave got one two tousand pound me sal send you 'sum; me desire, darefor, dat you woud rite sumting to 'recomend de opera, or begar me sal be oblige to go 'back to Italy like one fool as me did cum, and dey will 'laff at me for bring no muny from an country vich ave 'give so much muny for song.

'Me be, Signior Sar,

'Of your excellence, de most umble sclave,

'GIOVANI CANTILENA.'

Though I by no means admit that character of patriotism which the signior hath conceived, whether in Italy or England I will not determine, yet as I think it one part of integrity to dare oppose popular clamour, I shall, in compliance with my good friend, and in return for this kind present, offer such thoughts as occur to me in favour of a diversion, against which so much disgust seems to prevail at this season.

And in the first place, I think it should be considered, that these poor Italians, whose property is their throats, did not come over of their own accord; but were invited hither. Nor is the rebellion a sufficient excuse to send them back unrewarded, since the poverty and distress of this nation, even before this rebellion, occasioned by debts, wars, and almost every public calamity, must have deterred any persons from such an undertaking, who had not resolved to have an opera at any rate, and in any situation.

But, perhaps, this melancholy situation of our affairs was a principal reason for the introduction of this opera. Is any thing more proper to soften and compose the mind in misfortunes than music? Hath it not always been found the most effectual remedy in grief? And was accordingly used as such by the great Nero, to calm and compose the agonies of his mind, while his own city was in flames; and Homer informs us, that Achilles used to assuage the wrath and impetuosity of his temper by the music which old Chiron had taught him. Nay, it hath been prescribed, by physicians, as a medicine for a diseased mind; and we are told by Josephus, that 'when Saul was agitated with fits, like a dæmoniac, his 'physicians *not being able to give any natural or philo-* 'sophical account of the distemper, only advised the hav- 'ing somebody about him that could sing or play upon 'the harp well, that might be ready at hand to give him

'the diversion of an hymn or an air. This advice was 'taken, and David sent for, who by his voice and harp 'cured the patient.'

The great power over the passions, which the ancient philosophers assigned to music, is almost too well known to be mentioned. Socrates learned to sing in his old age. Plato had so high an opinion of music, that he considered the application of it to amusement only, as a high perversion of its institution; for he imagined it given by the gods to men for much more divine and nobler purposes. And Pythagoras (to mention no more) is known to have held, that virtue, peace, health, and all other good things was nothing but harmony. Hence perhaps arose that notion maintained by some of the Greeks, from observing the sympathy between them, that the soul of man was something very like the sound of a fiddle.

And this power of music is not only capable of exercising to allay and compose, it is altogether as efficacious in rousing and animating the passions. Thus Xenophantus is recorded to have incited Alexander to arms with his music. And Plutarch, in his laconic Apophthegms, tells us, that Agesilaus being asked why the Spartans marched (or rather danced) up to the enemy to some tune? answered, That music discovered the brave man from the coward; for those same notes which made the eyes of the valiant sparkle with fire, overspread the timorous face with paleness, and every other mark of terror.

This, therefore, is a second good reason for an opera at present, provided the music be properly adapted to the times, be chiefly martial, and consist mostly of trumpets and kettle-drums. The subject likewise of the drama (though that is generally considered as a matter of little consequence in those compositions) may lend some assist-

ance ; as suppose, for instance, the famous opera in which the celebrated Nicolini formerly killed a lion with so much bravery should be revived on this occasion. Such an example would almost animate the ladies, nay, even the beaus, to take up arms in defence of their country.

And what are the objections which our anti-musical enemies make to this entertainment?

First, I apprehend it hath been said, that the softness of Italian music is calculated to enervate the mind. This hath been obviated already. But admitting the objection true, where is its validity, when we consider of what persons the audiences will be composed? for not only the common soldiers, but all inferior officers, are excluded by the price. Indeed, the audience at an opera consists chiefly of fine gentlemen, fine ladies, and their servants, and except a few general officers, whose courage we ought to imagine superior to the power of a languishing air, scarce a person is ever present, who is likely to see a camp, or handle a musket; unless the opera, by being regulated as above, should inspire a martial spirit into them.

Secondly, it is said, that the immoderate expense of this diversion, at a season when poverty spreads its black banner over the whole nation, and when much the greater part are reduced to the most miserable degrees of want and necessity, is an argument of most abandoned extravagance, and indecent profligacy, scarce to be equalled by any example in history.

This, I conceive, is the objection on which our adversaries principally rely. I shall apply myself, therefore, in a very particular manner, to answer it.

And here I must premise, that this objection proceeds on a tacit admission of what is by no means true, viz.: That the sums expended on an opera subscription would otherwise be employed in the public service of the nation,

or at least in private charity, to some of the numberless objects of it.

But this would certainly not be the case; for the person who could think of promoting such a diversion, in the midst of so much calamity, must have neither heart nor head good enough to feel the distresses of a fellow-creature, much less to relieve them; and surely it cannot be supposed, that these people will advance any thing in defence of his majesty, when they fly in his sacred face, by attempting an opera, though he hath himself (or I am grossly misinformed) been pleased to declare it is not now a time for operas.

We must therefore conclude that this money, if not exhausted for the present good purpose, would either remain dormant in the purse of its owner, or would otherwise be sacrificed at cards, or lavished on some less innocent article of luxury or wantonness.

The expense then of this entertainment, however great it should be, will not injure the Public. On the contrary, such will be its political utility, that I question whether this opera may not preserve the nation.

For, in the first place, can any thing tend more to raise the public credit abroad, or so effectually to refute the slanders of those enemies who have endeavoured to represent us in a bankrupt condition, than this very undertaking? It hath been esteemed a master-stroke of Roman policy, as well as greatness, that in their highest distress, they endeavoured, by all kinds of art, to insinuate their great strength, and assert their independency; for which purpose, was that ever memorable puff, with which they refused the presents of King Hiero, after the battle of Thrasimene.

I cannot help regarding our sending for a troop of Italian singers, in this time of distress, as a state puff of the same kind. Indeed I am convinced it was done with

this design; for are not the very persons, who are the forwardest in promoting this diversion, courtiers, and consequently friends to the present establishment? Are they not people of fortune, and therefore highly interested in the preservation of national credit? Nor can I help observing, as a proof of the policy of this measure, another piece of state craft, tending to shew our great inward strength and security; for while we sent for this troop of singers into England, we left several troops of our soldiers abroad. And in what part of Europe could this policy be played off with such advantage as in Italy, where our principal enemies reside, and where the scheme of our destruction is supposed to have been laid? The success with which this scheme hath been attended, must have answered our expectation, since it is apparent, by the arrival of these singers, that they are *fairly taken in*, and imposed upon to believe we have still as much money as ever.

In this light then the opera, and those who encourage it, will deserve our highest encomiums; and the subscription to it may be ranked with the other public subscriptions at this season. And in this light we ought to see the intention of those who have promoted it, for the reasons above-mentioned: to which I will add the humane maxim, of always assigning the best motive possible to the actions of every one.

But, on the contrary, should we be so cruel to deny any such good purpose to be at the bottom; nay, should we derive this desire of an opera at present from the most depraved levity of mind, an utter insensibility of public good or evil, yet we may still draw advantages from our opera, though I must own I could be scarce sanguine enough to derive them from design. For could it be imagined of any nation, at such a season of danger and distress (which I decline painting at length, as the

picture is disagreeable, and already sufficiently known), that considerable numbers of the inhabitants, instead of contributing all the assistance in their several capacities to the Public, should employ their time and their money in endeavouring to promote an expensive foreign diversion, composed of all the ingredients of softness and luxury, such a nation would not be worth invading. No powerful prince could look on such a people with any eyes of fear or jealousy, nor no wise one would send his subjects among them, for fear of enervating their minds, and debauching their morals.

Such a nation could inspire no other ideas into its neighbours, than those of contempt and ridicule. We ought to be considered as the silly swan, whose last breath goes out in a cantata. And as nothing but wanton cruelty could move any power to attack us, so would the conquest of us be no less infamous than barbarous; and we should, from the same reason, be as safe in the neighbourhood of France, as the little commonwealth of Lucca was in that of her great sister of Rome.

For all these reasons I am for an opera; but I must then insist on it, that we strike up immediately, otherwise I must desire that Ghost of an advertisement, calling for latter payment from the subscribers, which hath haunted the public papers this month, without having (as it seems) been spoken to by any one, to disappear immediately; for I would by no means have all Europe imagine, that *we want nothing* to establish our opera at present, *but money*.

No. 10. TUESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1746.

Tu, Jupiter, quem statorem hujus urbis atque imperii verè nominamus: HUNC et HUJUS socios à tuis aris ceterisque templis, à tectis urbis ac mœnibus, à vita fortunisque civium omnium arcebis: et omnes bonorum inimicos, hostes patriæ, latrones Italiæ, scelerum fœdere inter se ac nefaria societate conjunctos, æternis suppliciis, vivos mortuosque mactabis.

CIC. IN L. CATIL.

TO THE TRUE PATRIOT.

DEAR SIR, Dec. 14, 1745.

THOUGH I live on a small fortune, in great obscurity, yet I cannot but be interested in our present troubles. My thoughts sometimes lead me to meditate, what we are likely to expect, should success attend the present ravagers of our country. Nay, I have even gone so far as to suppose them actual victors, and have in this light framed an imaginary journal of events, with which I here present you, as with a waking dream.

The person of my drama, or journalist, I suppose to be an honest tradesman, living in the busy part of the city.

January 1, 1746.

THIS day the supposed conqueror was proclaimed at Stocks Market, amidst the loud acclamations of Highlanders and friars. I was enabled, from my own windows, to view this ceremony; Walbrook Church, the Mansion-house, and several others adjoining, having been burnt and razed in the massacre of last week. Father

O-Blaze, an Irish Dominican, read upon the occasion a speech out of a paper, which he styled an extempore address. Melancholy as I was, I could not help smiling at one of his expressions, when speaking of the new year, he talked of *Janus's* faces, each of which looked both backward and forward.

Jan. 2. A proclamation issued for a free parliament (according to the declaration) to meet the 20th instant. The twelve judges removed, and twelve new ones appointed; some of whom had scarce ever been in Westminster-hall before.

Jan. 3. Queen Anne's statue in St. Paul's Churchyard taken away, and a large crucifix erected in its room.

Jan. 4, 5, 6. The cash, transfer-books, &c., removed to the Tower, from the Bank, South-sea and India houses, which ('tis reported) are to be turned into convents.

Jan. 10. Three anabaptists committed to Newgate, for pulling down the crucifix in St. Paul's Churchyard.

Jan. 12. Being the first Sunday after Epiphany, Father Mac-dagger, the royal confessor, preached at St. James's —sworn afterwards of the privy-council—arrived the French ambassador with a numerous retinue.

Jan. 20. The free parliament opened—the speech and addresses filled with sentiments of civil and religious liberty.—An act of grace, proposed from the crown, to pardon all treasons committed under pretext of any office, civil or military, before the first declarations being promulgated, which was in the Isle of Mull, about 19 months ago. The judges consulted, whether all persons throughout Great Britain were intended to be bound by this promulgation, as being privy to it. 'Twas held they were, because *ignorantia legis non excusat.*

Jan. 22. Three members, to wit, Mr. D——n, Mr. P—t, and Mr. L——n, were seized in their houses, and sent to the Tower, by a warrant from a secretary of state.

The same day I heard another great man was dismissed from his place, but his name I could neither learn nor guess.

Jan. 23. His highness sends a message to the house, that he would make no further removals till he saw better reason.

Jan. 24. A great court at St. James's, at which were present * and * and * and * and *, and all kissed hands.

Jan. 24. The three anabaptists above-mentioned tried for their offence, and sentenced to be hanged. Executed the same day, attended by Mr. Mac-henly the ordinary. Their teacher, Mr. Obadiah Washum, the currier, was refused access from their first commitment.

Jan. 26. This day the Gazette informs us, that Portsmouth, Berwick, and Plymouth, were delivered into the hands of French commissaries, as cautionary towns; and also twenty ships of the line, with their guns and rigging, pursuant to treaty.

Jan. 27. Tom Blatch, the old small-coal-man, committed to the Compter, for a violent assault on Father Mac-dagger and three young friars. 'Twas the talk about town, that they had attempted the chastity of his daughter Kate.

Jan. 28. A bill brought into the commons, and twice read the same day, to repeal the act of Habeas Corpus, and that by which the writ *de hæretico comburendo* was abolished. A mutiny the same day among the Highland soldiers—quelled by doubling their pay.

Jan. 31. The above bill passed, and the royal assent given. A motion made about the restoration of abbey lands,——rejected by the lords, seven English Roman Catholic peers being in the majority.

February 1. All peerages declared void since the revolution, and 24 new peers created, without a foot

of land in the island. A second mutiny among the soldiery.

Feb. 2. Long-acre and Covent-garden allotted out in portions to the Highland Guards. Two watermen and a porter committed to the Lollards Tower at Lambeth for heresy.

Feb. 3. Father Poignardini, an Italian Jesuit, made privy-seal. A bill proposed against the liberty of the press, and to place the nomination of jurors, exempt from challenge, in the crown. Several Catholic lords and gentlemen, being English, quit the court and retire into the country. More heretics sent to Lambeth.

Feb. 5. A promotion of 18 general officers, three only of which were English. Lord John Drummond made colonel of the first regiment of Foot Guards, the Duke of Perth of the second, the Lord George Murray of the third.

Feb. 6. Various grants passed the privy-seal of lands in various counties to generals, ecclesiastics, and other favourites, all foreigners.

Feb. 9. A petition from various persons, sufferers by the said grants, setting forth their fidelity to the government, and that particularly in the late troubles, though they had never entered into any schemes in favour of his present highness, yet they had constantly declined all subscriptions, associations, &c. to his prejudice. Father Mac-dagger brought them for answer, that the associators and subscribers had at least shewn their attachment to some government, but that an indifference to all government deserved favour from none, and that therefore their petition was rejected.

Feb. 13. Four heretics burnt in Smithfield——Mr. Mac-henly attended them, assisted on this extraordinary occasion by Father O-Blaze, the Dominican.

Feb. 19. Rumours of a plot. More heretics com-

mitted. The judges declare the power of the crown to suspend laws. Father Mac-dagger made president of Magdalen College in Oxford.

Feb. 21. Four lords and two commoners taken into custody for the plot, all English, and two of them Roman Catholics. The deanery of Christ Church given to Father Poignardini, and the bishoprics of Winchester and Ely, to the general of the Jesuits' order, resident in Italy.

Feb. 28. Six more heretics burnt in Smithfield. A fresh motion made to restore the abbey lands—carried in the lords' house, but rejected by the commons. Several members of the lower house sent to the Tower by a secretary of state's warrant, and the next day expelled, and fined by the privy council 1000*l.* each.

March 1. The French ambassador made a duke, with precedence. The motion for restoring abbey lands carried, and an address of both houses prepared upon the occasion. Cape Breton given back to the French, and Gibraltar and Portmahon to the Spaniards.

March 2. Seven more heretics burnt. A message from the crown, desiring the advice of the free parliament touching the funds. An humble address immediately voted by way of answer, praying that his highness would take such methods, as they might be effectually and speedily annihilated.

March 4. An eminent physician fined 200 marks in the King's Bench, for an inuendo at Batson's, that Bath water was preferable to holy water. Three hundred Highlanders, of the opposite party, with their wives and children, massacred in Scotland. The Pope's nuncio arrived this evening at Greenwich.

March 7. The Pope's nuncio makes his public entry ——met at the Royal Exchange by my lord mayor (a Frenchman) with the aldermen, who have all the honour

to kiss his toe——proceeds to Paul's churchyard—met there by Father O-Blaze, who invites him, in the name of the new vicar-general and his doctors, to a *combustio hæreticorum*, just then going to be celebrated. His eminence accepts the offer kindly, and attends them to Smithfield, where the ordinary is introduced and well received——The nuncio proceeds thence to St. James's, where he had been expected for five hours——the nobility and great officers of state all admitted to kiss his toe—A grand office opened the same night in Drury-lane for the sale of pardons and indulgences.

March 9. My little boy Jacky taken ill of the itch. He had been on the parade with his godfather the day before, to see the Life Guards, and had just touched one of their plaids.

March 12. His highness sends a message to the commons, acquainting them with his design of equipping a large fleet for the assistance of his good brother of France, and for that purpose demanding two millions to be immediately raised by a capitation. A warm debate thereon. His highness goes to the house of commons at 12 at night, places himself in the speaker's chair, and introduces the French ambassador. His excellency makes a long speech, setting forth the many services which his master had done this nation, and the great goodwill he had always borne towards them, and concluding with many haughty menaces, in case they should prove ungrateful for all his favours. He is seconded by the laird of Keppoch, chancellor of the exchequer. The speaker stands up, and utters the word privilege, upon which he is sent to the Tower. Then Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer moved, that the members against the motion might have leave to withdraw; and several having left the house, the question was put, and carried in the affirmative, *nemine contradicente.*

March 16. Lord C. J. W——les, and Admiral V——n, hanged at Tyburn. Several others were reprieved on the merit of having been enemies to those two great men, and were only ordered to be whipped at the cart's tail.

March 17. Fresh rumours of a plot——a riot in the city——a rising in the north——a descent in the west — confusions, uproars, commitments, hangings, burnings, &c., &c.

——*verbum non amplius addam.*

No. 11. TUESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1746.

Τὰ χρήματ' ἀνθρώποισιν τιμιώτατα
Δύναμίν τε πλείστην τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἔχει.
EURIP. IN PHŒNISS.

TO THE TRUE PATRIOT.

SIR,

I AM a citizen, a haberdasher by trade, and one of those persons to whom the world allow the epithets of wise and prudent. And I enjoy this character the more, as I can fairly assure myself I deserve it; nor am indebted, on this account, to any thing but my own regular conduct, unless to the good instructions with which my father launched me into the world, and upon which I formed this grand principle, 'That there is no real value 'in any thing but money.'

The truth of this proposition may be argued from hence, that it is the only thing in the value of which mankind are agreed; for, as to all other matters, while

they are held in high estimation by some, they are disregarded and looked on as cheap and worthless by others. Nay, I believe it is difficult to find any two persons, who place an equal valuation on any virtue, good or great quality whatever.

Now having once established this great rule, I have, by reference to it, been enabled to set a certain value on every thing else; in which I have governed myself by two cautions: 1st, Never to purchase too dear; and 2ndly (which is a more uncommon degree of wisdom), Never to overvalue what I am to sell; by which latter misconduct I have observed many persons guilty of great imprudence.

It is not my purpose to trouble you with exemplifications of the foregoing rule, in my ordinary calling: I shall proceed to acquaint you with my conduct concerning those things which some silly people call invaluable, such as reputation, virtue, sense, beauty, &c., all which I have reduced to a certain standard: for, as your friend Mr. Adams says, in his letter on the late fast, I imagine every man, woman, and thing, to have their price. His astonishment at which truth made me smile, as I dare swear it did you; it is, indeed, agreeable enough to the simplicity of his character.

But to proceed——In my youth I fell violently in love with a very pretty woman. She had a good fortune; but it was 500*l.* less than I could with justice demand (I was heartily in love with her, that's the truth of it); I therefore took my pen and ink (for I do nothing without them), and set down the particulars in the following manner:—

Mrs. Amey Fairface debtor to Stephen Grub.

	£	s.	d.
For fortune, as *per* marriage	5000	00	00

Per contra creditor.

	£	s.	d.
Imprimis, To cash.	4500	00	00
Item, To beauty (for she had a great deal and I had a great value for it). . .	100	00	00
Item, To wit as *per* conversation	2	10	00
Item, To her affection for me	30	00	00
Item, To good housewifery, a sober, chaste education, and being a good workwoman at her needle, in all . .	50	00	00
Item, To her skill in music.	1	01	00
Item, To dancing	00	00	06
	4683	11	06
Mrs. Amey debtor	5000	00	00
Per contra creditor	4683	11	06
Due to balance	316	08	06

You see, Sir, I strained as hard as possible, and placed a higher value (perhaps) on her several perfections, than others would have done; but the balance still remained against her, and I was reduced to the necessary alternative of sacrificing that sum for ever, or of quitting my mistress. You may easily guess on which a prudent man would determine.——Indeed, I had sufficient reason to be afterwards pleased with my prudence, as she proved to be a less valuable woman than I imagined; for, two years afterwards, having had a considerable loss in trade, by which the balance above was satisfied, I renewed my addresses, but the false-hearted creature (forsooth) refused to see me.

A second occasion which I had for my pen and ink, in this way, was, when the situation of my affairs, after

some losses, was such, that I could clearly have put 1500*l.* in my pocket by breaking. The account then stood thus:

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Stephen Grub, debtor to cash	1500	00	00

Per contra creditor.

	£	*s.*	*d.*
To danger to soul as *per* perjury	105	00	00
To danger to body as *per* felony	1000	00	00
To loss of reputation	500	00	00
To conscience as *per* injuring others . . .	00	02	06
To incidental charges, trouble, &c. . . .	100	00	00

I am convinced you are so good a master of figures, that I need not cast up the balance, which must so visibly have determined me to preserve the character of an honest man.

Not to trouble you with more instances of a life, of which you may easily guess the whole by this specimen; for it hath been entirely transacted by my golden rule; I shall hasten to apply this rule, by which I suppose many other persons in this city conduct themselves, to the present times.

And here, Sir, have we not reason to suppose, that some good men, for want of duly considering the danger of their property, &c., from the present rebellion, and low state of public credit, have been too tenacious of their money on the present occasion; for, if we admit that the whole is in danger, surely it is the office of prudence to be generous of the lesser part, in order to secure the greater.

Let us see how this stands on paper; for thus only we can argue with certainty.

Suppose, then, the given sum of your property be 20,000*l.*

The value of securing this will be more or less, in proportion to the danger; for the truth of which I need not only appeal to the common practice of insurance.

If the chance then be twenty to one, it follows that the value of insurance is at an average with 1000*l.*

And proportionally more or less, as the danger is greater or less.

There are, besides, two other articles, which I had like to have forgot, to which every man almost affixes some value. These are religion and liberty. Suppose therefore we set down

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Religion at.	00	15	00
And liberty at.	00	02	06

And I think none but a profligate fellow can value them at a lower rate; it follows, that to secure them from the same proportion of danger as above, is worth 10½d.

Now this last sum may be undoubtedly saved, as it would not be missed or called for, if men would only seriously consider the preservation of what is so infinitely more valuable, their property; and advance their money in its defence, in due proportion to the degree of its danger. And as there is nothing so pleasant as clear gain, it must give some satisfaction to every thinking man, that while he risks his money for the preservation of his property, his religion and liberty are tossed him into the bargain.

You see, Sir, I have fairly balanced between those hot-headed zealots, who set these conveniences above the value of money, and those profligate wicked people, who treat them as matters of no concern or moment.

I have therefore been a little surprised at the backwardness of some very prudent men on this occasion; for it would be really doing them an injury to suspect they do not set a just value on money, while every action of their lives demonstrates the contrary. I can therefore impute this conduct only to a firm persuasion that there will be foolish people enow found, who from loyalty to their king, zeal for their country, or some other ridiculous principle, will subscribe sufficient sums for the defence of the public; and so they might save their own money, which will still increase in value, in proportion to the distress and poverty of the nation.

This would be certainly a wise and right way of reasoning; and such a conduct must be highly commendable, if the fact supposed was true; for as nothing is so truly great as to turn the penny while the world suspects your ruin; so to convert the misfortunes of a whole community to your own emolument, must be a thing highly eligible by every good man, i.e. every Plumb. But I am afraid this rule will reach only private persons at most, and cannot extend to those whose examples, while they keep their own purses shut, lock up the purses of all their neighbours.

A fallacy of the same kind I am afraid we fall into, when we refuse to lend our money to the government at a moderate interest, in hopes of extorting more from the public purse; with which thought a very good sort of man, a Plumb, seemed yesterday to hug himself, in a conversation which we had upon this subject; but upon the nearest computation I could make with my pen, which I handled the moment he left me, I find that this very person, who proposed to gain 1 *per cent.* in 20,000*l.* would, by the consequential effect on the public credit, be a clear loser of $2\frac{1}{2}$.

In short, I am afraid certain persons may at this time

run the hazard of a fate which too often attends very wise men, who have not on all occasions a recourse to figures, and may incur the censure of an old proverb, by being 'Penny wise and pound foolish.' And since I may be involved, against my will, in the calamity, I shall be obliged to you if you will publish these cautions from,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

STEPHEN GRUB.

N.B. As your paper supplies the place of three evening posts, I save 1½*d. per* week by it; for which pray accept my acknowledgment.

No. 10. TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1746.

Qui non rectè instituunt atque erudiunt liberos, non solum liberis sed et reipublicæ faciunt injuriam.

CICERO.

MR. ADAMS having favoured me with a second letter, I shall give it to the public without any apology. If any thing in it should at first a little shock those readers who know the world better, I hope they will make allowances for the ignorance and simplicity of the writer.

TO THE TRUE PATRIOT.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

I AM concerned to find, by all our public accounts, that

the rebels still continue in the land. In my last I evidently proved, that their successes were owing to a judgment denounced against our sins, and concluded with some exhortations for averting the divine anger, by the only methods which suggested themselves to my mind. These exhortations, by the event, I perceive have not had that regard paid to them I had reason to expect. Indeed, I am the more confirmed in this conjecture, by a lad whom I lately met at a neighbouring baronet's, where I sojourned the two last days of the year, with my good friend Mr. Wilson.

This lad, whom I imagined to have been come from school to visit his friends for the holidays (for though he is perhaps of sufficient age, I found, on examination, he was not yet qualified for the university), is, it seems, a man *sui juris;* and is, as I gather from the young damsels, Sir John's daughters, a member of the society of *bowes.* I know not whether I spell the word right; for I am not ashamed to say, I neither understand its etymology nor true import, as it hath never once occurred in any lexicon or dictionary which I have yet perused.

Whatever this society may be, either the lad with whom I communed is an unworthy member, or it would become the government to put it down by authority; for he uttered many things during our discourse, for which I would have well scourged any of the youth under my care.

He had not long entered the chamber before he acquainted the damsels, that he and his companions had carried the opera, in opposition to the puts; by which I afterwards learnt he meant all sober and discreet persons. 'And, fags!' says he (I am afraid, though, he made use of a worse word), 'we expected the bishops would have 'interfered; but if they had, we should have silenced 'them.' I then thought to myself, 'Stripling, if I had

'you well horsed on the back of another lad, I would 'teach you more reverence to their lordships.'

This opera, I am informed, is a diversion in which a prodigious sum of money, more than is to be collected out of twenty parishes, is lavished away on foreign eunuchs and papists, very scandalous to be suffered at any time, especially at a season when both war and famine hang over our heads.

During the whole time of our repast at dinner, the young gentleman entertained us with an account of several drums and routs, at which he had been present. These are, it seems, large congregations of men and women, who, instead of assembling together to hear something that is good; nay, or to divert themselves with gambols, which might be allowed now and then in holiday times, meet for no other purpose but that of gaming, for a whole guinea and much more at a stake. At this married women sit up all night, nay, sometimes till one or two in the morning, neglect their families, lose their money, and some, Mr. Wilson says, have been suspected of doing even worse than that. Yet this is suffered in a Christian kingdom; nay, (*quod prorsus incredibile est*), the holy Sabbath is, it seems, prostituted to these wicked revellings; and card-playing goes on as publicly then as on any other day; nor is this only among the young lads and damsels, who might be supposed to know no better, but men advanced in years, and grave matrons, are not ashamed of being caught at the same pastime. *O tempora! O mores!*

When grace was said after meat, and the damsels departed, the lad began to grow more wicked. Sir John, who is an honest Englishman, hath no other wine but that of Portugal. This our *bowe* could not drink; and when Sir John very nobly declared he scorned to indulge his palate with rarities, for which he must furnish the

foe with money to carry on a war with the nation, the stripling replied, 'Rat the nation' (God forgive me for repeating such words), 'I had rather live under French 'government, than be debarred from French wine.' 'Oho, my youth! if I had you horsed,' thinks I again. —but indeed Sir John well scourged him with his tongue for that expression, and I should have hoped he had made him ashamed, had not his subsequent behaviour shewn him totally void of grace. For when Sir John asked him for a toast, which you know is another word for drinking the health of one's friend or wife, or some person of public eminence, he named the health of a married woman, filled out a bumper of wine, swore he would drink her health in vinegar, and at last openly profest he would commit adultery with her if he could. *Proh pudor!* Nay, and if such a sin might admit of any aggravation, she is, it seems a lady of very high degree, *et quidem*, the wife of a lord.

Et dies et charta deficerent si omnia vellem percurrere, multa quidem impura et impudica quæ memorare nefas, recitavit. Nor is this youth, it seems, a monster or prodigy in the age he lives: on the contrary, I am told he is an exemplar only of all the rest.

But I now proceed to what must surprise you. After he had spent an hour in rehearsing all the vices to which youth have been ever too much addicted, and shewn us that he was possessed of them all—*Ut qui impudicus, adulter, ganeo, alea, manu, ventre, pene, bona patria laceraverat*, he began to enter upon politics:

O proceres censore opus an haruspice nobis!

This stripling, this *bowe*, this rake, discovered likewise all the wickedness peculiar to age, and that he had not, with those vices which proceed from the warmth of youth, one of the virtues which we should naturally

expect from the same sanguine disposition. He shewed us, that grey hairs could add nothing but hypocrisy to him; for he avowed public prostitution, laughed at all honour, public spirit and patriotism; and gave convincing proofs that the most phlegmatic old miser upon earth could not be sooner tempted with gold to perpetrate the most horrid iniquities than himself.

Whether this youth be (*quod vix credo*) concerned himself in the public weal, or whether he have his information from others, I hope he greatly exceeded the truth in what he delivered on this subject: For was he to be believed, the conclusion we must draw would be, that the only concern of our great men, even at this time, was for places and pensions: that instead of applying themselves to renovate and restore our sick and drooping commonweal, they were struggling to get closest to her heart, and, like leeches, to suck her last drop of vital blood.

I hope, however, better things, and that this lad deserves a good rod, as well for lying as for all his other iniquity; and if his parents do not take care to have it well laid out, I can assure them they have much to answer for.

Mr. Wilson now found me grow very uneasy, as, indeed, I had been from the beginning, nor could any thing but respect to the company have prevented me from correcting the boy long before: he, therefore, endeavoured to turn the discourse, and asked our spark when he left London? To which he answered, the Wednesday before. 'How, Sir,' said I, 'travel on Christmas-day?' 'Was it so,' says he, 'fags! that's more than I knew; but 'why not travel on Christmas-day as well as any other?' 'Why not?' said I, lifting my voice; for I had lost all patience. 'Was you not brought up in the Christian 'religion? Did you never learn your catechism?' He

then burst out into an unmannerly laugh, and so provoked me, that I should certainly have smote him, had I not laid my crabstick down in the window, and had not Mr. Wilson been fortunately placed between us. 'Odso, Mr. Parson,' says he, 'are you there? I wonder 'I had not smoked you before.' 'Smoke me!' answered I, and at the same time leaped from my chair, my wrath being highly kindled. At which instant a jackanapes, who sat on my left hand, whipt my peruke from my head, which I no sooner perceived than I porrected him a remembrance over the face, which laid him sprawling on the floor. I was afterwards concerned at the blow, though the consequence was only a bloody nose, and the lad, who was a companion of the other's, and had uttered many wicked things, which I pretermitted in my narrative, very well deserved correction.

A bustle now arose, not worth recounting, which ended in my departure with Mr. Wilson, though we had purposed to tarry there that night.

In our way home, we both lamented the peculiar hardiness of this country, which seems bent on its own destruction, nor will take warning by any visitation, till the utmost wrath of divine vengeance overtakes it.

In discoursing upon this subject, we imputed much of the present profligacy to the notorious want of care in parents in the education of youth, who, as my friend informs me, with very little school learning, and not at all instructed (*ne minimè quidem imbuti*) in any principles of religion, virtue, and morality, are brought to the great city, or sent to travel to other great cities abroad, before they are twenty years of age, where they become their own masters, and enervate both their bodies and minds with all sorts of diseases and vices, before they are adult.

I shall conclude with a passage in Aristotle's Politics,

lib. viii. cap. 1. *Ὅτι μὲν οὖν τῷ νομοθέτῃ μάλιστα πραγματευτέον περὶ τὴν τῶν νεῶν παιδείαν, οὐδεὶς ἂν ἀμφισβητήσειε· καὶ γὰρ ἐν ταῖς πόλεσιν οὐ γινόμενον τοῦτο βλάπτει τὰς πολιτείας.* Which, for the sake of women, and those few gentlemen who do not understand Greek, I have rendered somewhat paraphrastically in the vernacular. 'No man 'can doubt but that the education of youth ought to be the 'principal care of every legislator; by the neglect of which, 'great mischief accrues to the civil polity in every city.'

I am, while you write like an honest man, and a good Christian,

Your hearty friend and well-wisher,

ABRAHAM ADAMS.

No. 23. TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1746.

——Insanus paucis videatur, eo quod
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.

HOR.

I HAVE heard of a man who believed there was no real existence in the world but himself; and that whatever he saw without him was mere phantom and illusion.

This philosopher, I imagine, hath not had many followers in theory; and yet if we were to derive the principles of mankind from their practice, we should be almost persuaded that somewhat like this madness had possessed not only particular men, but their several orders and professions. For though they do not absolutely deny all existence to other persons and things, yet it is certain they hold them of no consequence, and

little worth their consideration, unless they trench somewhat towards their own order or calling.

As an instance of this, let us observe three or four members of any profession met together in a general company, though it be never so large, they make no scruple of engrossing the whole conversation, and turning it to their own profession, without the least consideration of all the other persons present.

Another example of the same temper may be seen in the monopolizing particular words, and confining their meaning to their own purposes, as if the rest of the world had in reality no right to their application. A signal instance of which is in the adjective good. A word which of all others mankind would least wish to be debarred from the use of, or from appropriating to themselves and their friends.

Now, when the divine, the free-thinker, the citizen, the whig, the tory, &c., pronounce such an individual to be a good man, it is plain that they have all so many different meanings; and he may be a very good man in the opinion of one in the company, who would be a very bad one in that of all the others.

I remember to have supped last winter at a surgeon's, where were present some others of the faculty. The gentleman of the house declared he had a very good subject above in the garret. As the gentleman who said this was, I knew, himself as good a subject as any in the kingdom, I could not avoid surprise at his choosing to confine such a person in a cold night, in such a place; but I soon found my mistake, and that this good subject had been hanged the day before for a most heinous felony.

An error of the same kind once happened to me amongst some gentlemen of the army, who all agreed that one Mr. Thunderson was the best man in England.

I own I was somewhat staggered when I heard he was a corporal of grenadiers; but how much more was I astonished when I found that he had half a dozen wives, and was the wickedest fellow in the whole regiment.

I cannot quit this head without remarking that much inconvenience may arise from these mistakes; and one indeed happened in the last-mentioned instance; for a grave wealthy widow, of above forty, in the town where the regiment was quartered, having doubtless heard the same character of this man from his officers, and misunderstanding them, as I myself had done before their explanation, fell in love with his goodness, and married him. A third example may be drawn from the attention of the readers of books, or the spectators at plays. I have somewhere heard of a Geographer who received no other pleasure from the Æneid of Virgil, than by tracing out the voyage of Æneas in the map. To which I may add a certain coachmaker, who having sufficient Latin to read the story of Phäeton in the Metamorphosis, shook his head that so fine a genius for making chariots as Ovid had, was thrown away on making poems.

This selfish attention (if I may so call it) in the spectators at our theatres must be evident to all who have ever frequented them. Every joke on a courtier's not paying his debts, is sure to receive a thundering applause from the pit and galleries. This debt is, however, paid by the boxes, on the first facetious allusion to horns, or any other symbol of cuckoldom. Indeed, the whole house are seldom unanimous in their claps, unless when the ridicule is against the ministry, the law, or the clergy; whence, I suppose, that as government, law, and religion are looked upon as the great grievances of the nation, the whole audience think themselves alike interested in their demolition.

I knew a gentleman, who had great delight in observ-

ing the humours of the vulgar, and for that purpose used frequently to mount into the upper gallery. Here, as he told me, he once seated himself between two persons, one of whom he soon discovered to be a broken tailor; and the other, a servant in a country family, just arrived in town. The play was Henry the Eighth, with that august representation of the coronation. The former of these, instead of admiring the great magnificence exhibited in that ceremony, observed with a sigh, That he believed very few of those clothes were paid for. And the latter being asked how he liked the play? (being the first he had ever seen) answered, It was all very fine; but nothing came up, in his opinion, to the ingenuity of snuffing the candles.

I cannot omit the following story, which I think a very strong example of the temper I have above remarked. I remember to have been present at a certain religious assembly of the people called Methodists, where the preacher named the following text: 'It is reported 'that fornication is among you.' The whole congregation, as well as myself, expected, I believe, a wholesome dissertation on all criminal converse between the sexes; and some, who laboured under suspicions of that kind, began to express much apprehension and uneasiness in their countenances; but to our great surprise, the sermon was entirely confined to the former part of the text, and we were only instructed in the nature and various kinds of reports. This gave me some curiosity to inquire into the character of so extraordinary a preacher, and I found, to my perfect satisfaction, that he had got his living many years by collecting articles of news for one of the public papers.

If we reflect seriously on this disposition of mankind, so universally exerted in private life, it will lead us to account for the behaviour of men and parties in public;

and we shall lose much of that surprise, which might otherwise naturally enough affect us, from observing the rigid adherence which men of no dishonest characters preserve to their own party and their own schemes. Hence it is, that men become more the subjects of our consideration than measures; and hence it hath sometimes happened, that men (and those not the worst of men neither) have been more intent on advancing their own schemes, than on advancing the good of the public, and would have risked the preservation of the latter, rather than have given up the pursuit of the former. I have said it; I have invented it; I have writ upon it; are as substantial arguments with some politicians, as they are with the doctor in Gil Blas, who had writ on the virtues of hot water, and therefore refused to agree with those who prescribe cold. To say the truth, this partiality to ourselves, our own opinions, and our own party, hath introduced many dangerous evils into commonwealths. It is this humour which keeps up the name of Jacobitism in this kingdom; and it is this humour only, from which his present majesty or his administration can derive a single enemy within it. The Opposition (if a handful of men, and those for the most part totally insignificant, as well in fortune as abilities, are worthy that name) would, I believe, be puzzled to give any better reason for their conduct than the aforesaid doctor, or than parson Adams hath done for them, who says, that Opposition is derived from the verb *oppono*, and that the English of the verb *oppono* is to oppose.

No. 24. TUESDAY, April 15, 1746.

——Medici mediam pertundite venam. JUV.

I have heard it often objected to the friends of the government, when they have expressed their apprehensions of a Jacobite-party in this kingdom, that these fears were counterfeited, in order to form an argument for the support of a standing army, or to excuse some other ministerial schemes; for that, in reality, the very seeds of Jacobitism were destroyed, and rooted out from the minds of every Protestant British subject.

I am not ashamed to own myself to have been one of the many who were imposed on by these suggestions; I am much more concerned to see that this was an imposition, and that experience should at last have convinced every man that there are still some persons (an inconsiderable party indeed, when compared to the number of loyal subjects), who profess the Protestant religion, while they wish well to the designs of a Popish Pretender.

The principal motive which induced me to hold my former opinion, was the reasonableness of it. I disbelieved the existence of a Protestant Jacobitism, from the same principles which inspire me to deny our assent to many of these strange relations which certain voyage-writers recount to us. I looked upon such an animal as a greater monster, than the most romantic of these writers have ever described, and was therefore easily persuaded to credit those who very solemnly assured us, there was no such to be found in the land.

I have hitherto avoided any contest with these sort of gentlemen, not from the contempt of so poor a victory; for I should think my labours well bestowed, in bringing the weakest of them over to the cause of truth; but in plain fact, they are the last persons with whom I would willingly enter the lists of disputation, from absolute despair of success; for what is so difficult to answer as nothing, or what more impossible to be evinced, than the light of the sun to him who hath not eyes to discern it. I have therefore greatly admired the patriotism of those heroes, who have formerly wasted much of their time to prove, that millions were not intended by an all-good Being for the use and wanton disposition of one man; that a Protestant church was not absolutely secure under the protection of a prince, who looks on himself as bound by his religion, and that on pain of damnation, to destroy it; that a magistrate, attempting to destroy those laws and constitutions which he was sworn and obliged to defend, forfeited that power which he so entirely perverted; with numberless other propositions equally plain and demonstrable, or rather indeed self-evident. So that if the absurdity of their tenets was not of itself sufficiently apparent, and did not glare them in the face, it hath been so irrefragably proved by the labours of those good men, who have undertaken the defence of the revolution, that the Jacobites of this age have no other excuse left, but that of not being able to read.

This is an excuse which I am sensible may be fairly pleaded by many, and those none of the least considerable pillars of the party. There have been, however, some who have not only read, but have endeavoured to answer these writers; and have very modestly attempted to oppose the common sense of mankind, in a point wherein their highest interest is concerned.

As such performances are seldom long-lived, few of them have reached our days; but the following letter, which I look upon as a very curious piece, and which was written in the reign of the late King William, contains, I believe, the sum of all those arguments which have been ever used on the behalf of Jacobitism; I shall, therefore, give it the reader, after having premised that it was written by a non-juror to his son at Oxford.

'DEAR SON,

'I received yours of the 4th past, and am so well 'satisfied with your conduct on the birth-day of that old 'rump rogue with an orange, that I have sent you a 'draft on your tutor, according to your desire. As long 'as my son preserves his principles sound, I shall not be 'angry at any frolicks of youth. Provided, therefore, 'you never get drunk but on holidays (as the govern-'ment are pleased to call them), and in toasting the 'damnation of the rump, and confusion to the day, &c., 'you may confess yourself freely, without fear of 'incurring my displeasure. I approve the company 'you keep much. Be sure not to herd with the sons 'of courtiers; for there is no conscience nor honesty in 'them; nor will the nation ever thrive till the king 'enjoys his own again; a health which I never fail to 'drink every day of my life in a bumper, and I hope 'you do the like. I shall never think I can remind 'you often enough of these matters; for I had rather 'see you hanged for your true king, than enjoying a 'place under this orange rascal, who has undone the 'nation. Our family have always, I thank God, been 'of the same kidney, and I hope will remain so to all 'posterity. It is the true old cause, and we will live and 'die by it, boy. Damn the rump; that is my motto. 'Old England will never see any good days, till it is

'thoroughly roasted. Your godfather, Sir John, dined 'with me yesterday: he asked kindly after you. We 'drank nine bottles a-piece of stum, and talked over 'all matters. We scarce uttered a word for which the 'rascally whigs would not have hanged us; but I desire 'no better from fellows who would pull down the church, 'if they had it in their power. I fear not, however, that 'it will be able to stand in spite of all their malice, and 'that I shall drink church and king as long as I live. 'You know what king I mean. God remove him from 'that side of the water on which he now is. Let every 'man have his own, I say, and I am sure that is the 'sentiment of an honest man; and one who abhors 'these persecuting rascals, who make men pay for their 'consciences. But do thou, my boy, rather submit to 'their power than court their favour; for right is right; 'and though might may overcome it, it can never be 'abolished. If kings derive their power from heaven, 'men can have no just pretence to deprive them of it. 'Orange hath no such right. We know he was made by 'men, and consequently his title cannot be deduced from 'heaven. Your tutor informs me, you have been in great 'apprehension for the church at Oxford, and we in the 'country agree it is in danger: but let her enemies do 'what they can, honest hearts will continue to drink to her 'preservation; and while the whigs see the unalterable 'determination of our party, they will always be afraid 'of executing their wicked purposes. As to taxes, we 'must expect them, while the government is in such 'hands, and the true king in banishment. A whig justice 'of peace, at the sessions the other day, had the impu-'dence to tell me they were imposed by parliament; but 'how can that be a parliament which wants one part in 'three of its constituents; nay, and that the head. Is 'not the head superior to the body? And consequently,

'hath not the king a better right to impose taxes, than 'lords and commons without a king? Let right take 'place, say I, and then we will pay without grumbling; 'but to be taxed by a rump, a set of whigs and presby-'terians, and fellows with an orange in their mouths; I 'will drink confusion to them as long as I can stand. 'However, I hope soon to see better times, and that we 'may change our healths, and drink to our friends 'openly; for we are assured here by some Roman 'Catholic priests, who are honester fellows than whigs, 'and may be brought over to go to church in time, 'that the French King will do his utmost to restore us 'again to our liberties and properties; for which reason 'we always drink his health and success, immediately 'after church and king, and confusion to the rump. I 'hope you will do the same at your club at Oxford; 'for take it from me as I have it from others, that all 'the hopes this nation has of being preserved are from 'that quarter. Indeed, there wants no other reason for 'our drinking him, than that the whigs are his enemies; 'for nothing can ever be good for this nation which 'those rascals wish well to. I am sure no one ever sus-'pected me of wishing well to the Pope, and yet I would 'drink his health sooner than I would that of a presby-'terian. I hope you will never converse with any such, 'but when you can't find true church of Englandmen, 'rather choose papists; for they are less enemies to our 'church; and that they would destroy it must be a lie, 'because the whigs say it: but confusion to them; and 'may the king enjoy his own again, will always be the 'toast of, &c.'

THE

JACOBITE'S JOURNAL.

BY JOHN TROTT-PLAID, ESQ.

No. 15. SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1748.

To the Writer of the JACOBITE JOURNAL.

SIR,

YOU have here a translation of a Latin Poem, entitled, *De Arte Jacobitica*, in three books. I have sent you the English version of the first book, because I have been told that Jacobites are no scholars, and understand no Latin. If you like this, you may hereafter receive the translation of the second book. Mean time, I remain yours, &c.

M. O. A. J.

Horace wrote the Art of Poetry, Ovid the Art of Love, and I write of Jacobitism.—Come, Tisiphone, from hell, bring with thee ill-judging zeal, and obstinate bigotry, and inspire me with all thy furies, while I teach the black art of Jacobitism. 'Twas thou that didst instruct the holy Inquisitors, and those miscreants that belied the sacred name of Jesus, to embrue their hands in Christian blood. Nor hast thou been unmindful of the English nation: we too can boast our Lauds, our Sacheverels, our **ok* *ippen* [Here several proper

names were doubtless in the original, but the rats or moths have devoured them.]

First of all, learn the art of lying and misrepresenting. Fling dirt enough, and some will certainly stick. You may venture to abuse the king himself; but do this with caution, for the sake of your ears and head. But spare not his ministers; give a wrong turn to their most plausible actions. If they prosecute the war with vigour, swear they are neglectful; if they desire a peace, call them cowards; if war, call them blood-thirsty and seekers after the ruin of their country. 'Twas by such arts as these that the brave Marlborough, and the just Godolphin, fell a victim to the intrigues of Harley and ***. You may add perjury to your lies. Jupiter, 'tis said, laughs at the perjury of lovers; he has many a time forsworn himself to Juno. You have Jupiter for your example: what can a pagan, like yourself, desire more?

The next thing you are to remember, is to feign a love to your country and religion; the less you have of both, the better you can feign both. O liberty! O virtue! O my country! Remember to have such expressions as these constantly in your mouth. Words do wonders with silly people; but don't too openly discover your design of ruining the country by changing the religion of it, and introducing arbitrary power and a Popish king. Don't be caught in your own trap. Remember the end of Perillus, who was burnt in his own bull; and you may be ruined yourself before you bring about the ruin of your country. Keep therefore to general terms, and never descend to particulars. You may wish things went better.—You can't tell, but surely 'twas better in good Queen Anna's days—or in the bacchanalian times of Charles—or, in the holy martyr's reign. At the mentioning the martyr, you may drop a tear; and if you are sure of your silly company, you may swear the

present ministry cut off his head. Anachronism in politics is no more faulty than anachronism in poetry. If you are among good and orthodox churchmen, you may swear the church of England is in danger under a church of England king, and cannot be secure unless the Popish Pretender is restored. Paradoxes in conversation are to be supported with confidence and sophistry. Remember likewise, that you frequently inculcate the divine right of kings to do wrong; and that they are accountable to God only for being devils upon earth.

Various people are to be taken by various methods; and a wise Proteus will turn himself into all shapes. This Proteus, the Fables say, was an Egyptian conjuror, and transformed himself into what monstrous appearance he pleased; he roared a lion, he grinned a wolf, he flashed a fire, he flowed a river. This Proteus be thou; roar, grin, flash, and flow. Spread thy nets, and catch the various fry with various bait. Consider a little the dispositions of mankind; the young are open and honest, the old are cautious and wary. Old birds are not to be caught with chaff; and the old hare will be sure to double.

But you will ask, perhaps, where the proper persons are to be found, to make proselytes of to Jacobitism? This is an inquiry worthy a sportsman; for he is a bad huntsman who would beat about the Royal Exchange for a hare or a fox; and not a much better gunner or fisherman, who goes a shooting in Somerset-Gardens, or attempts to angle in the magnificent bason there. As those all know the places where their game resort, so must you. You have no occasion to go with parson Whitefield to Georgia after a young Jacobite; but you may go with parson Whitefield to Kennington-Common or Bagshot-Heath, or Hounslow, in quest of one; for want has made many a man a Jacobite, revenge more,

and ignorance thousands. Want and penury bid you hope for change. Revenge works stronger in the human heart than even penury. Who can bear to see a rival prevail? Hence the affected patriotism of *** and ** and *. [Here likewise are many proper names lost, never to be retrieved but by conjecture.] Ignorance is the mother of Jacobitism. Hence the rural sportsmen and fox-hunters will fall an easy prey; and the country will afford sufficient plenty of younger brothers, whose eyes their good mothers have kept betimes from poring on Greek and Latin authors; those Greek and Latin authors which have been the bane of the Jacobite cause, and inspired men with the love of Athenian liberty and old Rome, and taught them to hate tyrants and arbitrary governments. London too has all sorts of game for the net. Whores and rogues abound there; many are ruined, and most in a fair way of being so. How many disappointed out-of-place poor rogues do we every day meet? And what universal ignorance, attended with complicated impudence? In short, the variety is so great, that it will even distract your choice.

But above all, in times of public calamities, then remember your lesson; say, God himself is turned our enemy. And if by chance our monarch should meditate new triumphs, and resolve on the punishment of France; then, when William, the avenger, is abroad, do thou raise commotions and tumults at home: whilst he, all gold, shines in the Gallic plains, carrying in his hand his father's thunder; do thou, all lies, walk the dirty streets of London; and remember, I repeat it again, fling dirt enough; blacken, lie, and defame. Perhaps some Jack Cade may arise in the glorious cause of Jacobitism, and shake the throne itself; while swarms of locusts and caterpillars come from the north, and devour the fruits of England.

Part of our undertaking still remains, and part is finished; here then, let us cast anchor, and moor the ship.

No. 34. SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1748.

—— Talem se læta ferebat
Per medios, instans operi, regnisque futuris.

VIRG.

To the Author of the JACOBITE JOURNAL.

SIR,

THE serious truths contained in this letter, will, I hope, make an apology unnecessary. You are to know that I am of that high order of beings which the world calls a married man; that, to render my state of life happy, as well as honourable, I have, in every thing, submitted to the will of my wife; and this, I can truly say, not more from a conviction of the great duty of obedience, than to avoid contention, and to promote family-peace and good-humour in my house. It is now eleven years since the kindest and loveliest of her sex honoured me with the possession of her sweetness: in all which time, till within a little more than a twelvemonth, she has condescended to make my servitude my delight, abridging me only where my wishes were strongest, and consequently leading to excess; and indulging me in every thing indifferent in my own opinion, or desirable in hers. This uniformity of conduct had rendered us the admiration and envy of all our acquaintance; there was hardly a married woman who visited us, but proposed me as an example to her husband, and treasured up the

maxims of my wife, as so many lessons for her own conduct. We were, in short, a couple who left not happiness to chance; one planned what the other executed, and both enjoyed the fruits of our care. Alas! Mr. Trott-Plaid, I wish the business of this letter was only to tell you of my happiness; but that (however well secured as you may think) has known its period, and I am at present the most miserable of all beings. It is now about a year since a grave clergyman from Oxford came to board with us. To this gentleman (though no seducer of what my wife calls her virtue) I owe all my misfortunes. He had not been a month in the family, before I observed that my wife's head had taken a political turn; the affairs of her family began to be neglected; and notwithstanding we owed our entire support to a genteel post I enjoyed under the government, I was compelled every day at table to hear that government abused. At every glass after dinner, a laugh and a whispered toast between my wife and her friend, gave me fresh cause of uneasiness. My eldest boy made his appearance in a plaid waistcoat, and my girl's petticoat and doll were of the same stuff. I was pleased indeed, at first, to hear the child checked by her mamma, for drinking the king over the water; but was as much displeased at the reason of that check, which was, that James was a plain name, and would save the trouble of such unnecessary distinctions.

Upon this occasion it was, that I took upon me, for the first time, to make a remonstrance in private to my wife; which though I did with all the submission of a husband, I found, to my cost, that I had done wrong. Instead of the compliance I in some measure expected, I was upbraided by her as a mean-spirited wretch; one who was willing to subsist by shame, and

to acknowledge favours from a set of men whose friendship was a disgrace to me; and that if I expected the continuance of her regard, I must think of some other means of supporting my family, than by an infamous place, given me by those who derived their power of bestowing it from one who wanted right to confer that power. You will judge of my concern, Mr. Trott-Plaid, at these words. I was sorry to differ in opinion from my wife, and yet was almost apt to imagine that opinion a little unreasonable. To think of giving up my post was an impracticable thing, and to live under the displeasure of my wife, an impossible one. I entreated her to proceed with the utmost caution in this affair; and, telling her I would ask her friend's advice in it, I left her to consult him.

I had the pleasure of finding this honest clergyman of a contrary opinion. He saw no objection, he said, to my holding a place under the worst of governments, provided I endeavoured, as much as in me lay, to act in opposition to those who had obliged me. That neither religion nor conscience required me to refuse favours from the hands of those whom it was my duty to detest. That an opposition of this kind was the more meritorious, as it was the more disinterested; and the hazard of property would be the best proof I could give of the sincerity of my zeal. That all men were under an obligation to provide for their families in the best manner they were able; but though necessity compelled me to eat the bread of shame, yet conscience forbad me to live a life of it. It was no sin, he said, in war, to plunder the enemy that we have first killed; and, by a similitude of reasoning, he conceived it was as innocent to plunder the friend we intended afterwards to kill. That measures, more than men, wanted a change; and that power was the surest means to ruin those who

raised us to it. That, for his own part, he had hopes of preferment himself from the government, which he intended to accept of without scruple, as it might furnish him with the means of doing good, and of keeping weaker men from power, whose mistaken gratitude for obligations might tempt them to make unsuitable returns. For these reasons, he said, he begged leave to differ from the good lady of the house, and advised me to continue in my post, as it served me in a double capacity, both for private support and national advantage.

I cannot conceal the satisfaction of my mind at the reasoning of this worthy gentleman. I submitted entirely to his opinion; my wife, who is the best of women, was easily brought over by her friend, and domestic harmony was again restored. The groans of our bleeding country indeed were too often in our ears, and somewhat disturbed the tranquillity of our minds; but the hope that every one would have his own at last, set all things right, and we lived in expectation of the happy change.

It was about this time that my wife, who had very much improved her spelling under the tuition of her friend, commenced writer in the cause. A pamphlet, called, The State of the Nation, and Three Letters to the Whigs, are the product of her invention. In these she so well succeeded, that many were of opinion they wanted nothing but truth to be finished performances. Indeed that noble and free spirit of scandal, which is the characteristic of those pamphlets, is sufficient evidence that their author could be no other than a woman.

We had the pleasure, soon after this, to learn from the clergyman, that a friend of his in the administration had presented him to a considerable benefice in the

country. The good man received our congratulations upon the occasion with tears; and taking a most affectionate leave he retired to his living. The satisfaction we received in our friend's promotion would hardly have made us amends for the pains of parting with him, if an unfortunate accident, and some information that followed it, had not opened our eyes to see that worthy gentleman in his proper character.

My wife was busied in her political studies one day, with her Bailey's dictionary before her, when I received a message from above, that my employment was taken from me—I inquired into the meaning of such a procedure, and I was answered, that I was an infamous, ungrateful fellow; one that deserved hanging; and if I did not mend my manners and my wife, the government might possibly take a severer notice of me. With these words the messenger left me; and I retired to my wife's apartment for comfort and advice. That heroic woman, instead of calling my dissimulation a misfortune, gloried in the occasion.—It was now, she said, she would apply to the people for that emolument the enemies of their country had dispossessed me of. That she had long been solicited by the proprietors of certain newspapers to lend her abilities. That she had desired time to consider of their proposals, but was now determined; that she had indeed, for some weeks past, administered helps to Old England, and the London Evening Post, and had occasionally furnished a few papers upon naval affairs in the Fool; but that the writers of those papers were so incorrigibly dull, that her bare intervention was of little use; she therefore declared, as the ministry had provoked her to plan their utter ruin, she would hesitate no longer to undertake the sole direction of them. That the advantages arising from such papers would treble those of the post I had

lost; and that I ought to look upon myself as the happiest of men in having a head to my family, who knew how to secure the emoluments of a husband by the very means that must save her dearer country from destruction.

My heart was overflowing with comfort at these assurances, when the visit of a friend interrupted the discourse.—He condoled with me in the kindest manner for the loss of my place; but, how, Mr. Trott-Plaid, shall I express my astonishment, when he assured me, upon his own knowledge, that my friend the clergyman, that friend I so dearly loved, was the person to whom I was indebted for this obligation! He told me, that the business of this viper, during the time of his stay with us, was to pay his court to the administration, in which he so well succeeded, as to obtain a promise of preferment. That to perfect this promise, and to remove any suspicions they might possibly entertain of his principles, he had made a voluntary sacrifice of my wife and me; concluding, that I was an avowed Jacobite, and my wife the writer of every scurrilous pamphlet that had infested the public. I own to you, Mr. Trott-Plaid, upon this discovery I began to be ashamed of the part I had acted.—It occurred to me that the principles of this man might possibly be as false as his friendship; but my wife conceived a different opinion.—Bad practises, she said, were no proof of bad principles; hers she knew were right; and however ill her friend might have treated her, his name and memory deserved respect, as by his means she was become a pillar of support to a falling nation.

I will not tire you, Mr. Trott-Plaid, with my wife's arguments, or my own submissions.—The newspapers above-mentioned have been ever since under her direction; but, whether from a want of taste in the public, or

from a knowledge that they are the writings of a woman, the proposed advantages have fallen short, even of common subsistence.—It is impossible to represent to you the distresses we have struggled with: but, what is the worst of all, I have the concern to see my children taught treason as soon as they can speak; and my little boy, just eight years old, the hopes of my family, is turned poet, and writes the verses, as he calls them, in the London Evening Post; he has just sent some lines on the eclipse* to the press. Dear Sir, advise me what to do; for though my wife hates you, and has often abused you in print, I am,

Your affectionate friend,

And most humble servant,

SIMON SUPPLE.

* Note, these were printed in the London Evening Post of Saturday last, and are well enough for such a child.

A M E L I A.

Felices ter et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula.

Γυναικὸς οὐδὲν χρῆμ' ἀνὴρ λῃίζεται
Ἐσθλῆς ἄμεινον, οὐδὲ ῥίγιον κακῆς.

TO

RALPH ALLEN, Esq.

Sir,

The following book is sincerely designed to promote the cause of virtue, and to expose some of the most glaring evils, as well public as private, which at present infest the country; though there is scarce, as I remember, a single stroke of satire aimed at any one person throughout the whole.

The best man is the properest patron of such an attempt. This, I believe, will be readily granted; nor will the public voice, I think, be more divided to whom they shall give that appellation. Should a letter, indeed, be thus inscribed, Detur Optimo, there are few persons who would think it wanted any other direction.

I will not trouble you with a preface concerning the work; nor endeavour to obviate any criticisms which can be made on it. The good-natured reader, if his heart should be here affected, will be inclined to pardon many faults for the pleasure he will receive from a tender sensation; and for readers of a different stamp, the more faults they can discover, the more, I am convinced, they will be pleased.

Nor will I assume the fulsome style of common dedicators. I have not their usual design in this epistle; nor will I borrow their language. Long, very long may it be, before a most dreadful circumstance shall make it possible for any pen to draw a just and true character of

yourself, without incurring a suspicion of flattery in the bosoms of the malignant. This task, therefore, I shall defer till that day (if I should be so unfortunate as ever to see it), when every good man shall pay a tear for the satisfaction of his curiosity; a day which, at present, I believe, there is but one good man in the world who can think of it with unconcern.

Accept then, Sir, this small token of that love, that gratitude, and that respect, with which I shall always esteem it my GREATEST HONOUR to be,

Sir,

Your most obliged,

And most obedient humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

Bow Street,
Dec. 2, 1751.

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AMELIA.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

Contains the Exordium, &c.

THE various accidents which befel a very worthy couple, after their uniting in the state of matrimony, will be the subject of the following history. The distresses which they waded through were some of them so exquisite, and the incidents which produced these so extraordinary, that they seemed to require not only the utmost malice, but the utmost invention which superstition hath ever attributed to Fortune: though whether any such being interfered in the case, or, indeed, whether there be any such being in the universe, is a matter which I by no means presume to determine in the affirmative. To speak a bold truth, I am, after much mature deliberation, inclined to suspect, that the public voice hath, in all ages, done much injustice to Fortune, and hath convicted her of many facts in which she had not the least concern. I question much, whether we may not, by natural means, account for the success of knaves, the calamities of fools, with all the miseries in which men of sense sometimes involve themselves, by quitting the directions of Prudence, and following the blind guidance of a predominant passion; in short, from all the ordinary phenomena which are imputed to fortune;

whom, perhaps, men accuse with no less absurdity in life, than a bad player complains of ill luck at the game of chess.

But if men are sometimes guilty of laying improper blame on this imaginary being, they are altogether as apt to make her amends, by ascribing to her honours which she as little deserves. To retrieve the ill consequences of a foolish conduct, and by struggling manfully with distress to subdue it, is one of the noblest efforts of wisdom and virtue. Whoever, therefore, calls such a man fortunate, is guilty of no less impropriety in speech, than he would be, who should call the statuary or the poet fortunate, who carved a Venus, or who writ an Iliad.

Life may as properly be called an art as any other; and the great incidents in it are no more to be considered as mere accident, than the several members of the fine statue, or a noble poem. The critics in all these are not content with seeing any thing to be great, without knowing why and how it came to be so. By examining carefully the several gradations which conduce to bring every model to perfection, we learn truly to know that science in which the model is formed: as histories of this kind, therefore, may properly be called models of HUMAN LIFE; so by observing minutely the several incidents which tend to the catastrophe or completion of the whole, and the minute causes whence those incidents are produced, we shall best be instructed in this most useful of all arts, which I call the ART of LIFE.

CHAPTER II.

The history sets out. Observations on the excellency of the English Constitution, and curious examinations before a justice of peace.

On the first of April, in the year ——, the watchmen of a certain parish (I know not particularly which), within the liberty of Westminster, brought several persons whom they had apprehended the preceding night, before Jonathan Thrasher, Esq., one of the justices of the peace for that liberty.

But here, reader, before we proceed to the trials of these offenders, we shall, after our usual manner, premise some things which it may be necessary for thee to know.

It hath been observed, I think, by many, as well as the celebrated writer of three letters, that no human institution is capable of consummate perfection. An observation which, perhaps, that writer at least gathered from discovering some defects in the polity even of this well-regulated nation. And, indeed, if there should be any such defect in a constitution which my Lord Coke, long ago told us, 'the wisdom of all the wise men in 'the world, if they had all met together at one time, 'could not have equalled,' which some of our wisest men who were met together long before, said, was too good to be altered in any particular; and which, nevertheless, hath been mending ever since, by a very great number of the said wise men: if, I say, this constitution should be imperfect, we may be allowed, I think, to doubt whether any such faultless model can be found among the institutions of men.

It will probably be objected, that the small imperfec-

tions which I am about to produce do not lie in the laws themselves, but in the ill execution of them; but, with submission, this appears to me to be no less an absurdity, than to say of any machine that it is excellently made, though incapable of performing its functions. Good laws should execute themselves in a well-regulated state; at least, if the same legislature which provides the laws doth not provide for the execution of them, they act as Graham would do, if he should form all the parts of a clock in the most exquisite manner, yet put them so together that the clock could not go. In this case, surely we might say that there was a small defect in the constitution of the clock.

To say the truth, Graham would soon see the fault, and would easily remedy it. The fault, indeed, could be no other than the parts were improperly disposed.

Perhaps, reader, I have another illustration, which will set my intention in a still clearer light before you. Figure to yourself then a family, the master of which should dispose of the several economical offices in the following manner; viz., should put his butler on the coach-box, his steward behind his coach, his coachman in the butlery, and his footman in the stewardship, and in the same ridiculous manner should misemploy the talents of every other servant; it is easy to see what a figure such a family must make in the world.

As ridiculous as this may seem, I have often considered some of the lower officers in our civil government to be disposed in this very manner. To begin, I think, as low as I well can, with the watchmen in our metropolis; who, being to guard our streets by night from thieves and robbers, an office which at least requires strength of body, are chosen out of those poor old decrepit people, who are, from their want of bodily strength, rendered incapable of getting a livelihood by work. These men,

armed only with a pole, which some of them are scarce able to lift, are to secure the persons and houses of his majesty's subjects from the attacks of gangs of young, bold, stout, desperate, and well-armed villains.

Quæ non viribus istis
Munera conveniunt.

If the poor old fellows should run away from such enemies, no one I think can wonder, unless it be that they were able to make their escape.

The higher we proceed among our public officers and magistrates, the less defects of this kind will, perhaps, be observable. Mr. Thrasher, however, the justice before whom the prisoners above-mentioned were now brought, had some few imperfections in his magistratical capacity. I own, I have been sometimes inclined to think that this office of a justice of peace requires some knowledge of the law: for this simple reason; because, in every case which comes before him, he is to judge and act according to law. Again, as these laws are contained in a great variety of books; the statutes which relate to the office of a justice of peace, making of themselves at least two large volumes in folio; and that part of his jurisdiction which is founded on the common law being dispersed in above a hundred volumes, I cannot conceive how this knowledge should be acquired without reading; and yet certain it is, Mr. Thrasher never read one syllable of the matter.

This, perhaps, was a defect; but this was not all: for where mere ignorance is to decide a point between two litigants, it will always be an even chance whether it decides right or wrong: but sorry am I to say, right was often in a much worse situation than this, and wrong hath often had five hundred to one of his side before that magistrate; who, if he was ignorant of the laws of Eng-

land, was yet well versed in the laws of nature. He perfectly well understood that fundamental principle so strongly laid down in the institutes of the learned Rochefoucault; by which the duty of self-love is so strongly enforced, and every man is taught to consider himself as the centre of gravity, and to attract all things thither. To speak the truth plainly, the justice was never indifferent in a cause, but when he could get nothing on either side.

Such was the justice, to whose tremendous bar Mr. Gotobed the constable, on the day above-mentioned, brought several delinquents, who, as we have said, had been apprehended by the watch for divers outrages.

The first who came upon this trial was as bloody a spectre as ever the imagination of a murderer or a tragic poet conceived. This poor wretch was charged with a battery by a much stouter man than himself; indeed the accused person bore about him some evidence that he had been in an affray, his clothes being very bloody, but certain open sluices on his own head sufficiently shewed whence all the scarlet stream had issued: whereas the accuser had not the least mark or appearance of any wound. The justice asked the defendant, What he meant by breaking the king's peace?——To which he answered, 'Upon my shoul I do love the king very well, and I 'have not been after breaking any thing of his that I 'do know; but upon my shoul this man hath brake my 'head, and my head did brake his stick; that is all, gra.' He then offered to produce several witnesses against this improbable accusation; but the justice presently interrupted him, saying, 'Sirrah, your tongue betrays your 'guilt. You are an Irishman, and that is always sufficient 'evidence with me.'

The second criminal was a poor woman, who was taken up by the watch as a street-walker. It was

alleged against her, that she was found walking the streets after twelve o'clock, and the watchman declared he believed her to be a common strumpet. She pleaded in her defence (as was really the truth) that she was a servant, and was sent by her mistress, who was a little shopkeeper, and upon the point of delivery, to fetch a midwife; which she offered to prove by several of the neighbours, if she was allowed to send for them. The justice asked her, Why she had not done it before? to which she answered, She had no money, and could get no messenger. The justice then called her several scurrilous names; and, declaring she was guilty, within the statute of street-walking, ordered her to Bridewell for a month.

A genteel young man and woman were then set forward, and a very grave looking person swore he caught them in a situation which we cannot as particularly describe here as he did before the magistrate: who, having received a wink from his clerk, declared, with much warmth, that the fact was incredible and impossible. He presently discharged the accused parties, and was going, without any evidence, to commit the accuser for perjury; but this the clerk dissuaded him from, saying, he doubted whether a justice of peace had any such power. The justice at first differed in opinion; and said, He had seen a man stand in the pillory about perjury; nay, he had known a man in gaol for it too; and how came he there, if he was not committed thither? 'Why that is true, Sir,' answered the clerk; 'and yet I have been told by a very great lawyer, that 'a man cannot be committed for perjury before he is 'indicted: and the reason is, I believe, because it is not 'against the peace before the indictment makes it so.' 'Why that may be,' cries the justice, 'and indeed perjury 'is but scandalous words, and I know a man cannot have

'a warrant for those, unless you put for rioting* them 'into the warrant.'

The witness was now about to be discharged, when the lady whom he had accused, declared she would swear the peace against him; for that he had called her a whore several times. 'Oho! you will swear the 'peace, Madam, will you?' cries the justice. 'Give her 'the peace, presently; and pray, Mr. Constable, secure 'the prisoner, now we have him, while a warrant is 'made to take him up.' All which was immediately performed, and the poor witness, for want of sureties, was sent to prison.

A young fellow, whose name was Booth, was now charged with beating the watchman, in the execution of his office, and breaking his lantern. This was deposed by two witnesses; and the shattered remains of a broken lantern, which had been long preserved for the sake of its testimony, were produced to corroborate the evidence. The justice, perceiving the criminal to be but shabbily drest, was going to commit him without asking any further questions. At length, however, at the earnest request of the accused, the worthy magistrate submitted to hear his defence. The young man then alleged, as was in reality the case, That as he was walking home to his lodgings, he saw two men in the street cruelly beating a third, upon which he had

* *Opus est interprete.* By the laws of England abusive words are not punishable by the magistrate: some commissioners of the peace therefore, when one scold hath applied to them for a warrant against another, from a too eager desire of doing justice, have construed a little harmless scolding into a riot, which is in law an outrageous breach of the peace committed by several persons, by three at the least, nor can a less number be convicted of it. Under this word rioting, or riotting (for I have seen it spelt both ways,) many thousands of old women have been arrested and put to expense, sometimes in prison, for a little intemperate use of their tongues. This practice began to decrease in the year 1749.

stopt and endeavoured to assist the person who was so unequally attacked; that the watch came up during the affray, and took them all four into custody; that they were immediately carried to the roundhouse, where the two original assailants, who appeared to be men of fortune, found means to make up the matter, and were discharged by the constable; a favour which he himself, having no money in his pocket, was unable to obtain. He utterly denied having assaulted any of the watchmen, and solemnly declared that he was offered his liberty at the price of half a crown.

Though the bare word of an offender can never be taken against the oath of his accuser; yet the matter of this defence was so pertinent, and delivered with such an air of truth and sincerity, that had the magistrate been endued with much sagacity, or had he been very moderately gifted with another quality very necessary to all who are to administer justice, he would have employed some labour in cross-examining the watchmen; at least he would have given the defendant the time he desired to send for the other persons who were present at the affray; neither of which he did. In short, the magistrate had too great an honour for Truth to suspect that she ever appeared in sordid apparel; nor did he ever sully his sublime notions of that virtue, by uniting them with the mean ideas of poverty and distress.

There remained now only one prisoner, and that was the poor man himself in whose defence the last-mentioned culprit was engaged. His trial took but a very short time. A cause of battery and broken lantern was instituted against him, and proved in the same manner; nor would the justice hear one word in defence: but though his patience was exhausted, his breath was not: for against this last wretch he poured forth a great many vollies of menaces and abuse.

The delinquents were then all despatched to prison, under a guard of watchmen; and the justice and the constable adjourned to a neighbouring alehouse to take their morning repast.

CHAPTER III.

Containing the inside of a prison.

Mr. Booth (for we shall not trouble you with the rest) was no sooner arrived in the prison, than a number of persons gathered around him, all demanding garnish; to which Mr. Booth not making a ready answer, and as indeed he did not understand the word, some were going to lay hold of him, when a person of apparent dignity came up and insisted that no one should affront the gentleman. This person then, who was no less than the master or keeper of the prison, turning towards Mr. Booth, acquainted him, that it was the custom of the place for every prisoner, upon his first arrival there, to give something to the former prisoners to make them drink. This, he said, was what they called garnish; and concluded with advising his new customer to draw his purse upon the present occasion. Mr. Booth answered, that he would very readily comply with this laudable custom, was it in his power; but that in reality he had not a shilling in his pocket, and, what was worse, he had not a shilling in the world.—'Oho! 'if that be the case,' cries the keeper, 'it is another 'matter, and I have nothing to say.' Upon which he immediately departed, and left poor Booth to the mercy of his companions, who without loss of time, applied

themselves to uncasing, as they termed it, and with such dexterity, that his coat was not only stript off, but out of sight in a minute.

Mr. Booth was too weak to resist, and too wise to complain of this usage. As soon, therefore, as he was at liberty, and declared free of the place, he summoned his philosophy, of which he had no inconsiderable share, to his assistance, and resolved to make himself as easy as possible under his present circumstances.

Could his own thoughts indeed have suffered him a moment to forget where he was, the dispositions of the other prisoners might have induced him to believe that he had been in a happier place; for much the greater part of his fellow-sufferers, instead of wailing and repining at their conditions, were laughing, singing, and diverting themselves with various kinds of sports and gambols.

The first person who accosted him was called Bleareyed Moll, a woman of no very comely appearance. Her eye, (for she had but one) whence she derived her nickname, was such as that nickname bespoke; besides which, it had two remarkable qualities; for first, as if nature had been careful to provide for her own defect, it constantly looked towards her blind side; and secondly, the ball consisted almost entirely of white, or rather yellow, with a little grey spot in the corner, so small that it was scarce discernible. Nose she had none; for Venus, envious perhaps at her former charms, had carried off the gristly part; and some earthly damsel, perhaps, from the same envy, had levelled the bone with the rest of her face; indeed it was far beneath the bones of her cheeks, which rose proportionally higher than is usual. About half a dozen ebony teeth fortified that large and long canal which nature had cut from ear to ear, at the bottom of which there was a chin preposterously short,

nature having turned up the bottom, instead of suffering it to grow to its due length.

Her body was well adapted to her face; she measured full as much round the middle as from head to foot; for besides the extreme breadth of her back, her vast breasts had long since forsaken their native home, and had settled themselves a little below the girdle.

I wish certain actresses on the stage, when they are to perform characters of no amiable cast, would study to dress themselves with the propriety with which Blear-eyed Moll was now arrayed. For the sake of our squeamish reader, we shall not descend to particulars; let it suffice to say, nothing more ragged or more dirty was ever emptied out of the roundhouse at St. Giles's.

We have taken the more pains to describe this person, for two remarkable reasons; the one is, that this unlovely creature was taken in the fact with a very pretty young fellow; the other, which is more productive of moral lesson, is, that, however wretched her fortune may appear to the reader, she was one of the merriest persons in the whole prison.

Blear-eyed Moll then came up to Mr. Booth with a smile, or rather grin on her countenance, and asked him for a dram of gin; and when Booth assured her that he had not a penny of money, she replied,—'D—n your 'eyes, I thought by your look you had been a clever 'fellow, and upon the snaffling lay* at least; but d—n 'your body and eyes, I find you are some sneaking 'budge† rascal.' She then launched forth a volley of dreadful oaths, interlarded with some language not proper to be repeated here, and was going to lay hold on poor Booth, when a tall prisoner who had been very earnestly eyeing Booth for some time, came up, and

* A cant term for robbery on the highway.
† Another cant term for pilfering.

taking her by the shoulder, flung her off at some distance, cursing her for a b—h, and bidding her let the gentleman alone.

The person was not himself of the most inviting aspect. He was long visaged, and pale, with a red beard of above a fortnight's growth. He was attired in a brownish black coat, which would have shewn more holes than it did, had not the linen, which appeared through it, been entirely of the same colour with the cloth.

This gentleman, whose name was Robinson, addressed himself very civilly to Mr. Booth, and told him he was sorry to see one of his appearance in that place: 'For as 'to your being without your coat, Sir,' says he, 'I can 'easily account for that; and, indeed, dress is the least 'part which distinguishes a gentleman.' At which words he cast a significant look on his own coat, as if he desired they should be applied to himself. He then proceeded in the following manner:

'I perceive, Sir, you are but just arrived in this dismal 'place, which is, indeed, rendered more detestable by the 'wretches who inhabit it than by any other circumstance; 'but even these a wise man will soon bring himself to 'bear with indifference: for what is, is; and what must 'be, must be. The knowledge of this, which, simple as 'it appears, is in truth the height of all philosophy, 'renders a wise man superior to every evil which can 'befal him. I hope, Sir, no very dreadful accident is 'the cause of your coming hither; but whatever it was, 'you may be assured it could not be otherwise: for all 'things happen by an inevitable fatality; and a man can 'no more resist the impulse of fate, than a wheelbarrow 'can the force of its driver.'

Besides the obligation which Mr. Robinson had conferred on Mr. Booth in delivering him from the insults of

Blear-eyed Moll, there was something in the manner of Robinson, which, notwithstanding the meanness of his dress, seemed to distinguish him from the crowd of wretches who swarmed in those regions; and, above all, the sentiments which he had just declared very nearly coincided with those of Mr. Booth: this gentleman was what they call a freethinker; that is to say, a deist; or, perhaps, an atheist; for though he did not absolutely deny the existence of a God; yet he entirely denied his providence. A doctrine which, if it is not downright atheism, hath a direct tendency towards it; and, as Dr. Clarke observes, may soon be driven into it. And as to Mr. Booth, though he was in his heart an extreme well-wisher to religion (for he was an honest man) yet his notions of it were very slight and uncertain. To say truth, he was in the wavering condition so finely described by Claudian:

labefacta cadebat
Religio, causæque viam non sponte *sequebar*
Alterius; vacuo quæ currere semina motu
Affirmat: magnumque novas per inane figuras
Fortuna, non arte, regi; quæ numina sensu
Ambiguo, vel nulla putat, vel nescia nostri.

This way of thinking, or rather of doubting, he had contracted from the same reasons which Claudian assigns, and which had induced Brutus in his latter days to doubt the existence of that virtue which he had all his life cultivated. In short, poor Booth imagined that a larger share of misfortunes had fallen to his lot than he had merited; and this led him, who (though a good classical scholar) was not deeply learned in religious matters, into a disadvantageous opinion of Providence. A dangerous way of reasoning, in which our conclusions are not only too hasty, from an imperfect view of things; but we are likewise liable to much error from partiality to ourselves;

viewing our virtues and vices as through a perspective in which we turn the glass always to our own advantage, so as to diminish the one, and as greatly to magnify the other.

From the above reasons, it can be no wonder that Mr. Booth did not decline the acquaintance of this person, in a place which could not promise to afford him any better. He answered him, therefore, with great courtesy, as indeed he was of a very good and gentle disposition, and, after expressing a civil surprise at meeting him there, declared himself to be of the same opinion with regard to the necessity of human actions; adding, however, that he did not believe men were under any blind impulse or direction of fate; but that every man acted merely from the force of that passion which was uppermost in his mind, and could do no otherwise.

A discourse now ensued between the two gentlemen, on the necessity arising from the impulse of fate, and the necessity arising from the impulse of passion, which, as it will make a pretty pamphlet of itself, we shall reserve for some future opportunity. When this was ended, they set forward to survey the gaol, and the prisoners, with the several cases of whom Mr. Robinson, who had been some time under confinement, undertook to make Mr. Booth acquainted.

CHAPTER IV.

Disclosing further secrets of the prison-house.

THE first persons whom they passed by were three men in fetters, who were enjoying themselves very merrily over a bottle of wine, and a pipe of tobacco. These,

Mr. Robinson informed his friend, were three street-robbers, and were all certain of being hanged the ensuing sessions. So inconsiderable an object, said he, is misery to light minds, when it is at any distance.

A little farther they beheld a man prostrate on the ground, whose heavy groans, and frantic actions, plainly indicated the highest disorder of mind. This person was, it seems, committed for a small felony; and his wife, who then lay-in, upon hearing the news, had thrown herself from a window two pair of stairs high, by which means he had, in all probability, lost both her and his child.

A very pretty girl then advanced towards them, whose beauty Mr. Booth could not help admiring the moment he saw her; declaring, at the same time, he thought she had great innocence in her countenance. Robinson said she was committed thither as an idle and disorderly person, and a common street-walker. As she passed by Mr. Booth, she damned his eyes, and discharged a volley of words, every one of which was too indecent to be repeated.

They now beheld a little creature sitting by herself in a corner, and crying bitterly. This girl, Mr. Robinson said, was committed, because her father-in-law, who was in the Grenadier Guards, had sworn that he was afraid of his life, or of some bodily harm which she would do him, and she could get no sureties for keeping the peace; for which reason, justice Thrasher had committed her to prison.

A great noise now arose, occasioned by the prisoners all flocking to see a fellow whipt for petty larceny, to which he was condemned by the court of quarter-sessions; but this soon ended in the disappointment of the spectators; for the fellow, after being stript, having advanced another sixpence, was discharged untouched.

This was immediately followed by another bustle; Blear-eyed Moll, and several of her companions having got possession of a man who was committed for certain odious unmanlike practices, not fit to be named, were giving him various kinds of discipline, and would probably have put an end to him, had he not been rescued out of their hands by authority.

When this bustle was a little allayed, Mr. Booth took notice of a young woman in rags sitting on the ground, and supporting the head of an old man in her lap, who appeared to be giving up the ghost. These, Mr. Robinson informed him, were father and daughter; that the latter was committed for stealing a loaf, in order to support the former, and the former for receiving it, knowing it to be stolen.

A well-dressed man then walked surlily by them, whom Mr. Robinson reported to have been committed on an indictment found against him for a most horrid perjury; but, says he, we expect him to be bailed to-day. 'Good heaven!' cries Booth, 'can such villains find bail, 'and is no person charitable enough to bail that poor 'father and daughter?' 'Oh! Sir,' answered Robinson, 'the offence of the daughter, being felony, is held not to 'be bailable in law; whereas perjury is a misdemeanor 'only; and therefore persons, who are even indicted for 'it, are, nevertheless, capable of being bailed. Nay, of 'all perjuries, that of which this man is indicted is the 'worst; for it was with an intention of taking away the 'life of an innocent person by form of law. As to per-'juries in civil matters, they are not so very criminal.' 'They are not,' said Booth; 'and yet even these are a 'most flagitious offence, and worthy the highest punish-'ment.' 'Surely they ought to be distinguished,' answered Robinson, 'from the others: for what is taking 'away a little property from a man, compared to taking

'away his life, and his reputation, and ruining his family 'into the bargain?—I hope there can be no comparison 'in the crimes, and I think there ought to be none in the 'punishment. However, at present, the punishment of 'all perjury is only pillory, and transportation for seven 'years; and as it is a traversable and bailable offence, 'methods are often found to escape any punishment 'at all.'*

Booth expressed great astonishment at this, when his attention was suddenly diverted by the most miserable object that he had yet seen. This was a wretch almost naked, and who bore in his countenance, joined to an appearance of honesty, the marks of poverty, hunger, and disease. He had, moreover, a wooden leg, and two or three scars on his forehead. 'The case of this poor 'man is, indeed, unhappy enough,' said Robinson. 'He 'hath served his country, lost his limb, and received 'several wounds at the siege of Gibraltar. When he 'was discharged from the hospital abroad, he came over 'to get into that of Chelsea, but could not immediately, 'as none of his officers were then in England. In the 'mean time, he was one day apprehended and committed 'hither on suspicion of stealing three herrings from a 'fishmonger. He was tried several months ago for this 'offence, and acquitted; indeed, his innocence manifestly 'appeared at the trial; but he was brought back again 'for his fees, and here he hath lain ever since.'

Booth expressed great horror at this account, and declared if he had only so much money in his pocket, he would pay his fees for him; but added, that he was not possessed of a single farthing in the world.

* By removing the indictment by *certiorari* into the King's Bench, the trial is so long postponed, and the costs are so highly increased, that prosecutors are often tired out, and some incapacitated from pursuing. *Verbum sapienti.*

Robinson hesitated a moment, and then said, with a smile, 'I am going to make you, Sir, a very odd proposal 'after your last declaration; but what say you to a game 'at cards? it will serve to pass a tedious hour, and may 'divert your thoughts from more unpleasant speculations.'

I do not imagine Booth would have agreed to this: for though some love of gaming had been formerly amongst his faults; yet he was not so egregiously addicted to that vice, as to be tempted by the shabby plight of Robinson, who had, if I may so express myself, no charms for a gamester. If he had, however, any such inclinations, he had no opportunity to follow them: for before he could make any answer to Robinson's proposal, a strapping wench came up to Booth, and, taking hold of his arm, asked him to walk aside with her; saying, 'What a pox, are you such a fresh cull that you do not 'know this fellow? why, he is a gambler, and com- 'mitted for cheating at play. There is not such a pick- 'pocket in the whole quad.' *

A scene of altercation now ensued, between Robinson and the lady, which ended in a bout at fisticuffs, in which the lady was greatly superior to the philosopher.

While the two combatants were engaged, a grave looking man, rather better dressed than the majority of the company, came up to Mr. Booth, and taking him aside, said, 'I am sorry, Sir, to see a gentleman, as you appear to 'be, in such intimacy with that rascal who makes no scruple 'of disowning all revealed religion. As for crimes, they 'are human errors, and signify but little; nay, perhaps, the 'worse a man is by nature, the more room there is for 'grace. The spirit is active, and loves best to inhabit 'those minds where it may meet with the most work. 'Whatever your crime be, therefore, I would not have

* A cant word for a prison.

'you despair; but rather rejoice at it: for perhaps it may 'be the means of your being called.' He ran on for a considerable time with this cant, without waiting for an answer, and ended in declaring himself a Methodist.

Just as the Methodist had finished his discourse, a beautiful young woman was ushered into the gaol. She was genteel, and well dressed, and did not in the least resemble those females whom Mr. Booth had hitherto seen. The constable had no sooner delivered her at the gate, than she asked, with a commanding voice, for the keeper; and, when he arrived, she said to him, 'Well, 'Sir, whither am I to be conducted? I hope I am not to 'take up my lodgings with these creatures.' The keeper answered with a kind of surly respect, 'Madam, we have 'rooms for those that can afford to pay for them.' At these words she pulled a handsome purse from her pocket, in which many guineas chinked, saying with an air of indignation, that she was not come thither on account of poverty. The keeper no sooner viewed the purse, than his features became all softened in an instant; and with all the courtesy of which he was master, he desired the lady to walk with him, assuring her that she should have the best apartment in his house.

Mr. Booth was now left alone; for the Methodist had forsaken him, having, as the phrase of the sect is, searched him to the bottom. In fact, he had thoroughly examined every one of Mr. Booth's pockets; from which he had conveyed away a penknife, and an iron snuff-box, these being all the movables which were to be found.

Booth was standing near the gate of the prison, when the young lady above-mentioned was introduced into the yard. He viewed her features very attentively, and was persuaded that he knew her. She was indeed so remarkably handsome, that it was hardly possible for any who had ever seen her to forget her. He inquired of one

of the under-keepers, if the name of the prisoner lately arrived was not Matthews; to which he was answered, that her name was not Matthews but Vincent, and that she was committed for murder.

The latter part of this information made Mr. Booth suspect his memory more than the former; for it was very possible that she might have changed her name; but he hardly thought she could so far have changed her nature as to be guilty of a crime so very incongruous with her former gentle manners: for Miss Matthews had both the birth and education of a gentlewoman. He concluded, therefore, that he was certainly mistaken, and rested satisfied, without any further inquiry.

CHAPTER V.

Containing certain adventures which befel Mr. Booth in the prison.

THE remainder of the day Mr. Booth spent in melancholy contemplation on his present condition. He was destitute of the common necessaries of life, and consequently unable to subsist where he was; nor was there a single person in town to whom he could, with any reasonable hope, apply for his delivery. Grief for some time banished the thoughts of food from his mind; but, in the morning, nature began to grow uneasy for want of her usual nourishment: for he had not eat a morsel during the last forty hours. A penny loaf, which is, it seems, the ordinary allowance to the prisoners in Bridewell, was now delivered him; and while he was eating this, a man brought

him a little packet, sealed up, informing him, that it came by a messenger, who said it required no answer.

Mr. Booth now opened his packet, and after unfolding several pieces of blank paper successively, at last discovered a guinea, wrapped with great care in the inmost paper. He was vastly surprised at this sight, as he had few, if any friends, from whom he could expect such a favour, slight as it was; and not one of his friends, as he was apprised, knew of his confinement. As there was no direction to the packet, nor a word of writing contained in it, he began to suspect that it was delivered to the wrong person; and being one of the most untainted honesty, he found out the man who gave it him, and again examined him concerning the person who brought it, and the message delivered with it. The man assured Booth that he had made no mistake; saying, 'If your 'name is Booth, Sir, I am positive you are the gentleman 'to whom the parcel I gave you belongs.'

The most scrupulous honesty would perhaps, in such a situation, have been well enough satisfied in finding no owner for the guinea; especially when proclamation had been made in the prison, that Mr. Booth had received a packet without any direction, to which, if any person had any claim, and would discover the contents, he was ready to deliver it to such claimant. No such claimant being found (I mean none who knew the contents; for many swore that they expected just such a packet, and believed it to be their property), Mr. Booth very calmly resolved to apply the money to his own use.

The first thing after redemption of the coat, which Mr. Booth, hungry as he was, thought of, was to supply himself with snuff, which he had long, to his great sorrow, been without. On this occasion he presently missed that iron box which the Methodist had so dexterously conveyed out of his pocket, as we mentioned in the last chapter.

He no sooner missed this box, than he immediately suspected that the gambler was the person who had stolen it; nay, so well was he assured of this man's guilt, that it may, perhaps, be improper to say he barely suspected it. Though Mr. Booth was, as we have hinted, a man of a very sweet disposition; yet was he rather over warm. Having, therefore, no doubt concerning the person of the thief, he eagerly sought him out, and very bluntly charged him with the fact.

The gambler, whom I think we should now call the philosopher, received this charge without the least visible emotion either of mind or muscle. After a short pause of a few moments, he answered, with great solemnity, as follows: 'Young man, I am entirely unconcerned at 'your groundless suspicion. He that censures a stranger, 'as I am to you, without any cause, makes a worse com- 'pliment to himself than to the stranger. You know 'yourself, friend; you know not me. It is true indeed, 'you heard me accused of being a cheat and gamester; 'but who is my accuser? look at my apparel, friend; do 'thieves and gamesters wear such clothes as these? play 'is my folly, not my vice; it is my impulse, and I have 'been a martyr to it. Would a gamester have asked 'another to play when he could have lost eighteen-pence 'and won nothing? however, if you are not satisfied, 'you may search my pockets; the outside of all but one 'will serve your turn, and in that one, there is the 'eighteen-pence I told you of.' He then turned up his clothes; and his pockets entirely resembled the pitchers of the Belides.

Booth was a little staggered at this defence. He said, the real value of the iron box was too inconsiderable to mention; but that he had a capricious value for it, for the sake of the person who gave it him: 'for though it 'is not,' said he, 'worth sixpence, I would willingly

'give a crown to any one who would bring it me 'again.'

Robinson answered, 'If that be the case, you have 'nothing more to do but to signify your intention in the 'prison; and I am well convinced you will not be long 'without regaining the possession of your snuff-box.'

This advice was immediately followed, and with success, the Methodist presently producing the box; which, he said, he had found, and should have returned it before, had he known the person to whom it belonged; adding, with uplifted eyes, that the spirit would not suffer him knowingly to detain the goods of another, however inconsiderable the value was. 'Why so, friend?' said Robinson. 'Have I not heard you often say, the 'wickeder any man was, the better, provided he was 'what you call a believer.' 'You mistake me,' cries Cooper, (for that was the name of the Methodist): 'no 'man can be wicked after he is possessed by the spirit. 'There is a wide difference between the days of sin and 'the days of grace. I have been a sinner myself.' 'I 'believe thee,' cries Robinson with a sneer. 'I care not,' answered the other, 'what an atheist believes. I suppose 'you would insinuate that I stole the snuff-box; but I 'value not your malice: the Lord knows my innocence.' He then walked off with the reward; and Booth, returning to Robinson, very earnestly asked pardon for his groundless suspicion; which the other, without hesitation, accorded him, saying, 'You never accused me, Sir; 'you suspected some gambler, with whose character I 'have no concern. I should be angry with a friend or 'acquaintance who should give a hasty credit to any 'allegation against me; but I have no reason to be 'offended with you for believing what the woman, and the 'rascal who is just gone, and who is committed here for a 'pick-pocket, which you did not perhaps know, told you

'to my disadvantage. And if you thought me to be a 'gambler, you had just reason to suspect any ill of me: 'for I myself am confined here by the perjury of one of 'those villains; who, having cheated me of my money 'at play, and hearing that I intended to apply to a 'magistrate against him, himself began the attack, and 'obtained a warrant against me of justice Thrasher, 'who, without hearing one speech in my defence, com-'mitted me to this place.'

Booth testified great compassion at this account; and he having invited Robinson to dinner, they spent that day together. In the afternoon, Booth indulged his friend with a game of cards; at first for halfpence, and afterwards for shillings, when fortune so favoured Robinson, that he did not leave the other a single shilling in his pocket.

A surprising run of luck in a gamester is often mistaken for somewhat else by persons who are not over-zealous believers in the divinity of fortune. I have known a stranger at Bath, who hath happened fortunately (I might almost say unfortunately), to have four by honours in his hand almost every time he dealt, for a whole evening, shunned universally by the whole company the next day. And certain it is, that Mr. Booth, though of a temper very little inclined to suspicion, began to waver in his opinion, whether the character given by Mr. Robinson of himself, or that which the others gave of him, was the truer.

In the morning, hunger paid him a second visit, and found him again in the same situation as before. After some deliberation, therefore, he resolved to ask Robinson to lend him a shilling or two of that money which was lately his own. And this experiment, he thought, would confirm him either in a good or evil opinion of that gentleman.

To this demand, Robinson answered with great

alacrity, that he should very gladly have complied, had not fortune played one of her jade tricks with him: 'for since my winning of you,' said he, 'I have been 'stript not only of your money, but my own.' He was going to harangue farther; but Booth, with great indignation, turned from him.

This poor gentleman had very little time to reflect on his own misery, or the rascality, as it appeared to him, of the other, when the same person, who had the day before delivered him the guinea from the unknown hand, again accosted him, and told him a lady in the house (so he expressed himself), desired the favour of his company.

Mr. Booth immediately obeyed the message, and was conducted into a room in the prison, where he was presently convinced that Mrs. Vincent was no other than his old acquaintance Miss Matthews.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing the extraordinary behaviour of Miss Matthews on her meeting with Booth, and some endeavours to prove, by reason and authority, that it is possible for a woman to appear to be what she really is not.

EIGHT or nine years had passed, since any interview between Mr. Booth and Miss Matthews; and their meeting now in so extraordinary a place affected both of them with an equal surprise.

After some immaterial ceremonies, the lady acquainted Mr. Booth, that having heard there was a person in the prison who knew her by the name of Matthews, she had great curiosity to inquire who he was, whereupon he had been shewn to her from the window of the house; that she immediately recollected him, and being informed of

his distressful situation, for which she expressed great concern, she had sent him that guinea which he had received the day before; and then proceeded to excuse herself for not having desired to see him at that time, when she was under the greatest disorder and hurry of spirits.

Booth made many handsome acknowledgments of her favour; and added, that he very little wondered at the disorder of her spirits, concluding, that he was heartily concerned at seeing her there, but I hope, Madam, said he——

Here he hesitated; upon which, bursting into an agony of tears, she cried out, 'O captain! captain! 'many extraordinary things have passed since last I saw 'you. O gracious heaven! did I ever expect that this 'would be the next place of our meeting!'

She then flung herself into her chair, where she gave loose to her passion, whilst he, in the most affectionate and tender manner, endeavoured to soothe and comfort her; but passion itself did, probably, more for its own relief than all his friendly consolations. Having vented this in a large flood of tears, she became pretty well composed; but Booth unhappily mentioning her father, she again relapsed into an agony, and cried out, 'Why? 'why will you repeat the name of that dear man? I 'have disgraced him, Mr. Booth, I am unworthy the 'name of his daughter.'—Here passion again stopped her words, and discharged itself in tears.

After this second vent of sorrow or shame; or, if the reader pleases, of rage; she once more recovered from her agonies. To say the truth, these are, I believe, as critical discharges of nature as any of those which are so called by the physicians; and do more effectually relieve the mind than any remedies with which the whole Materia Medica of philosophy can supply it.

When Mrs. Vincent had recovered her faculties, she perceived Booth standing silent, with a mixture of concern and astonishment in his countenance; then addressing herself to him with an air of most bewitching softness, of which she was a perfect mistress, she said, 'I do not 'wonder at your amazement, captain Booth; nor indeed 'at the concern which you so plainly discover for me; 'for I well know the goodness of your nature: but, O, 'Mr. Booth! believe me, when you know what hath 'happened since our last meeting, your concern will 'be raised, however your astonishment may cease. O, 'Sir! you are a stranger to the cause of my sorrows.'

'I hope I am, Madam,' answered he; 'for I cannot 'believe what I have heard in the prison—surely murder' —at which words she started from her chair, repeating, 'Murder! Oh! it is music in my ears!—You have 'heard then the cause of my commitment, my glory, 'my delight, my reparation!—Yes, my old friend, this 'is the hand, this is the arm that drove the penknife 'to his heart. Unkind fortune, that not one drop of his 'blood reached my hand.—Indeed, Sir, I would never 'have washed it from it.—But though I have not the 'happiness to see it on my hand, I have the glorious 'satisfaction of remembering I saw it run in rivers on 'the floor; I saw it forsake his cheeks, I saw him fall 'a martyr to my revenge. And is the killing a villain 'to be called murder? perhaps the law calls it so.—Let 'it call it what it will, or punish me as it pleases.—— 'Punish me!—no, no—that is not in the power of man '—not of that monster man, Mr. Booth. I am undone, 'am revenged, and have now no more business for life; 'let them take it from me when they will.'

Our poor gentleman turned pale with horror at this speech, and the ejaculation of 'Good Heavens! what 'do I hear!' burst spontaneously from his lips; nor can

we wonder at this, though he was the bravest of men; for her voice, her looks, her gestures, were properly adapted to the sentiments she exprest. Such indeed was her image, that neither could Shakespeare describe, nor Hogarth paint, nor Clive act a fury in higher perfection.

'What do you hear?' reiterated she. 'You hear the 'resentment of the most injured of women. You have 'heard, you say, of the murder; but do you know the 'cause, Mr. Booth? have you, since your return to 'England, visited that country where we formerly knew 'one another? tell me, do you know my wretched story? 'tell me that, my friend.'

Booth hesitated for an answer; indeed, he had heard some imperfect stories, not much to her advantage. She waited not till he had formed a speech; but cried, 'Whatever you may have heard, you cannot be ac-'quainted with all the strange accidents which have 'occasioned your seeing me in a place which at our last 'parting was so unlikely that I should ever have been 'found in; nor can you know the cause of all that I have 'uttered, and which, I am convinced, you never expected 'to have heard from my mouth. If these circumstances 'raise your curiosity, I will satisfy it.'

He answered, That curiosity was too mean a word to express his ardent desire of knowing her story. Upon which, with very little previous ceremony, she began to relate what is written in the following chapter.

But before we put an end to this, it may be necessary to whisper a word or two to the critics, who have, perhaps, begun to express no less astonishment than Mr. Booth, that a lady in whom we had remarked a most extraordinary power of displaying softness, should, the very next moment after the words were out of her mouth, express sentiments becoming the lips of a Dalila,

Jezebel, Medea, Semiramis, Parysatis, Tanaquil, Livilla, Messalina, Agrippina, Brunichilde, Elfrida, Lady Macbeth, Joan of Naples, Christina of Sweden, Katharine Hays, Sarah Malcolm, Con Philips,* or any other heroine of the tender sex, which history, sacred or profane, ancient or modern, false or true, hath recorded.

We desire such critics to remember, that it is the same English climate in which, on the lovely 10th of June, under a serene sky, the amorous Jacobite, kissing the odoriferous zephyr's breath, gathers a nosegay of white roses to deck the whiter breast of Celia; and in which, on the 11th of June, the very next day, the boisterous Boreas, roused by the horrid thunder, rushes horrible through the air, and driving the wet tempest before him, levels the hope of the husbandman with the earth, dreadful remembrance of the consequences of the revolution.

Again, let it be remembered, that this is the self-same Celia, all tender, soft, and delicate; who with a voice, the sweetness of which the Syrens might envy, warbles the harmonious song in praise of the young adventurer; and again, the next day, or perhaps, the next hour, with fiery eyes, wrinkled brows, and foaming lips, roars forth treason and nonsense in a political argument with some fair one, of a different principle.

Or, if the critic be a whig, and consequently dislikes such kind of similes, as being too favourable to Jacobitism, let him be contented with the following story:

I happened in my youth to sit behind two ladies in a side-box at a play, where, in the balcony on the opposite side was placed the inimitable B——y C——s, in company with a young fellow of no very formal, or indeed sober, appearance. One of the ladies, I remember, said

* Though last, not least.

to the other—'Did you ever see any thing look so modest 'and so innocent as that girl over the way? what pity it 'is such a creature should be in the way of ruin, as I am 'afraid she is, by her being alone with that young fellow!' Now this lady was no bad physiognomist; for it was impossible to conceive a greater appearance of modesty, innocence, and simplicity, than what nature had displayed in the countenance of that girl; and yet, all appearances notwithstanding, I myself (remember critic it was in my youth) had a few mornings before seen that very identical picture of all those engaging qualities in bed with a rake at a bagnio, smoking tobacco, drinking punch, talking obscenity, and swearing and cursing with all the impudence and impiety of the lowest and most abandoned trull of a soldier.

CHAPTER VII.

In which Miss Matthews begins her history.

Miss Matthews having barred the door on the inside as securely as it was before barred on the outside, proceeded as follows:

'You may imagine, I am going to begin my history at 'the time when you left the country; but I cannot help 'reminding you of something which happened before. 'You will soon recollect the incident; but I believe you 'little know the consequence either at that time or since. 'Alas! I could keep a secret then! now I have no 'secrets; the world knows all; and it is not worth my 'while to conceal any thing. Well!—You will not 'wonder, I believe.—I protest I can hardly tell it you,

'even now.——But I am convinced you have too good 'an opinion of yourself to be surprised at any conquest 'you may have made.——Few men want that good 'opinion—and perhaps very few had ever more reason 'for it. Indeed, Will, you was a charming fellow in 'those days; nay, you are not much altered for the 'worse now, at least in the opinion of some women; for 'your complexion and features are grown much more 'masculine than they were.' Here Booth made her a low bow, most probably with a compliment; and after a little hesitation, she again proceeded.——'Do you re-'member a contest which happened at an assembly, 'betwixt myself and Miss Johnson, about standing 'uppermost? you was then my partner; and young 'Williams danced with the other lady. The particulars 'are not now worth mentioning, though I suppose you 'have long since forgot them. Let it suffice that you 'supported my claim, and Williams very sneakingly gave 'up that of his partner, who was, with much difficulty, 'afterwards prevailed to dance with him. You said—I 'am sure I repeat the words exactly, that you would not 'for the world affront any lady there; but that you 'thought you might, without any such danger, declare 'that there was no assembly in which that lady, meaning 'your humble servant, was not worthy of the uppermost 'place; "Nor will I," said you, "suffer the first duke in '"England, when she is at the uppermost end of the '"room, and hath called her dance, to lead his partner '"above her."

'What made this more pleasing to me was, that I 'secretly hated Miss Johnson. Will you have the reason? 'why, then, I will tell you honestly, she was my rival; '——that word perhaps astonishes you, as you never, I 'believe, heard of any one who made his addresses to me; 'and indeed my heart was, till that night, entirely in-

'different to all mankind, I mean then, that she was my 'rival for praise, for beauty, for dress, for fortune, and 'consequently for admiration. My triumph on this con-'quest is not to be expressed any more than my delight 'in the person to whom I chiefly owed it. The former, I 'fancy, was visible to the whole company; and I desired 'it should be so; but the latter was so well concealed, 'that no one, I am confident, took any notice of it. And 'yet you appeared to me that night to be an angel. You 'looked, you danced, you spoke—every thing charmed 'me.'

'Good heavens!' cries Booth, 'is it possible you should 'do me so much unmerited honour, and I should be 'dunce enough not to perceive the least symptom!'

'I assure you,' answered she, 'I did all I could to 'prevent you; and yet I almost hated you for not seeing 'through what I strove to hide. Why, Mr. Booth, was 'you not more quick-sighted?—I will answer for you—'your affections were more happily disposed of to a much 'better woman than myself, whom you married soon 'afterwards. I should ask you for her, Mr. Booth; I 'should have asked you for her before; but I am un-'worthy of asking for her, or of calling her my ac-'quaintance.'

Booth stopt her short, as she was running into another fit of passion, and begged her to omit all former matters, and acquaint him with that part of her history to which he was an entire stranger.

She then renewed her discourse as follows:—'You 'know, Mr. Booth, I soon afterwards left that town, 'upon the death of my grandmother, and returned 'home to my father's house; where I had not been 'long arrived before some troops of Dragoons came 'to quarter in our neighbourhood. Among the officers, 'there was a cornet, whose detested name was Hebbers,

'a name I could scarce repeat, had I not at the same 'time the pleasure to reflect that he is now no more. 'My father, you know, who is a hearty well wisher to the 'present government, used always to invite the officers 'to his house; so did he these. Nor was it long before 'this cornet, in so particular a manner recommended 'himself to the poor old gentleman (I cannot think of 'him without tears), that our house became his principal 'habitation; and he was rarely at his quarters, unless 'when his superior officers obliged him to be there. 'I shall say nothing of his person, nor could that be 'any recommendation to a man: it was such, how-'ever, as no woman could have made an objection to. 'Nature had certainly wrapt up her odious work in a 'most beautiful covering. To say the truth, he was 'the handsomest man, except one only, that I ever 'saw—I assure you, I have seen a handsomer——but '—well.—He had besides all the qualifications of a gen-'tleman; was genteel, and extremely polite; spoke 'French well, and danced to a miracle; but what chiefly 'recommended him to my father was his skill in music, 'of which you know that dear man was the most violent 'lover. I wish he was not too susceptible of flattery 'on that head; for I have heard Hebbers often greatly 'commend my father's performance, and have observed 'that the good man was wonderfully pleased with such 'commendations. To say the truth, it was the only 'way I can account for the extraordinary friendship 'which my father conceived for this person; such a 'friendship, that he at last became a part of our family.

'This very circumstance, which, as I am convinced, 'strongly recommended him to my father, had the very 'contrary effect with me; I had never any delight in 'music, and it was not without much difficulty I was pre-'vailed on to learn to play on the harpsichord, in which

'I had made a very slender progress. As this man, 'therefore, was frequently the occasion of my being 'importuned to play against my will, I began to enter- 'tain some dislike for him on that account; and as to 'his person, I assure you, I long continued to look on 'it with great indifference.

'How strange will the art of this man appear to you 'presently, who had sufficient address to convert that 'very circumstance which had at first occasioned my 'dislike, into the first seeds of affection for him.

'You have often, I believe, heard my sister Betty play 'on the harpsichord; she was, indeed, reputed the best 'performer in the whole country.

'I was the farthest in the world from regarding this 'perfection of hers with envy. In reality, perhaps, I 'despised all perfection of this kind; at least, as I had 'neither skill nor ambition to excel this way, I looked 'upon it as a matter of mere indifference.

'Hebbers first put this emulation in my head. He 'took great pains to persuade me, that I had much 'greater abilities of the musical kind than my sister; 'and that I might with the greatest ease, if I pleased, 'excel her; offering me, at the same time, his assistance, 'if I would resolve to undertake it.

'When he had sufficiently inflamed my ambition, in 'which, perhaps, he found too little difficulty, the con- 'tinual praises of my sister, which before I had dis- 'regarded, became more and more nauseous in my ears; 'and the rather, as music being the favourite passion of 'my father, I became apprehensive (not without frequent 'hints from Hebbers of that nature) that she might gain 'too great a preference in his favour.

'To my harpsichord then I applied myself night and 'day, with such industry and attention, that I soon began 'to perform in a tolerable manner. I do not absolutely

'say I excelled my sister, for many were of a different 'opinion; but, indeed, there might be some partiality in 'all that.

'Hebbers, at least, declared himself on my side, and 'nobody could doubt his judgment. He asserted openly, 'that I played in the better manner of the two; and one 'day, when I was playing to him alone, he affected to 'burst into a rapture of admiration, and squeezing me 'gently by the hand, said, "There, Madam, I now '"declare you excel your sister as much in music, as," 'added he, in a whispering sigh, "you do her, and all '"the world, in every other charm."

'No woman can bear any superiority in whatever 'thing she desires to excel in. I now began to hate 'all the admirers of my sister, to be uneasy at every 'commendation bestowed on her skill in music, and con-'sequently to love Hebbers for the preference which he 'gave to mine.

'It was now that I began to survey the handsome 'person of Hebbers with pleasure. And here, Mr. 'Booth, I will betray to you the grand secret of our 'sex.——Many women, I believe, do, with great inno-'cence, and even with great indifference, converse with 'men of the finest persons; but this I am confident may 'be affirmed with truth, that, when once a woman comes 'to ask this question of herself; Is the man whom I like 'for some other reason, handsome? her fate, and his 'too, very strongly depend on her answering in the 'affirmative.

'Hebbers no sooner perceived that he made an impres-'sion on my heart, of which I am satisfied I gave him 'too undeniable tokens, than he affected, on a sudden, to 'shun me in the most apparent manner. He wore the 'most melancholy air in my presence, and, by his de-'jected looks and sighs, firmly persuaded me, that there

'was some secret sorrow labouring in his bosom; nor 'will it be difficult for you to imagine to what cause I 'imputed it.

'Whilst I was wishing for his declaration of a passion 'in which I thought I could not be mistaken, and at the 'same time trembling, whenever we met, with the appre-'hension of this very declaration, the widow Carey came 'from London to make us a visit, intending to stay the 'whole summer at our house.

'Those who know Mrs. Carey, will scarce think I do 'her an injury, in saying, she is far from being hand-'some; and yet she is as finished a coquette as if she had 'the highest beauty to support that character. But, 'perhaps, you have seen her; and, if you have, I am 'convinced you will readily subscribe to my opinion.'

Booth answered, he had not; and then she proceeded as in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

The history of Miss Matthews continued.

'This young lady had not been three days with us, 'before Hebbers grew so particular with her, that it 'was generally observed; and my poor father, who, I 'believe, loved the cornet as if he had been his son, 'began to jest on the occasion, as one who would not 'be displeased at throwing a good jointure into the 'arms of his friend.

'You will easily guess, Sir, the disposition of my mind 'on this occasion; but I was not permitted to suffer long 'under it; for one day, when Hebbers was alone with me, 'he took an opportunity of expressing his abhorrence at

'the thoughts of marrying for interest, contrary to his 'inclinations. I was warm on the subject, and, I be-'lieve, went so far as to say, that none but fools and 'villains did so. He replied, with a sigh, "Yes, Madam, '"but what would you think of a man whose heart is '"all the while bleeding for another woman, to whom '"he would willingly sacrifice the world; but, because '"he must sacrifice her interest as well as his own, '"never durst even give her a hint of that passion '"which was preying on his very vitals? Do you '"believe, Miss Fanny, there is such a wretch on '"earth?" I answered, with an assumed coldness, I 'did not believe there was. He then took me gently 'by the hand, and, with a look so tender, that I cannot 'describe it, vowed he was himself that wretch. Then 'starting, as if conscious of an error committed, he cried 'with a faltering voice, "What am I saying? pardon me, '"Miss Fanny; since I beg only your pity, I never will '"ask for more."—At these words, hearing my father 'coming up, I betrayed myself entirely, if, indeed, I had 'not done it before. I hastily withdrew my hand, cry-'ing, "Hush! for heaven's sake, my father is just coming '"in;" my blushes, my look, and my accent telling him, 'I suppose, all which he wished to know.

'A few days now brought matters to an eclaircisse-'ment between us; the being undeceived in what had 'given me so much uneasiness, gave me a pleasure too 'sweet to be resisted. To triumph over the widow, for 'whom I had, in a very short time, contracted a most 'inveterate hatred, was a pride not to be described. 'Hebbers appeared to me to be the cause of all this 'happiness. I doubted not but that he had the most dis-'interested passion for me, and thought him every way 'worthy of its return. I did return it, and accepted him 'as my lover.

'He declared the greatest apprehensions of my father's 'suspicion, though I am convinced these were causeless, 'had his designs been honourable. To blind these, I 'consented that he should carry on sham addresses to 'the widow, who was now a constant jest between us; 'and he pretended, from time to time, to acquaint me 'faithfully with every thing that past at his interviews 'with her; nor was this faithless woman wanting in her 'part of her deceit. She carried herself to me all the 'while with a shew of affection, and pretended to have 'the utmost friendship for me. But such are the friend-'ships of women!'

At this remark, Booth, though enough affected at some parts of the story, had great difficulty to refrain from laughter; but, by good luck, he escaped being perceived; and the lady went on without interruption.

'I am come now to a part of my narrative in which it 'is impossible to be particular, without being tedious; 'for as to the commerce between lovers, it is, I believe, 'much the same in all cases; and there is, perhaps, 'scarce a single phrase that hath not been repeated ten 'millions of times.

'One thing, however, as I strongly remarked it then, 'so I will repeat to you now. In all our conversations, 'in moments when he fell into the warmest raptures, and 'expressed the greatest uneasiness at the delay of his 'joys, he seldom mentioned the word Marriage; and 'never once solicited a day for that purpose. Indeed, 'women cannot be cautioned too much against such 'lovers; for though I have heard, and perhaps truly, 'of some of our sex, of a virtue so exalted, that it is 'proof against every temptation; yet the generality, 'I am afraid, are too much in the power of a man to whom 'they have owned an affection. What is called being 'upon a good footing, is, perhaps, being upon a very dan-

'gerous one; and a woman who hath given her consent 'to marry, can hardly be said to be safe till she is married.

'And now, Sir, I hasten to the period of my ruin. 'We had a wedding in our family; my musical sister 'was married to a young fellow as musical as herself. 'Such a match, you may be sure, amongst other festivi- 'ties, must have a ball. Oh! Mr. Booth, shall modesty 'forbid me to remark to you what past on that occasion? 'But why do I mention modesty, who have no preten- 'sions to it? Every thing was said, and practised, on 'that occasion, as if the purpose had been to inflame 'the mind of every woman present. That effect, I freely 'own to you, it had with me. Music, dancing, wine, 'and the most luscious conversation, in which my poor 'dear father innocently joined, raised ideas in me of 'which I shall for ever repent; and I wished (why should 'I deny it?) that it had been my wedding instead of my 'sister's.

'The villain Hebbers danced with me that night, and 'he lost no opportunity of improving the occasion. In 'short, the dreadful evening came. My father, though 'it was a very unusual thing with him, grew intoxicated 'with liquor; most of the men were in the same con- 'dition; nay, I myself drank more than I was accus- 'tomed to, enough to inflame, though not to disorder. 'I lost my former bed-fellow, my sister, and,—you may, 'I think, guess the rest,—the villain found means to steal 'to my chamber, and I was undone.

'Two months I passed in this detested commerce, 'buying, even then, my guilty, half-tasted pleasures at 'too dear a rate, with continual horror and apprehension; 'but what have I paid since, what do I pay now, Mr. Booth? O may my fate be a warning to every woman 'to keep her innocence, to resist every temptation, since 'she is certain to repent of the foolish bargain. May it

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] her story.

[illegible] answered she, [illegible] at a length [illegible] in my [illegible] I can now die with pleasure, since I die revenged. [illegible] I am not one of those mean wretches who can sit down and lament their misfortunes. If I ever shed tears, they are the tears of indignation: but I will proceed.

'It was my fate now to solicit marriage, and I called upon him to do it in the most earnest manner. He answered me at first with procrastinations, declaring, from time to time, he would mention it to my father; and still excusing himself for not doing it. At last, he thought on an expedient to obtain a longer reprieve. This was by pretending, that he should, in a very few weeks, be preferred to the command of a troop, and then he said, he could, with some confidence, propose the match.

'In this delay, I was persuaded to acquiesce, and was indeed pretty easy: for I had not yet the least suspicion of his honour: but what words can paint my sensations, when one morning he came into my room, with all the marks of dejection in his countenance, and throwing an open letter on the table, said, "There is [illegible]

'"in that letter which I am unable to tell you; nor can
'"it give you more concern than it hath given me."

'This letter was from his captain, to acquaint him,
'that the rout, as they call it, was arrived, and that they
'were to march within two days. And this, I am since
'convinced, was what he expected, instead of the pre-
'ferment which had been made the pretence of delaying
'our marriage.

'The shock which I felt at reading this was inexpres-
'sible, occasioned indeed principally by the departure
'of a villain whom I loved. However, I soon acquired
'sufficient presence of mind to remember the main point;
'and I now insisted peremptorily on his making me
'immediately his wife, whatever might be the conse-
'quence.

'He seemed thunderstruck at this proposal, being, I
'suppose, destitute of any excuse: but I was too impa-
'tient to wait for an answer, and cried out with much
'eagerness, "Sure you cannot hesitate a moment upon
'"this matter"——"Hesitate! Madam!" replied he—
'"what you ask is impossible—is this a time for me
'"to mention a thing of this kind to your father?"—
'My eyes were now opened all at once—I fell into a
'rage little short of madness. "Tell not me," I cried,
'"of impossibilities, nor times, nor of my father,——my
'"honour, my reputation, my all are at stake.—I will
'"have no excuse, no delay—make me your wife this
'"instant, or I will proclaim you over the face of the
'"whole earth for the greatest of villains."—He an-
'swered, with a kind of sneer, "What will you proclaim,
'"Madam?—whose honour will you injure?" My
'tongue faltered when I offered to reply, and I fell into
'a violent agony, which ended in a fit; nor do I re-
'member any thing more that past, till I found myself
'in the arms of my poor affrighted father.

'O Mr. Booth, what was then my situation! I tremble 'even now from the reflection.—I must stop a moment. 'I can go no farther.' Booth attempted all in his power to sooth her; and she soon recovered her powers, and proceeded in her story.

CHAPTER IX.

In which Miss Matthews concludes her relation.

'BEFORE I had recovered my senses, I had sufficiently 'betrayed myself to the best of men, who, instead of 'upbraiding me, or exerting any anger, endeavoured to 'comfort me all he could, with assurances that all should 'yet be well. This goodness of his affected me with 'inexpressible sensations; I prostrated myself before 'him, embraced and kissed his knees, and almost dis-'solved in tears, and a degree of tenderness hardly to be 'conceived——But I am running into too minute descrip-'tions.

'Hebbers, seeing me in a fit, had left me, and sent 'one of the servants to take care of me. He then ran 'away like a thief from the house, without taking his 'leave of my father, or once thanking him for all his 'civilities. He did not stop at his quarters, but made 'directly to London, apprehensive, I believe, either of 'my father or brother's resentment; for I am convinced 'he is a coward. Indeed his fear of my brother was 'utterly groundless; for I believe he would rather have 'thanked any man who had destroyed me; and I am 'sure I am not in the least behind-hand with him in 'good wishes.

'All his inveteracy to me, had, however, no effect on 'my father, at least at that time; for though the good 'man took sufficient occasions to reprimand me for my 'past offence, he could not be brought to abandon me. A 'treaty of marriage was now set on foot, in which my 'father himself offered me to Hebbers, with a fortune 'superior to that which had been given with my sister; 'nor could all my brother's remonstrances against it, as 'an act of the highest injustice, avail.

'Hebbers entered into the treaty, though not with much 'warmth. He had even the assurance to make additional 'demands on my father, which being complied with, every 'thing was concluded, and the villain once more received 'into the house. He soon found means to obtain my 'forgiveness of his former behaviour; indeed, he con- 'vinced me, so foolishly blind is female love, that he had 'never been to blame.

'When every thing was ready for our nuptials, and the 'day of the ceremony was to be appointed, in the midst 'of my happiness, I received a letter from an unknown 'hand, acquainting me (guess, Mr. Booth, how I was 'shocked at receiving it) that Mr. Hebbers was already 'married to a woman, in a distant part of the kingdom.

'I will not tire you with all that past at our next in- 'terview. I communicated the letter to Hebbers, who 'after some little hesitation, owned the fact, and not only 'owned it, but had the address to improve it to his own 'advantage, to make it the means of satisfying me con- 'cerning all his former delays; which, to say the truth, I 'was not so much displeased at imputing to any degree 'of villany, as I should have been to impute it to the 'want of a sufficient warmth of affection; and though 'the disappointment of all my hopes, at the very instant 'of their expected fruition, threw me into the most 'violent disorders; yet, when I came a little to myself,

'he had no great difficulty to persuade me that in every 'instance with regard to me, Hebbers had acted from no 'other motive than from the most ardent and ungovern- 'able love. And there is, I believe, no crime which a 'woman will not forgive, when she can derive it from 'that fountain. In short, I forgave him all, and am will- 'ing to persuade myself I am not weaker than the rest 'of my sex. Indeed, Mr. Booth, he hath a bewitching 'tongue, and is master of an address that no woman 'could resist. I do assure you the charms of his person 'are his least perfection, at least in my eye.'

Here Booth smiled, but happily without her perceiving it.

'A fresh difficulty,' continued she, 'now arose. This 'was to excuse the delay of the ceremony to my father, 'who every day very earnestly urged it. This made me 'so very uneasy, that I at last listened to a proposal, 'which, if any one, in the days of my innocence, or 'even a few days before, had assured me I could have 'submitted to have thought of, I should have treated the 'supposition with the highest contempt and indignation; 'nay, I scarce reflect on it now with more horror than 'astonishment. In short, I agreed to run away with 'him. To leave my father, my reputation, every thing 'which was or ought to have been dear to me, and to 'live with this villain as a mistress since I could not be 'his wife.

'Was not this an obligation of the highest and tenderest 'kind, and had I not reason to expect every return in 'the man's power on whom I had conferred it?

'I will make short of the remainder of my story, for 'what is there of a woman worth relating, after what I 'have told you?

'Above a year I lived with this man in an obscure 'court in London, during which time I had a child by

'him, whom Heaven, I thank it, hath been pleased to 'take to itself.

'During many months he behaved to me with all the 'apparent tenderness, and even fondness imaginable; but, 'alas! how poor was my enjoyment of this compared to 'what it would have been in another situation? When he 'was present, life was barely tolerable; but when he 'was absent, nothing could equal the misery I endured. 'I passed my hours almost entirely alone; for no company, 'but what I despised, would consort with me. Abroad, 'I scarce ever went, lest I should meet any of my former 'acquaintance; for their sight would have plunged a 'thousand daggers in my soul. My only diversion was 'going very seldom to a play, where I hid myself in the 'gallery, with a daughter of the woman of the house. A 'girl, indeed, of good sense, and many good qualities; 'but how much beneath me was it to be the companion 'of a creature so low! O heavens! when I have seen 'my equals glittering in a side-box, how have the thoughts 'of my lost honour torn my soul!'

'Pardon me, dear Madam,' cries Booth, 'for interrupt-'ing you; but I am under the utmost anxiety to know 'what became of your poor father, for whom I have so 'great a respect, and who, I am convinced, must so 'bitterly feel your loss.'

'O Mr. Booth,' answered she, 'he was scarce ever out 'of my thoughts. His dear image still obtruded itself in 'my mind, and I believe would have broken my heart, 'had I not taken a very preposterous way to ease myself. 'I am, indeed, almost ashamed to tell you; but necessity 'put it in my head.—You will think the matter too tri-'fling to have been remembered and so it surely was; 'nor should I have remembered it on any other occasion. 'You must know then, Sir, that my brother was always 'my inveterate enemy, and altogether as fond of my

'sister. He once prevailed with my father to let him 'take my sister with him in the chariot, and by that 'means I was disappointed of going to a ball which I 'had set my heart on. The disappointment, I assure you, 'was great at the time; but I had long since forgotten 'it. I must have been a very bad woman, if I had not; 'for it was the only thing in which I can remember that 'my father ever disobliged me. However, I now revived 'this in my mind, which I artificially worked up into so 'high an injury, that I assure you, it afforded me no little 'comfort. When any tender idea intruded into my 'bosom, I immediately raised this phantom of an injury 'in my imagination, and it considerably lessened the fury 'of that sorrow which I should have otherwise felt for 'the loss of so good a father; who died within a few 'months of my departure from him.

'And now, Sir, to draw to a conclusion. One night as 'I was in the gallery at Drury-Lane playhouse, I saw 'below me, in a side-box——(she was once below me in 'every place), that widow whom I mentioned to you 'before——I had scarce cast my eyes on this woman, 'before I was so shocked with the sight, that it almost 'deprived me of my senses; for the villain Hebbers 'came presently in, and seated himself behind her.

'He had been almost a month from me, and I believed 'him to be at his quarters in Yorkshire. Guess what 'were my sensations, when I beheld him sitting by that 'base woman, and talking to her with the utmost fami-'liarity. I could not long endure this sight; and having 'acquainted my companion that I was taken suddenly 'ill, I forced her to go home with me at the end of the 'second act.

'After a restless and sleepless night, when I rose the 'next morning, I had the comfort to receive a visit from 'the woman of the house, who, after a very short intro-

'duction, asked me when I had heard from the captain, 'and when I expected to see him? I had not strength 'or spirits to make her any answer; and she proceeded thus: "Indeed I did not think the captain would have '"used me so. My husband was an officer of the army, '"as well as himself; and if a body is a little low in the '"world, I am sure that is no reason for folks to trample '"on a body. I defy the world to say as I ever was '"guilty of an ill thing." "For heaven's sake, Ma-'"dam," says I, "what do you mean?" "Mean!" 'cries she, "I am sure if I had not thought you had been '"Captain Hebbers' lady, his lawful lady too, you should '"never have set footing in my house. I would have '"Captain Hebbers know, that though I am reduced '"to let lodgings, I never have entertained any but '"persons of character."—In this manner, Sir, she ran 'on, saying many shocking things not worth repeating, 'till my anger at last got the better of my patience 'as well as my sorrow, and I pushed her out of the 'room.

'She had not been long gone before her daughter 'came to me, and, after many expressions of tenderness 'and pity acquainted me that her mother had just found 'out, by means of the captain's servant, that the captain 'was married to another lady; "which, if you did not '"know before, Madam," said she, "I am sorry to be '"the messenger of such ill news."

'Think Mr. Booth, what I must have endured to see 'myself humbled before such a creature as this, the 'daughter of a woman who lets lodgings! However, 'having recollected myself a little, I thought it would 'be in vain to deny any thing; so knowing this to be 'one of the best-natured, and most sensible girls in the 'world, I resolved to tell her my whole story, and for 'the future to make her my confidante. I answered her,

'therefore, with a good deal of assurance, that she need 'not regret telling me this piece of ill news, for I had 'known it before I came to her house.

'"Pardon me, Madam," replied the girl, "you cannot '"possibly have known it so long; for he hath not been '"married above a week: last night was the first time '"of his appearing in public with his wife at the play. '"Indeed, I knew very well the cause of your uneasiness '"there; but would not mention——"

'"His wife at the play!" answered I eagerly, "what '"wife! whom do you mean?"

'"I mean the widow Carey, Madam," replied she, "to '"whom the captain was married a few days since. His '"servant was here last night to pay for your lodging; '"and he told it my mother."

'I know not what answer I made, or whether I made 'any; I presently fell dead on the floor, and it was with 'great difficulty I was brought back to life by the poor 'girl; for neither the mother, nor the maid of the house, 'would lend me any assistance, both seeming to regard 'me rather as a monster than a woman.

'Scarce had I recovered the use of my senses, when I 'received a letter from the villain, declaring he had not 'assurance to see my face, and very kindly advising me 'to endeavour to reconcile myself to my family; con-'cluding with an offer, in case I did not succeed, to 'allow me twenty pounds a year to support me in some 'remote part of the kingdom.

'I need not mention my indignation at these proposals. 'In the highest agony of rage, I went in a chair to the 'detested house, where I easily got access to the wretch 'I had devoted to destruction, whom I no sooner found 'within my reach, than I plunged a drawn penknife, 'which I had prepared in my pocket for the purpose, 'into his accursed heart. For this fact, I was imme-

'diately seized, and soon after committed hither; and 'for this fact I am ready to die, and shall, with pleasure, 'receive the sentence of the law.

'Thus, Sir,' said she, 'I have related to you my un-'happy story; and if I have tired your patience, by 'dwelling too long on those parts which affected me the 'most, I ask your pardon.'

Booth made a proper speech on this occasion, and having expressed much concern at her present situation, concluded, that he hoped her sentence would be milder than she seemed to expect.

Her reply to this was full of so much bitterness and indignation, that we do not think proper to record the speech at length; in which, having vented her passion, she all at once put on a serene countenance, and, with an air of great complacency, said, 'Well, Mr. Booth, I think 'I have now a right to satisfy my curiosity, at the ex-'pense of your breath. I may say it is not altogether 'a vain curiosity; for perhaps I have had inclination 'enough to interest myself in whatever concerns you;— 'but no matter for that—those days' (added she with a sigh) 'are now over.'

Booth, who was extremely good-natured and well-bred, told her, that she should not command him twice whatever was in his power; and then, after the usual apology, was going to begin his history, when the keeper arrived, and acquainted the lady that dinner was ready, at the same time saying, 'I suppose, Madam, as the gentleman 'is an acquaintance of yours, he must dine with us too.'

Miss Matthews told the keeper, that she had only one word to mention in private to the gentleman, and that then they would both attend him.—She then pulled her purse from her pocket, in which were upwards of twenty guineas, being the remainder of the money for which she had sold a gold repeating watch, her father's present, with

some other trinkets, and desired Mr. Booth to take what he should have occasion for; saying, 'You know, I be-'lieve, dear Will, I never valued money; and now I am 'sure I shall have very little use for it.' Booth, with much difficulty, accepted of two guineas; and then they both together attended the keeper.

CHAPTER X.

Table-talk, consisting of a facetious discourse that passed in the prison.

THERE were assembled at the table the governor of these (not improperly called infernal) regions; the lieutenant-governor, vulgarly named the first turnkey; Miss Matthews, Mr. Booth, Mr. Robinson the gambler; several other prisoners of both sexes; and one Murphy an attorney.

The governor took the first opportunity to bring the affair of Miss Matthews upon the carpet, and then turning to Murphy, he said, 'It is very lucky this gentleman 'happens to be present; I do assure you, Madam, your 'cause cannot be in abler hands. He is, I believe, the 'best man in England at a defence; I have known him 'often succeed against the most positive evidence.'

'Fy, Sir,' answered Murphy, 'you know I hate all 'this; but, if the lady will trust me with her cause, 'I will do the best in my power. Come, Madam, do 'not be discouraged; a bit of manslaughter and cold 'iron, I hope, will be the worst: or, perhaps we may 'come off better, with a slice of chance-medley, or *se* '*defendendo*.'

'I am very ignorant of the law, Sir,' cries the lady.

'Yes, Madam,' answered Murphy, 'it cannot be ex-

'pected you should understand it. There are very few 'of us, who profess it, that understand the whole; nor 'is it necessary we should. There is a great deal of 'rubbish of little use, about indictments, and abatements, 'and bars, and ejectments, and trovers, and such stuff, 'with which people cram their heads to little purpose. 'The chapter of evidence is the main business; that is 'the sheet anchor; that is the rudder, which brings the 'vessel safe *in portum*. Evidence is, indeed, the whole, 'the *summa totalis*, for *de non apparentibus et non exis-* 'tentibus eadem est ratio.'

'If you address yourself to me, Sir,' said the lady, 'you are much too learned, I assure you, for my under- 'standing.'

'*Tace*, Madam,' answered Murphy, 'is Latin for a 'candle: I commend your prudence. I shall know the 'particulars of your case when we are alone.'

'I hope the lady,' said Robinson, 'hath no suspicion 'of any person here. I hope we are all persons of 'honour at this table.'

'D—n my eyes!' answered a well-dressed woman, 'I can answer for myself and the other ladies; though 'I never saw the lady in my life, she need not be shy 'of us, d—n my eyes! I scorn to rap* against any 'lady.'

'D—n me, Madam!' cried another female, 'I honour 'what you have done. I once put a knife into a cull 'myself—so my service to you, Madam, and I wish you 'may come off with *se diffidendo* with all my heart.'

'I beg, good woman,' said Miss Matthews, 'you would 'talk on some other subject, and give yourself no concern 'about my affairs.'

'You see, ladies,' cried Murphy, 'the gentlewoman

* A cant word, meaning to swear, or rather to perjure yourself.

'doth not care to talk on this matter before company; 'so pray do not press her.'

'Nay, I value the lady's acquaintance no more than 'she values mine,' cries the first woman who spoke ——'I have kept as good company as the lady, I 'believe, every day in the week. Good woman! I 'do not use to be so treated—If the lady says such 'another word to me, d—n me, I will darken her day-'lights. Marry, come up, good woman!—the lady's a 'whore as well as myself; and though I am sent hither 'to mill-doll, d—n my eyes, I have money enough to 'buy it off as well as the lady herself.'

Action might perhaps soon have ensued this speech, had not the keeper interposed his authority, and put an end to any further dispute. Soon after which, the company broke up; and none but himself, Mr. Murphy, captain Booth, and Miss Matthews remained together.

Miss Matthews then, at the entreaty of the keeper, began to open her case to Mr. Murphy, whom she admitted to be her solicitor, though she still declared she was indifferent as to the event of the trial.

Mr. Murphy having heard all the particulars with which the reader is already acquainted (as far as related to the murder) shook his head and said, 'There is but 'one circumstance, Madam, which I wish was out of 'the case; and that we must put out of it; I mean 'the carrying the penknife drawn into the room with 'you; for that seems to imply malice prepensive, as we 'call it in the law: this circumstance, therefore, must 'not appear against you; and if the servant who was 'in the room observed this, he must be bought off at 'all hazards. All here, you say, are friends; therefore, 'I tell you openly, you must furnish me with money 'sufficient for this purpose. Malice is all we have to 'guard against.'

'I would not presume, Sir,' cries Booth, 'to inform you 'in the Law; but I have heard, in case of stabbing, a 'man may be indicted upon the statute; and it is capital, 'though no malice appears.'

'You say true, Sir,' answered Murphy; 'a man may 'be indicted *contra formam statuti*; and that method, I 'allow you, requires no malice. I presume you are a 'lawyer, Sir?'

'No, indeed, Sir,' answered Booth. 'I know nothing 'of the law.'

'Then, Sir, I will tell you—If a man be indicted '*contra formam statuti*, as we say, no malice is necessary; 'because the form of the statute makes malice; and then 'what we have to guard against, is having struck the 'first blow—Pox on't, it is unlucky this was done in 'a room.—If it had been in the street, we could have 'had five or six witnesses to have proved the first blow, 'cheaper than, I am afraid, we shall get this one; for 'when a man knows, from the unhappy circumstances 'of the case, that you can procure no other witness but 'himself, he is always dear. It is so in all other ways 'of business—I am very implicit, you see; but we are 'all among friends. The safest way is to furnish me with 'money enough to offer him a good round sum at once; 'and, I think (it is for your good I speak) fifty pounds 'is the least that can be offered him.—I do assure you, 'I would offer him no less, was it my own case.'

'And do you think, Sir,' said she, 'that I would save 'my life at the expense of hiring another to perjure 'himself?'

'Ay, surely do I,' cries Murphy; 'for where is the 'fault, admitting there is some fault in perjury as you 'call it: and to be sure, it is such a matter as every 'man should rather wish to avoid than not: and yet, 'as it may be managed, there is not so much as some

'people are apt to imagine in it; for he needs not kiss 'the book, and then pray where is the perjury? but if 'the crier is sharper than ordinary, what is it he kisses? 'is it anything but a bit of calves-skin? I am sure a 'man must be a very bad Christian himself, who would 'not do so much as that to save the life of any Christian 'whatever, much more of so pretty a lady—Indeed, 'Madam, if we can make out but a tolerable case, so 'much beauty will go a great way with the judge and 'the jury too.'

The latter part of this speech, notwithstanding the mouth it came from, caused Miss Matthews to suppress much of the indignation which began to arise at the former; and she answered with a smile, 'Sir, you are a 'great casuist in these matters; but we need argue 'no longer concerning them; for if fifty pounds 'would save my life, I assure you, I could not com- 'mand that sum. The little money I have in my 'pockets is all I can call my own; and, I apprehend, 'in the situation I am in, I shall have very little of that 'to spare.'

'Come, come, Madam,' cries Murphy, 'life is sweet, 'let me tell you, and never sweeter than when we are 'near losing it. I have known many a man very brave 'and undaunted at his first commitment, who, when 'business began to thicken a little upon him, hath 'changed his note—It is no time to be saving in your 'condition.'

The keeper, who, after the liberality of Miss Matthews, and on seeing a purse of guineas in her hand, had conceived a great opinion of her wealth, no sooner heard that the sum which he had in intention entirely confiscated for his own use, was attempted to be broke in upon, thought it high time to be upon his guard. 'To 'be sure,' cries he, 'Mr. Murphy, life is sweet, as you

'say, that must be acknowledged; to be sure life is 'sweet; but sweet as it is, no person can advance more 'than they are worth to save it. And indeed, if the lady 'can command no more money than that little she men-'tions, she is to be commended for her unwillingness to 'part with any of it; for, to be sure, as she says, she 'will want every farthing of that, to live like a gentle-'woman till she comes to her trial. And, to be sure, as 'sweet as life is, people ought to take care to be able to 'live sweetly while they do live; besides, I cannot help 'saying, the lady shews herself to be what she is, by her 'abhorrence of perjury, which is certainly a very dread-'ful crime. And, though the not kissing the book doth, 'as you say, make a great deal of difference; and if a 'man had a great while to live and repent, perhaps he 'might swallow it well enough; yet, when people come 'to be near their end (as who can venture to foretel what 'will be the lady's case!) they ought to take care not to 'overburthen their conscience. I hope the lady's case 'will not be found murder; for I am sure I always wish 'well to all my prisoners, who shew themselves to be 'gentlemen, or gentlewomen; yet one should always 'fear the worst.'

'Indeed, Sir, you speak like an oracle,' answered the lady; 'and one subornation of perjury would sit heavier 'on my conscience, than twenty such murders as I am 'guilty of.'

'Nay, to be sure, Madam,' answered the keeper, 'no 'body can pretend to tell what provocation you must have 'had; and certainly it can never be imagined, that a lady 'who behaves herself so handsomely as you have done 'ever since you have been under my keys, should be 'guilty of killing a man without being very highly pro-'voked to do it.'

Mr. Murphy was, I believe, going to answer, when he

was called out of the room; after which nothing passed between the remaining persons worth relating, till Booth and the lady retired back again into the lady's apartment.

Here they fell immediately to commenting on the foregoing discourse; but as their comments were, I believe, the same with what most readers have made on the same occasion, we shall omit them. At last, Miss Matthews reminding her companion of his promise of relating to her what had befallen him since the interruption of their former acquaintance, he began as is written in the next book of this history.

AMELIA.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

In which captain Booth begins to relate his history.

The tea-table being removed, and Mr. Booth and the lady left alone, he proceeded as follows:

'Since you desire, Madam, to know the particulars of 'my courtship to that best and dearest of women, whom 'I afterwards married; I will endeavour to recollect 'them as well as I can, at least all those incidents which 'are the most worthy relating to you.

'If the vulgar opinion of the fatality in marriage had 'ever any foundation, it surely appeared in my marriage 'with my Amelia. I knew her in the first dawn of her 'beauty; and, I believe, Madam, she had as much as 'ever fell to the share of a woman; but though I always 'admired her, it was long without any spark of love. 'Perhaps the general admiration which at that time pur-'sued her, the respect paid her by persons of the highest 'rank, and the numberless addresses which were made 'her by men of great fortune, prevented my aspiring at 'the possession of those charms which seemed so abso-'lutely out of my reach. However it was, I assure you, 'the accident, which deprived her of the admiration of 'others, made the first great impression on my heart in 'her favour. The injury done to her beauty by the over-

'turning of a chaise, by which, as you may well re-
'member, her lovely nose was beat all to pieces, gave
'me an assurance that the woman, who had been so
'much adored for the charms of her person, deserved a
'much higher adoration to be paid to her mind: for that
'she was in the latter respect infinitely more superior to
'the rest of her sex than she had ever been in the former.'

'I admire your taste extremely,' cried the lady; 'I
'remember perfectly well the great heroism with which
'your Amelia bore that misfortune.'

'Good heavens! Madam,' answered he, 'what a mag-
'nanimity of mind did her behaviour demonstrate! if the
'world have extolled the firmness of soul in a man who
'can support the loss of fortune; of a general, who can
'be composed after the loss of a victory; or of a king,
'who can be contented with the loss of a crown; with
'what astonishment ought we to behold, with what
'praises to honour, a young lady, who can, with
'patience and resignation, submit to the loss of exquisite
'beauty; in other words to the loss of fortune, power,
'glory, every thing which human nature is apt to court
'and rejoice in! what must be the mind which can bear
'to be deprived of all these in a moment, and by an un-
'fortunate trifling accident; which could support all this,
'together with the most exquisite torments of body, and
'with dignity, with resignation, without complaining,
'almost without a tear, undergo the most painful and
'dreadful operations of surgery in such a situation!'
Here he stopt, and a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes; such tears as are apt to flow from a truly noble heart, at the hearing of any thing surprisingly great and glorious. As soon as he was able, he again proceeded thus:

'Would you think, Miss Matthews, that the misfortune
'of my Amelia was capable of any aggravation! I

'assure you, she hath often told me it was aggravated 'with a circumstance which outweighed all the other 'ingredients. This was the cruel insults she received 'from some of her most intimate acquaintance, several 'of whom, after many distortions and grimaces, have 'turned their heads aside, unable to support their secret 'triumph, and burst into a loud laugh in her hearing.'

'Good heavens!' cried Miss Matthews, 'what detest-'able actions will this contemptible passion of envy 'prevail on our sex to commit?'

'An occasion of this kind, as she hath since told me, 'made the first impression on her gentle heart in my 'favour. I was one day in company with several young 'ladies, or rather young devils, where poor Amelia's 'accident was the subject of much mirth and pleasantry. 'One of these said, she hoped Miss would not hold her 'head so high for the future. Another answered, "I '"do not know, Madam, what she may do with her '"head, but I am convinced she will never more turn '"up her nose at her betters." Another cried, "What '"a very proper match might now be made between '"Amelia and a certain captain, who had unfortunately '"received an injury in the same part, though from '"no shameful cause." Many other sarcasms were 'thrown out, very unworthy to be repeated. I was 'hurt with perceiving so much malice in human shape, 'and cried out very bluntly, "Indeed, ladies, you need '"not express such satisfaction at poor Miss Emily's '"accident; for she will still be the handsomest woman '"in England." This speech of mine was afterwards 'variously repeated, by some to my honour, and by 'others represented in a contrary light; indeed, it was 'often reported to be much ruder than it was. How-'ever, it at length reached Amelia's ears. She said 'she was very much obliged to me; since I could

'have so much compassion for her as to be rude to a 'lady on her account.

'About a month after the accident, when Amelia 'began to see company in a mask, I had the honour to 'drink tea with her. We were alone together, and I 'begged her to indulge my curiosity by shewing me 'her face. She answered in a most obliging manner, '"Perhaps, Mr. Booth, you will as little know me when '"my mask is off, as when it is on;" and at the same 'instant unmasked.—The surgeon's skill was the 'least I considered. A thousand tender ideas rushed 'all at once on my mind. I was unable to contain 'myself, and eagerly kissing her hand, I cried—"Upon '"my soul, Madam, you never appeared to me so '"lovely as at this instant." Nothing more remark-'able passed at this visit; but I sincerely believe we 'were neither of us hereafter indifferent to each other.

'Many months, however, passed after this, before I 'ever thought seriously of making her my wife. Not 'that I wanted sufficient love for Amelia. Indeed it 'arose from the vast affection I bore her. I considered 'my own as a desperate fortune, hers as entirely de-'pendent on her mother, who was a woman, you know, 'of violent passions, and very unlikely to consent to a 'match so highly contrary to the interest of her daughter. 'The more I loved Amelia, the more firmly I resolved 'within myself, never to propose love to her seriously. 'Such a dupe was my understanding to my heart; and 'so foolishly did I imagine I could be master of a flame, 'to which I was every day adding fuel.

'O Miss Matthews! we have heard of men entirely 'masters of their passions, and of hearts which can carry 'this fire in them, and conceal it at their pleasure. 'Perhaps there may be such: but if there are, those 'hearts may be compared, I believe, to damps, in which

'it is more difficult to keep fire alive than to prevent 'its blazing: In mine, it was placed in the midst of 'combustible matter.

'After several visits, in which looks and sighs had 'been interchanged on both sides, but without the least 'mention of passion in private, one day the discourse 'between us, when alone, happened to turn on love; I 'say happened, for I protest it was not designed on my 'side, and I am as firmly convinced not on hers. I was 'now no longer master of myself; I declared myself the 'most wretched of all martyrs to this tender passion; 'that I had long concealed it from its object. At length, 'after mentioning many particulars, suppressing, however, 'those which must have necessarily brought it home to 'Amelia, I concluded with begging her to be the confi-'dante of my amour, and to give me her advice on that 'occasion.

'Amelia (O I shall never forget the dear perturbation!) 'appeared all confusion at this instant. She trembled, 'turned pale, and discovered how well she understood 'me, by a thousand more symptoms than I could take 'notice of, in a state of mind so very little different from 'her own. At last, with faltering accents, she said I had 'made a very ill choice of a counsellor, in a matter in 'which she was so ignorant.—Adding, at last, I believe, 'Mr. Booth, you gentlemen want very little advice in 'these affairs, which you all understand better than we do.

'I will relate no more of our conversation at present; 'indeed, I am afraid I tire you with too many par-'ticulars.'

'O no!' answered she; 'I should be glad to hear 'every step of an amour which had so tender a begin-'ning. Tell me every thing you said or did, if you can 'remember it.'

He then proceeded, and so will we in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Booth continues his story. In this chapter there are some passages that may serve as a kind of touchstone, by which a young lady may examine the heart of her lover. I would advise, therefore, that every lover be obliged to read it over in the presence of his mistress, and that she carefully watch his emotions while he is reading.

'I WAS under the utmost concern,' cries Booth, 'when I 'retired from my visit, and had reflected coolly on what 'I had said. I now saw plainly that I had made down-'right love to Amelia; and I feared, such was my vanity, 'that I had already gone too far, and been too successful. 'Feared! do I say; could I fear what I hoped? how shall 'I describe the anxiety of my mind!'

'You need give yourself no great pain,' cried Miss Matthews, 'to describe what I can so easily guess. To 'be honest with you, Mr. Booth, I do not agree with 'your lady's opinion, that the men have a superior 'understanding in the matters of love. Men are often 'blind to the passions of women: but every woman is 'as quick-sighted as a hawk on these occasions; nor is 'there one article in the whole science which is not 'understood by all our sex.'

'However, Madam,' said Mr. Booth, 'I now under-'took to deceive Amelia. I abstained three days from 'seeing her; to say the truth, I endeavoured to work 'myself up to a resolution of leaving her for ever; but 'when I could not so far subdue my passion——But why 'do I talk nonsense, of subduing passion?—I should say, 'when no other passion could surmount my love, I re-'turned to visit her, and now I attempted the strangest 'project which ever entered into the silly head of a

'lover. This was to persuade Amelia that I was really 'in love in another place, and had literally expressed my 'meaning, when I asked her advice, and desired her to 'be my confidante.

'I therefore forged a meeting to have been between 'me and my imaginary mistress, since I had last seen 'Amelia, and related the particulars as well as I could 'invent them, which had past at our conversation.

'Poor Amelia presently swallowed this bait; and, as 'she hath told me since, absolutely believed me to be in 'earnest. Poor dear love! how should the sincerest of 'hearts have an idea of deceit? for with all her simplicity, 'I assure you she is the most sensible woman in the 'world.'

'It is highly generous and good in you,' said Miss Matthews, with a sly sneer, 'to impute to honesty what 'others would, perhaps, call credulity.'

'I protest, Madam,' answered he, 'I do her no more 'than justice. A good heart will at all times betray 'the best head in the world.——Well, Madam, my angel 'was now, if possible, more confused than before. She 'looked so silly, you can hardly believe it.'—

'Yes, yes, I can,' answered the lady, with a laugh, 'I 'can believe it.—Well, well, go on.'—'After some hesita-'tion,' cried he, 'my Amelia said faintly to me, "Mr. '"Booth, you use me very ill; you desire me to be your '"confidante, and conceal from me the name of your '"mistress."

'"Is it possible then, Madam," answered I, "that you '"cannot guess her, when I tell you she is one of your '"acquaintance, and lives in this town?"

'"My acquaintance!" said she; "La! Mr. Booth,— '"In this town! I—I—I thought I could have guessed '"for once; but I have an ill talent that way—I will '"never attempt to guess any thing again." Indeed, I

'do her an injury when I pretend to represent her 'manner. Her manner, look, voice, every thing was 'inimitable; such sweetness, softness, innocence, modesty. 'Upon my soul, if ever man could boast of his resolu- 'tion, I think I might now, that I abstained from falling 'prostrate at her feet, and adoring her. However, I 'triumphed; pride, I believe, triumphed, or perhaps love 'got the better of love. We once more parted, and I 'promised, the next time I saw her, to reveal the name 'of my mistress.

'I now had, I thought, gained a complete victory over 'myself: and no small compliments did I pay to my 'own resolution. I short, I triumphed as cowards and 'niggards do, when they flatter themselves with having 'given some supposed instance of courage or generosity; 'and my triumph lasted as long; that is to say, till my 'ascendant passion had a proper opportunity of display- 'ing itself in its true and natural colours.

'Having hitherto succeeded so well in my own opinion, 'and obtained this mighty self-conquest, I now enter- 'tained a design of exerting the most romantic gene- 'rosity, and of curing that unhappy passion which I 'perceived I had raised in Amelia.

'Among the ladies who had expressed the greatest 'satisfaction at my Amelia's misfortune, Miss Osborne 'had distinguished herself in a very eminent degree; 'she was, indeed, the next in beauty to my angel, nay, 'she had disputed the preference, and had some among 'her admirers, who were blind enough to give it in her 'favour.'

'Well,' cries the lady, 'I will allow you to call them 'blind: but Miss Osborne was a charming girl.'

'She certainly was handsome,' answered he, 'and a 'very considerable fortune; so I thought my Amelia 'would have little difficulty in believing me, when I

'fixed on her as my mistress. And I concluded, that my 'thus placing my affections on her known enemy would 'be the surest method of eradicating every tender idea 'with which I had been ever honoured by Amelia.

'Well then, to Amelia I went; she received me with 'more than usual coldness and reserve; in which, to 'confess the truth, there appeared to me more of anger 'than indifference, and more of dejection than of either. 'After some short introduction, I revived the discourse of 'my amour, and presently mentioned Miss Osborne as 'the lady whose name I had concealed; adding, that the 'true reason why I did not mention her before, was, 'that I apprehended there was some little distance 'between them, which I hoped to have the happiness 'of accommodating.

'Amelia answered with much gravity, "If you know, '"Sir, that there is any distance between us, I suppose '"you know the reason of that distance; and then, I '"think, I could not have expected to be affronted by '"her name. I would not have you think, Mr. Booth, '"that I hate Miss Osborne. No! heaven is my '"witness, I despise her too much.—Indeed, when I '"reflect how much I loved the woman who hath '"treated me so cruelly, I own it gives me pain— '"when I lay, as I then imagined, and as all about '"me believed, on my death-bed, in all the agonies of '"pain and misery, to become the object of laughter '"to my dearest friend.—O Mr. Booth, it is a cruel '"reflection! and could I after this have expected '"from you—but why not from you, to whom I am '"a person entirely indifferent, if such a friend could '"treat me so barbarously?"

'During the greatest part of this speech, the tears 'streamed from her bright eyes. I could endure it no 'longer. I caught up the word indifferent, and repeated

'it, saying, "Do you think then, Madam, that Miss
'" Emily is indifferent to me?"

'" Yes, surely, I do," answered she, "I know I am;
'" indeed, why should I not be indifferent to you?"

'" Have my eyes," said I, "then, declared nothing?"

'" O! there is no need of your eyes," answered she.
'" Your tongue hath declared that you have singled out
'" of all womankind my greatest, I will say, my basest
'" enemy.——I own I once thought that character
'" would have been no recommendation to you;—but
'" why did I think so? I was born to deceive
'" myself."

'I then fell on my knees before her; and forcing her
'hand, cried out, "O my Amelia! I can bear no longer.
'" You are the only mistress of my affections; you are
'" the deity I adore." In this style I ran on for above
'two or three minutes, what it is impossible to repeat,
'till a torrent of contending passions, together with the
'surprise, overpowered her gentle spirits, and she fainted
'away in my arms.

'To describe my sensation till she returned to herself,
'is not in my power.'—'You need not,' cries Miss
Matthews.—'Oh, happy Amelia! why had I not been
'blest with such a passion?'—'I am convinced, Madam,'
continued he, 'you cannot expect all the particulars of
'the tender scene which ensued. I was not enough in
'my senses to remember it all. Let it suffice to say,
'that that behaviour with which Amelia, while ignorant
'of its motive, had been so much displeased, when she
'became sensible of that motive, proved the strongest
'recommendation to her favour; and she was pleased to
'call it generous.'

'Generous!' repeated the lady, 'and so it was almost
'beyond the reach of humanity, I question whether you
'ever had an equal.'

Perhaps the critical reader may have the same doubt with Miss Matthews; and lest he should, we will here make a gap in our history, to give him an opportunity of accurately considering whether this conduct of Mr. Booth was natural or no; and consequently, whether we have, in this place, maintained or deviated from that strict adherence to universal truth, which we profess above all other historians.

CHAPTER III.

The narrative continued. More of the touchstone.

Booth made a proper acknowledgment of Miss Matthews's civility, and then renewed his story.

'We were upon the footing of lovers; and Amelia 'threw off her reserve more and more, till at length I 'found all that return of my affection which the 'tenderest lover can require.

'My situation would now have been a paradise, had 'not my happiness been interrupted with the same reflec-'tions I have already mentioned; had I not, in short, 'concluded, that I must derive all my joys from the 'almost certain ruin of that dear creature to whom I 'should owe them.

'This thought haunted me night and day; till I, at 'last, grew unable to support it: I therefore resolved in 'the strongest manner, to lay it before Amelia.

'One evening then, after the highest professions of 'the most disinterested love, in which Heaven knows 'my sincerity, I took an occasion to speak to Amelia in 'the following manner:

‘ “ Too true it is, I am afraid, my dearest creature,
‘ “ that the highest human happiness is imperfect. How
‘ “ rich would be my cup, was it not for one poisonous
‘ “ drop which embitters the whole! O, Amelia! what
‘ “ must be the consequence of my ever having the
‘ “ honour to call you mine!—You know my situation
‘ “ in life, and you know your own: I have nothing
‘ “ more than the poor provision of an ensign’s commis-
‘ “ sion to depend on; your sole dependence is on your
‘ “ mother; should any act of disobedience defeat your
‘ “ expectations, how wretched must your lot be with
‘ “ me! O, Amelia! how ghastly an object to my mind
‘ “ is the apprehension of your distress? Can I bear to
‘ “ reflect a moment on the certainty of your foregoing
‘ “ all the conveniences of life! on the possibility of
‘ “ your suffering all its most dreadful inconveniences!
‘ “ what must be my misery then, to see you in such a
‘ “ situation, and to upbraid myself with being the
‘ “ accursed cause of bringing you to it? Suppose too
‘ “ in such a season, I should be summoned from you.
‘ “ Could I submit to see you encounter all the
‘ “ hazards, the fatigues of war, with me? you could not
‘ “ yourself, however willing, support them a single
‘ “ campaign. What then! must I leave you to starve
‘ “ alone, deprived of the tenderness of a husband,
‘ “ deprived too of the tenderness of the best of mothers,
‘ “ through my means? a woman most dear to me, for
‘ “ being the parent, the nurse, and the friend of my
‘ “ Amelia.——But oh! my sweet creature, carry your
‘ “ thoughts a little farther. Think of the tenderest
‘ “ consequences, the dearest pledges of our love. Can
‘ “ I bear to think of entailing beggary on the posterity
‘ “ of my Amelia? on our——Oh, Heavens! on our
‘ “ children!—On the other side, is it possible even to
‘ “ mention the word—I will not, must not, cannot, cannot

'"part with you.——What must we do, Amelia? It is
'"now I sincerely ask your advice."

'"What advice can I give you," said she, "in such
'"an alternative? Would to Heaven we had never
'"met."

'These words were accompanied with a sigh, and a
'look inexpressibly tender, the tears at the same time
'overflowing all her lovely cheeks. I was endeavouring
'to reply, when I was interrupted by what soon put an
'end to the scene.

'Our amour had already been buzzed all over the
'town; and it came at last to the ears of Mrs. Harris: I
'had, indeed, observed of late a great alteration in that
'lady's behaviour towards me, whenever I visited at the
'house: nor could I, for a long time, before this evening,
'ever obtain a private interview with Amelia; and now,
'it seems, I owed it to her mother's intention of over-
'hearing all that passed between us.

'At the period then above-mentioned, Mrs. Harris
'burst from the closet, where she had hid herself, and
'surprised her daughter, reclining on my bosom, in all
'that tender sorrow I have just described. I will not
'attempt to paint the rage of the mother, or the daughter's
'confusion, or my own. "Here are very fine doings, in-
'"deed," cries Mrs. Harris; "You have made a noble use,
'"Amelia, of my indulgence, and the trust I reposed in
'"you.—As for you, Mr. Booth, I will not accuse you;
'"you have used my child as I ought to have expected;
'"I may thank myself for what hath happened;" with
'much more of the same kind, before she would suffer
'me to speak; but at last, I obtained a hearing and
'offered to excuse my poor Amelia, who was ready to
'sink into the earth under the oppression of grief, by
'taking as much blame as I could on myself. Mrs.
'Harris answered, "No, Sir, I must say you are innocent

'"in comparison of her; nay, I can say, I have heard '"you use dissuasive arguments; and I promise you '"they are of weight. I have, I thank heaven, one '"dutiful child, and I shall henceforth think her my '"only one."—She then forced the poor, trembling, fainting Amelia out of the room; which when she had done, 'she began very coolly to reason with me on the folly, as 'well as iniquity, which I had been guilty of; and repeated 'to me almost every word I had before urged to her 'daughter. In fine, she at last obtained of me a promise, 'that I would soon go to my regiment, and submit 'to any misery, rather than that of being the ruin of 'Amelia.

'I now, for many days, endured the greatest torments 'which the human mind is, I believe, capable of feeling; 'and I can honestly say, I tried all the means, and applied every argument which I could raise, to cure me of 'my love. And to make these more effectual, I spent 'every night in walking backwards and forwards in sight 'of Mrs. Harris's house, where I never failed to find 'some object or other, which raised some tender idea of 'my lovely Amelia, and almost drove me to distraction.'

'And don't you think, Sir,' said Miss Matthews, 'you 'took a most preposterous method to cure yourself?'

'Alas, Madam,' answered he, 'you cannot see it in a 'more absurd light than I do; but those know little of 'real love or grief, who do not know how much we 'deceive ourselves when we pretend to aim at the cure of 'either. It is with these, as it is with some distempers of 'the body, nothing is, in the least, agreeable to us but 'what serves to heighten the disease.

'At the end of a fortnight, when I was driven almost 'to the highest degree of despair, and could contrive no 'method of conveying a letter to Amelia, how was I surprised when Mrs. Harris's servant brought me a card,

'with an invitation from the mother herself, to drink tea 'that evening at her house!

'You will easily believe, Madam, that I did not fail so 'agreeable an appointment; on my arrival, I was intro- 'duced into a large company of men and women, Mrs. 'Harris and my Amelia being part of the company.

'Amelia seemed in my eyes to look more beautiful 'than ever, and behaved with all the gaiety imaginable. 'The old lady treated me with much civility; but the 'young lady took little notice of me, and addressed most 'of her discourse to another gentleman present. Indeed, 'she now and then gave me a look of no discouraging 'kind; and I observed her colour change more than once, 'when her eyes met mine; circumstances which, perhaps, 'ought to have afforded me sufficient comfort, but they 'could not allay the thousand doubts and fears with 'which I was alarmed; for my anxious thoughts suggested 'no less to me than that Amelia had made her peace 'with her mother at the price of abandoning me for ever, 'and of giving her ear to some other lover. All my 'prudence now vanished at once; and I would that 'instant have gladly run away with Amelia, and have 'married her, without the least consideration of any 'consequences.

'With such thoughts I had tormented myself for near 'two hours, till most of the company had taken their 'leave. This I was myself incapable of doing; nor do I 'know when I should have put an end to my visit, had 'not Dr. Harrison taken me away almost by force, telling 'me, in a whisper, that he had something to say to me of 'great consequence.—You know the doctor, Madam—.'

'Very well, Sir,' answered Miss Matthews, 'and one of 'the best men in the world he is, and an honour to the 'sacred order to which he belongs.'

'You will judge,' replied Booth, 'by the sequel,

'whether I have reason to think him so.'—He then proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

The story of Mr. Booth continued. In this chapter the reader will perceive a glimpse of the character of a very good divine; with some matters of a very tender kind.

'THE doctor conducted me into his study; and then de-
'siring me to sit down, began, as near as I can remember,
'in these words, or at least to this purpose:

'"You cannot imagine, young gentleman, that your
'"love for Miss Emily is any secret in this place; I have
'"known it some time, and have been, I assure you, very
'"much your enemy in this affair."

'I answered, That I was very much obliged to him.

'"Why, so you are," replied he; "and so, perhaps
'"you will think yourself, when you know all.—I went,
'"about a fortnight ago, to Mrs. Harris, to acquaint her
'"with my apprehensions on her daughter's account;
'"for though the matter was much talked of, I thought
'"it might possibly not have reached her ears. I will
'"be very plain with you. I advised her to take all
'"possible care of the young lady, and even to send
'"her to some place, where she might be effectually
'"kept out of your reach, while you remained in the
'"town."

'"And do you think, Sir," said I, "that this was act-
'"ing a kind part by me? or do you expect that I should
'"thank you on this occasion?"

'"Young man," answered he, "I did not intend you
'"any kindness; nor do I desire any of your thanks.

'"My intention was to preserve a worthy lady from a '"young fellow of whom I had heard no good character, '"and whom I imagined to have a design of stealing a '"human creature for the sake of her fortune."

'"It was very kind of you, indeed," answered I, "to '"entertain such an opinion of me."

'"Why, Sir," replied the doctor, "it is the opinion '"which, I believe, most of you young gentlemen of the '"order of the rag deserve. I have known some '"instances, and have heard of more, where such young '"fellows have committed robbery under the name of '"marriage."

'I was going to interrupt him with some anger, when 'he desired me to have a little patience, and then in-'formed me that he had visited Mrs. Harris, with the 'above-mentioned design, the evening after the discovery 'I have related; that Mrs. Harris, without waiting for 'his information, had recounted to him all which had 'happened the evening before; and, indeed, she must 'have an excellent memory, for I think she repeated 'every word I said; and added that she had confined 'her daughter to her chamber, where she kept her a close 'prisoner, and had not seen her since.

'I cannot express, nor would modesty suffer me if I 'could, all that now past. The doctor took me by the 'hand, and burst forth into the warmest commendations 'of the sense and generosity which he was pleased to say 'discovered themselves in my speech. You know, 'Madam, his strong and singular way of expressing him-'self on all occasions, especially when he is affected with 'anything. "Sir," said he, "if I knew half a dozen such '"instances in the army, the painter should put red '"liveries upon all the saints in my closet."

'From this instant, the doctor told me, he had become 'my friend and zealous advocate with Mrs. Harris, on

'whom he had at last prevailed, though not without the 'greatest difficulty, to consent to my marrying Amelia, 'upon condition that I settled every penny which the 'mother should lay down; and that she would retain a 'certain sum in her hands, which she would at any time 'deposit for my advancement in the army.

'You will, I hope, Madam, conceive, that I made no 'hesitation at these conditions, nor need I mention the 'joy which I felt on this occasion, or the acknowledg-'ment I paid the doctor, who is, indeed, as you say, one of 'the best of men.

'The next morning I had permission to visit Amelia, 'who received me in such a manner, that I now con-'cluded my happiness to be complete.

'Every thing was now agreed on all sides, and lawyers 'employed to prepare the writings, when an unexpected 'cloud arose suddenly in our serene sky, and all our joys 'were obscured in a moment.

'When matters were, as I apprehended, drawing near 'a conclusion, I received an express, that a sister, whom I 'tenderly loved, was seized with a violent fever, and 'earnestly desired me to come to her. I immediately 'obeyed the summons, and, as it was then about two in 'the morning, without staying even to take leave of 'Amelia, for whom I left a short billet, acquainting her 'with the reason of my absence.

'The gentleman's house where my sister then was, 'stood at fifty miles distance, and though I used the 'utmost expedition, the unmerciful distemper had, before 'my arrival, entirely deprived the poor girl of her senses, 'as it soon after did of her life.

'Not all the love I bore Amelia, nor the tumultuous 'delight with which the approaching hour of possessing 'her filled my heart, could, for a while, allay my grief at 'the loss of my beloved Nancy. Upon my soul, I cannot

'yet mention her name without tears. Never brother 'and sister had, I believe, a higher friendship for each 'other. Poor dear girl! whilst I sat by her in her light-'headed fits, she repeated scarce any other name but 'mine; and it plainly appeared, that when her dear 'reason was ravished away from her, it had left my 'image on her fancy, and that the last use she had 'made of it was to think on me.—"Send for my dear '"Billy immediately," she cried, "I know he will come '"to me in a moment. Will nobody fetch him to me? '"pray don't kill me before I see him once more—You '"durst not use me so if he was here."——Every accent 'still rings in my ears.—Oh, heavens! to hear this, and 'at the same time to see the poor delirious creature 'deriving the greatest horrors from my sight, and mistak-'ing me for a highwayman who had a little before robbed 'her.—But I ask your pardon, the sensations I felt are to 'be known only from experience, and to you must appear 'dull and insipid. At last, she seemed for a moment to 'know me, and cried, "O heavens! my dearest brother!" 'upon which she fell into immediate convulsions, and died 'away in my arms.'

Here Booth stopped a moment, and wiped his eyes, and Miss Matthews, perhaps out of complaisance, wiped hers.

CHAPTER V.

Containing strange revolutions of Fortune.

Booth proceeded thus:

'This loss, perhaps, Madam, you will think had made 'me miserable enough; but fortune did not think so; for 'on the day when my Nancy was to be buried, a courier

'arrived from Dr. Harrison with a letter, in which the 'doctor acquainted me, that he was just come from Mrs. 'Harris, when he dispatched the express; and earnestly 'desired me to return the very instant I received his 'letter, as I valued my Amelia. "Though if the daughter," 'added he, "should take after her mother (as most of them '"do) it will be, perhaps, wiser in you to stay away."

'I presently sent for the messenger into my room, and 'with much difficulty extorted from him, that a great 'squire in his coach and six was come to Mrs. Harris's, 'and that the whole town said he was shortly to be 'married to Amelia.

'I now soon perceived how much superior my love for 'Amelia was to every other passion; poor Nancy's idea 'disappeared in a moment: I quitted the dear lifeless 'corpse, over which I had shed a thousand tears, left the 'care of her funeral to others, and posted, I may almost 'say flew, back to Amelia, and alighted at the doctor's 'house, as he had desired me in his letter.

'The good man presently acquainted me with what 'had happened in my absence. Mr. Winckworth had, it 'seems, arrived the very day of my departure with a 'grand equipage, and, without delay, had made formal 'proposals to Mrs. Harris, offering to settle any part of 'his vast estate, in whatever manner she pleased, on 'Amelia. These proposals the old lady had, without any 'deliberation, accepted, and had insisted, in the most 'violent manner, on her daughter's compliance, which 'Amelia had as peremptorily refused to give; insisting on 'her part, on the consent which her mother had before 'given to our marriage, in which she was heartily 'seconded by the doctor, who declared to her, as he now 'did to me, That we ought as much to be esteemed 'man and wife, as if the ceremony had already past 'between us.

'These remonstrances, the doctor told me, had worked 'no effect on Mrs. Harris, who still persisted in her 'avowed resolution of marrying her daughter to Winck-'worth, whom the doctor had likewise attacked, telling 'him that he was paying his addresses to another man's 'wife; but all to no purpose, the young gentleman was 'too much in love to hearken to any dissuasives.

'We now entered into a consultation what means to 'employ. The doctor earnestly protested against any 'violence to be offered to the person of Winckworth, 'which, I believe, I had rashly threatened; declaring, 'that if I made any attempt of that kind, he would for 'ever abandon my cause. I made him a solemn promise 'of forbearance. At last he determined to pay another 'visit to Mrs. Harris, and if he found her obdurate, he 'said he thought himself at liberty to join us together 'without any further consent of the mother; which 'every parent, he said, had a right to refuse, but not to 'retract when given, unless the party himself, by some 'conduct of his, gave a reason.

'The doctor having made his visit with no better 'success than before, the matter now debated was, how 'to get possession of Amelia by stratagem; for she was 'now a closer prisoner than ever, was her mother's bed-'fellow by night, and never out of her sight by day.

'While we were deliberating on this point, a wine 'merchant of the town came to visit the doctor, to 'inform him that he had just bottled off a hogshead of 'excellent old port, of which he offered to spare him a 'hamper, saying that he was that day to send in twelve 'dozen to Mrs. Harris.

'The doctor now smiled at a conceit which came into 'his head; and, taking me aside, asked me if I had love 'enough for the young lady to venture into the house in 'a hamper. I joyfully leapt at the proposal, to which

'the merchant, at the doctor's intercession, consented; 'for I believe, Madam, you know the great authority 'which that worthy man had over the whole town. The 'doctor, moreover, promised to procure a license, and to 'perform the office for us at his house, if I could find any 'means of conveying Amelia thither.

'In this hamper, then, I was carried to the house, and 'deposited in the entry, where I had not lain long before 'I was again removed and packed up in a cart in order 'to be sent five miles into the country; for I heard the 'orders given as I lay in the entry; and there I likewise 'heard that Amelia and her mother were to follow me 'the next morning.

'I was unloaded from my cart, and set down with the 'rest of the lumber, in a great hall. Here I remained 'above three hours, impatiently waiting for the evening, 'when I determined to quit a posture which was become 'very uneasy, and break my prison; but Fortune con-'trived to release me sooner, by the following means: 'The house where I now was, had been left in the care 'of one maid servant. This faithful creature came into 'the hall, with the footman who had driven the cart. A 'scene of the highest fondness having past between them, 'the fellow proposed, and the maid consented, to open 'the hamper and drink a bottle together, which they 'agreed their mistress would hardly miss in such a 'quantity. They presently began to execute their pur-'pose. They opened the hamper, and to their great 'surprise discovered the contents.

'I took an immediate advantage of the consternation 'which appeared in the countenances of both the ser-'vants, and had sufficient presence of mind to improve 'the knowledge of those secrets to which I was privy. 'I told them that it entirely depended on their behaviour 'to me whether their mistress should ever be acquainted,

'either with what they had done, or with what they had 'intended to do; for that if they would keep my secret, 'I would reciprocally keep theirs. I then acquainted 'them with my purpose of lying concealed in the house, 'in order to watch an opportunity of obtaining a private 'interview with Amelia.

'In the situation in which these two delinquents stood, 'you may be assured it was not difficult for me to seal 'up their lips. In short, they agreed to whatever I pro- 'posed. I lay that evening in my dear Amelia's bed- 'chamber, and was in the morning conveyed into an old 'lumber garret, where I was to wait till Amelia (whom 'the maid promised, on her arrival, to inform of my 'place of concealment) could find some opportunity of 'seeing me.'

'I ask pardon for interrupting you,' cries Miss Matthews, 'but you bring to my remembrance a 'foolish story which I heard at that time, though at a 'great distance from you: That an officer had, in con- 'federacy with Miss Harris, broke open her mother's 'cellar, and stole away a great quantity of her wine. 'I mention it only to shew you what sort of foundations 'most stories have.'

Booth told her he had heard some such thing himself, and then continued his story as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing many surprising adventures.

'HERE,' continued he, 'I remained the whole day, in 'hopes of a happiness, the expected approach of which

'gave me such delight that I would not have exchanged 'my poor lodgings for the finest palace in the universe.

'A little after it was dark, Mrs. Harris arrived, to-'gether with Amelia and her sister. I cannot express 'how much my heart now began to flutter; for as my 'hopes every moment increased, strange fears, which I 'had not felt before, began now to intermingle with 'them.

'When I had continued full two hours in these cir-'cumstances, I heard a woman's step tripping up stairs, 'which I fondly hoped was my Amelia; but all on a 'sudden the door flew open, and Mrs. Harris herself 'appeared at it, with a countenance pale as death, her 'whole body trembling, I suppose, with anger; she fell 'upon me in the most bitter language. It is not neces-'sary to repeat what she said, nor indeed can I, I was 'so shocked and confounded upon this occasion. In a 'word, the scene ended with my departing without seeing 'Amelia.'

'And pray,' cries Miss Matthews, 'how happened this 'unfortunate discovery!'

Booth answered, 'That the lady at supper ordered a 'bottle of wine, which neither myself,' said he, 'nor the 'servants, had presence of mind to provide. Being told 'there was none in the house, though she had been 'before informed that the things came all safe, she had 'sent for the maid, who being unable to devise any ex-'cuse, had fallen on her knees, and after confessing her 'design of opening a bottle, which she imputed to the 'fellow, betrayed poor me to her mistress.

'Well, Madam, after a lecture of about a quarter of an 'hour's duration from Mrs. Harris, I suffered her to con-'duct me to the outward gate of her court-yard, whence 'I set forward in a disconsolate condition of mind, to-'wards my lodgings. I had five miles to walk in a dark

'and rainy night: but how can I mention these trifling 'circumstances as any aggravation of my disappoint-'ment!'

'How was it possible,' cried Miss Matthews, 'that 'you could be got out of the house without seeing Miss 'Harris?'

'I assure you, Madam,' answered Booth, 'I have 'often wondered at it myself; but my spirits were so 'much sunk at the sight of her mother, that no man 'was ever a greater coward than I was at that instant. 'Indeed, I believe my tender concern for the terrors of 'Amelia were the principal cause of my submission. 'However it was, I left the house, and walked about a 'hundred yards, when, at the corner of the garden wall, 'a female voice, in a whisper, cried out, "Mr. Booth." 'The person was extremely near me, but it was so dark 'I could scarce see her; nor could I, in the confusion I 'was in, immediately recognise the voice. I answered 'in a line of Congreve's, which burst from my lips spon-'taneously; for I am sure I had no intention to quote 'plays at that time:

'"Who calls the wretched thing that was Alphonso?"

'Upon which a woman leapt into my arms, crying 'out—"O! it is indeed my Alphonso, my only Al-'"phonso!"——O Miss Matthews! guess what I felt 'when I found I had my Amelia in my arms. I em-'braced her with an ecstacy not to be described, at the 'same instant pouring a thousand tendernesses into her 'ears; at least, if I could express so many to her in a 'minute; for in that time the alarm began at the house, 'Mrs. Harris had missed her daughter, and the court was 'presently full of lights and noises of all kinds.

'I now lifted Amelia over a gate, and, jumping after, 'we crept along together by the side of a hedge, a 'different way from what led to the town, as I imagined

'that would be the road through which they would 'pursue us. In this opinion I was right; for we heard 'them pass along that road, and the voice of Mrs. Harris 'herself, who ran with the rest, notwithstanding the 'darkness and the rain. By these means we luckily 'made our escape, and, clambering over a hedge and 'ditch, my Amelia performing the part of a heroine all 'the way, we at length arrived at a little green lane, 'where stood a vast spreading oak, under which we 'sheltered ourselves from a violent storm.

'When this was over, and the moon began to appear, 'Amelia declared she knew very well where she was; 'and a little farther, striking into another lane, to the 'right, she said that would lead us to a house where we 'should be both safe and unsuspected. I followed her 'directions, and we at length came to a little cottage 'about three miles distant from Mrs. Harris's house.

'As it now rained very violently, we entered this 'cottage, in which we espied a light, without any cere-'mony. Here we found an elderly woman sitting by 'herself at a little fire, who had no sooner viewed us, 'than she instantly sprung from her seat, and starting 'back, gave the strongest tokens of amazement; upon 'which Amelia said, "Be not surprised, nurse, though '"you see me in a strange pickle I own." The old 'woman, after having several times blessed herself, and 'expressed the most tender concern for the lady, who 'stood dripping before her, began to bestir herself in 'making up the fire; at the same time intreating Amelia, 'that she might be permitted to furnish her with some 'clothes, which, she said, though not fine, were clean 'and wholesome, and much dryer than her own. I 'seconded this motion so vehemently, that Amelia, 'though she declared herself under no apprehension of 'catching cold (she hath indeed the best constitution in

'the world), at last consented, and I retired without 'doors, under a shed, to give my angel an opportunity 'of dressing herself in the only room which the cottage 'afforded below stairs.

'At my return into the room, Amelia insisted on my 'exchanging my coat for one which belonged to the old 'woman's son.'——'I am very glad,' cried Miss Matthews, 'to find she did not forget you. I own, I thought it 'somewhat cruel to turn you out into the rain.'——'O 'Miss Matthews!' continued he, taking no notice of her observation, 'I had now an opportunity of contemplating 'the vast power of exquisite beauty; which nothing 'almost can add to or diminish. Amelia, in the poor 'rags of her old nurse, looked scarce less beautiful than 'I have seen her appear at a ball or an assembly.'— 'Well, well,' cries Miss Matthews, 'to be sure she did; 'but pray go on with your story.'

'The old woman,' continued he, 'after having 'equipped us as well as she could, and placed our wet 'clothes before the fire, began to grow inquisitive; and 'after some ejaculations, she cried—"O my dear young '"Madam! my mind misgives me hugeously, and pray '"who is this fine young gentleman? Oh! Miss Emmy, '"Miss Emmy, I am afraid Madam knows nothing of '"all this matter." "Suppose he should be my husband, '"nurse," answered Amelia.——"Oh! good! and if he '"be," replies the nurse, "I hope he is some great '"gentleman or other, with a vast estate, and a coach '"and six: for to be sure, if an he was the greatest '"lord in the land, you would deserve it all."—But 'why do I attempt to mimic the honest creature? In 'short, she discovered the greatest affection for my 'Amelia: with which I was much more delighted than 'I was offended at the suspicions she shewed of me, or 'the many bitter curses which she denounced against

'me, if I ever proved a bad husband to so sweet a 'young lady.

'I so well improved the hint given me by Amelia, 'that the old woman had no doubt of our being really 'married; and comforting herself, that if it was not 'as well as it might have been, yet Madam had enough 'for us both, and that happiness did not always depend 'on great riches, she began to rail at the old lady for 'having turned us out of doors, which I scarce told an 'untruth in asserting. And when Amelia said, She 'hoped her nurse would not betray her.—The good 'woman answered with much warmth,—"Betray you, '"my dear young Madam! no, that I would not, if the '"king would give me all that he is worth: no, not '"if Madam herself would give me the great house, '"and the whole farm belonging to it."

'The good woman then went out and fetched a chicken 'from the roost, which she killed, and began to pick, 'without asking any questions. Then summoning her 'son, who was in bed, to her assistance, she began to 'prepare this chicken for our supper. This she after-'wards set before us in so neat, I may almost say elegant, 'a manner, that whoever would have disdained it, either 'doth not know the sensation of hunger, or doth not 'deserve to have it gratified. Our food was attended 'with some ale, which our kind hostess said she intended 'not to have tapped till Christmas; "but," added she, '"I little thought ever to have the honour of seeing my '"dear honoured lady in this poor place."

'For my own part, no human being was then an object 'of envy to me, and even Amelia seemed to be in pretty 'good spirits; she softly whispered to me, that she per-'ceived there might be happiness in a cottage.'

'A cottage!' cries Miss Matthews, sighing, 'a cottage 'with the man one loves is a palace.'

'When supper was ended,' continued Booth, 'the good 'woman began to think of our further wants, and very 'earnestly recommended her bed to us, saying, it was 'a very neat, though homely one, and that she could 'furnish us with a pair of clean sheets. She added some 'persuasives which painted my angel all over with ver-'milion. As for myself, I behaved so awkwardly and 'foolishly, and so readily agreed to Amelia's resolution 'of sitting up all night, that if it did not give the nurse 'any suspicion of our marriage, it ought to have inspired 'her with the utmost contempt for me.

'We both endeavoured to prevail with nurse to retire 'to her own bed, but found it utterly impossible to 'succeed; she thanked heaven she understood breeding 'better than that. And so well bred was the good 'woman, that we could scarce get her out of the room 'the whole night. Luckily for us, we both understood 'French, by means of which we consulted together, even 'in her presence, upon the measures we were to take in 'our present exigency. At length it was resolved that I 'should send a letter by this young lad, whom I have 'just before mentioned, to our worthy friend the doctor, 'desiring his company at our hut, since we thought it 'utterly unsafe to venture to the town, which we knew 'would be in an uproar on our account before the 'morning.'

Here Booth made a full stop, smiled, and then said he was going to mention so ridiculous a distress, that he could scarce think of it without laughing.—What this was, the reader shall know in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

The story of Booth continued. More surprising adventures.

'From what trifles, dear Miss Matthews,' cried Booth, 'may some of our greatest distresses arise! Do you not 'perceive I am going to tell you we had neither pen, ink, 'nor paper in our present exigency?

'A verbal message was now our only resource; how-'ever, we contrived to deliver it in such terms, that 'neither nurse nor her son could possibly conceive any 'suspicion from it of the present situation of our affairs. 'Indeed, Amelia whispered me, I might safely place any 'degree of confidence in the lad; for he had been her 'foster brother, and she had a great opinion of his integ-'rity. He was in truth a boy of very good natural 'parts; and Dr. Harrison, who had received him into 'his family, at Amelia's recommendation, had bred him 'up to write and read very well, and had taken some 'pains to infuse into him the principles of honesty and 'religion. He was not, indeed, even now discharged 'from the doctor's service; but had been at home with 'his mother for some time, on account of the small-pox, 'from which he was lately recovered.

'I have said so much,' continued Booth, 'of the boy's 'character, that you may not be surprised at some stories 'which I shall tell you of him hereafter.

'I am going, now, Madam, to relate to you one of 'those strange accidents, which are produced by such a 'train of circumstances, that mere chance hath been 'thought incapable of bringing them together; and 'which have therefore given birth in superstitious

'minds, to Fortune, and to several other imaginary 'beings.

'We were now impatiently expecting the arrival of 'the doctor; our messenger had been gone much more 'than a sufficient time, which to us, you may be assured, 'appeared not at all shorter than it was, when nurse, 'who had gone out of doors on some errand, came run-'ning hastily to us, crying out, "O my dear young '"madam, her ladyship's coach is just at the door!" 'Amelia turned pale as death at these words; indeed, 'I feared she would have fainted, if I could be said to 'fear, who had scarce any of my senses left, and was 'in a condition little better than my angel's.

'While we were both in this dreadful situation, Amelia 'fallen back in her chair with the countenance in which 'ghosts are painted, myself at her feet, with a complexion 'of no very different colour, and nurse screaming out and 'throwing water in Amelia's face, Mrs. Harris entered 'the room. At the sight of this scene, she threw herself 'likewise into a chair, and called immediately for a glass 'of water, which Miss Betty her daughter supplied her 'with; for, as to the nurse, nothing was capable of 'making any impression on her, whilst she apprehended 'her young mistress to be in danger.

'The doctor had now entered the room, and coming 'immediately up to Amelia, after some expressions of 'surprise, he took her by the hand, called her his little 'sugar-plum, and assured her there were none but friends 'present. He then led her tottering across the room to 'Mrs. Harris. Amelia then fell upon her knees before 'her mother; but the doctor caught her up, saying, '"Use that posture, child, only to the Almighty;" but 'I need not mention this singularity of his to you who 'know him so well, and must have heard him often 'dispute against addressing ourselves to man in the

'humblest posture which we use towards the Supreme 'Being.

'I will tire you with no more particulars; we were 'soon satisfied that the doctor had reconciled us and 'our affairs to Mrs. Harris; and we now proceeded 'directly to church, the doctor having before provided 'a license for us.'

'But where is the strange accident?' cries Miss Matthews; 'sure you have raised more curiosity than you 'have satisfied.'

'Indeed, Madam,' answered he, 'your reproof is just; I 'had like to have forgotten it; but you cannot wonder at 'me when you reflect on that interesting part of my story, 'which I am now relating.—But before I mention this 'accident, I must tell you what happened after Amelia's 'escape from her mother's house. Mrs. Harris at first 'ran out into the lane among her servants, and pursued 'us (so she imagined) along the road leading to the town; 'but that being very dirty, and a violent storm of rain 'coming, she took shelter in an alehouse, about half a 'mile from her own house, whither she sent for her 'coach; she then drove together with her daughter to 'town, where soon after her arrival, she sent for the 'doctor, her usual privy counsellor in all her affairs. 'They sat up all night together, the doctor endeavour-'ing, by arguments and persuasions, to bring Mrs. Harris 'to reason; but all to no purpose, though, as he hath 'informed me, Miss Betty seconded him with the 'warmest entreaties.'

Here Miss Matthews laughed; of which Booth begged to know the reason; she, at last, after many apologies, said, 'It was the first good thing she ever heard of Miss 'Betty; nay,' said she, 'and asking your pardon for my 'opinion of your sister, since you will have it, I always 'conceived her to be the deepest of hypocrites.'

Booth fetched a sigh, and said, he was afraid she had not always acted so kindly;—and then, after a little hesitation, proceeded:

'You will be pleased, Madam, to remember, the lad 'was sent with a verbal message to the doctor: which 'message was no more than to acquaint him where we 'were, and to desire the favour of his company, or that 'he would send a coach to bring us to whatever place 'he would please to meet us at. This message was to 'be delivered to the doctor himself, and the messenger 'was ordered, if he found him not at home, to go to him 'wherever he was. He fulfilled his orders, and told it 'to the doctor in the presence of Mrs. Harris.'

'Oh, the idiot!' cries Miss Matthews. 'Not at all,' answered Booth: 'he is a very sensible fellow, as you 'will, perhaps, say hereafter. He had not the least 'reason to suspect that any secrecy was necessary; for 'we took the utmost care he should not suspect it.— 'Well, Madam, this accident, which appeared so unfor- 'tunate, turned in the highest degree to our advantage. 'Mrs. Harris no sooner heard the message delivered, 'than she fell into the most violent passion imaginable, 'and accused the doctor of being in the plot, and of 'having confederated with me in the design of carrying 'off her daughter.

'The doctor, who had hitherto used only soothing 'methods, now talked in a different strain. He confessed 'the accusation, and justified his conduct. He said he 'was no meddler in the family affairs of others, nor 'should he have concerned himself with hers, but at 'her own request; but that since Mrs. Harris herself 'had made him an agent in this matter, he would take 'care to acquit himself with honour, and above all 'things to preserve a young lady for whom he had 'the highest esteem; "for she is," cries he, and by

'heavens he said true, "the most worthy, generous,
'"and noble of all human beings. You have yourself,
'"Madam," said he, "consented to the match. I have, at
'"your request, made the match;" and then he added
'some particulars relating to his opinion of me, which
'my modesty forbids me to repeat.'—'Nay, but,' cries
Miss Matthews, 'I insist on your conquest of that
'modesty for once. We women do not love to hear
'one another's praises, and I will be made amends by
'hearing the praises of a man, and of a man, whom,
'perhaps,' added she with a leer, 'I shall not think
'much the better of upon that account.'—'In obedience
'to your commands, then, Madam,' continued he, 'the
'doctor was so kind to say, he had inquired into my
'character, and had found that I had been a dutiful
'son, and an affectionate brother. "Relations," said he,
'"in which, whoever discharges his duty well, gives us
'"a well-grounded hope, that he will behave as properly
'"in all the rest."——He concluded with saying, that
'Amelia's happiness, her heart, nay, her very reputa-
'tion, were all concerned in this matter, to which, as
'he had been made instrumental, he was resolved to
'carry her through it; and then taking the license from
'his pocket, declared to Mrs. Harris, that he would
'go that instant and marry her daughter wherever he
'found her. This speech, the doctor's voice, his look,
'and his behaviour, all which were sufficiently calcu-
'lated to inspire awe, and even terror, when he pleases,
'frightened poor Mrs. Harris, and wrought a more
'sensible effect than it was in his power to produce by
'all his arguments and entreaties; and I have already
'related what followed.

'Thus the strange accident of our wanting pen, ink,
'and paper, and our not trusting the boy with our
'secret, occasioned the discovery to Mrs. Harris; that

'discovery put the doctor upon his metal, and produced 'that blessed event which I have recounted to you, and 'which, as my mother hath since confessed, nothing but 'the spirit which he had exerted after the discovery 'could have brought about.

'Well, Madam, you now see me married to Amelia; 'in which situation you will, perhaps, think my happi- 'ness incapable of addition. Perhaps it was so; and 'yet I can with truth say, that the love which I then 'bore Amelia, was not comparable to what I bear her 'now.' 'Happy Amelia!' cried Miss Matthews. 'If 'all men were like you, all women would be blessed; 'nay, the whole world would be so in a great measure; 'for upon my soul, I believe that from the damned 'inconstancy of your sex to ours proceeds half the 'miseries of mankind.'

That we may give the reader leisure to consider well the foregoing sentiment, we will here put an end to this chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which our readers will probably be divided in their opinion of Mr. Booth's conduct.

Booth proceeded as follows:

'The first months of our marriage produced nothing 'remarkable enough to mention. I am sure I need 'not tell Miss Matthews that I found in my Amelia 'every perfection of human nature. Mrs. Harris at 'first gave us some little uneasiness. She had rather 'yielded to the doctor than given a willing consent to 'the match; however, by degrees, she became more

'and more satisfied, and at last seemed perfectly recon-
'ciled. This we ascribed a good deal to the kind offices
'of Miss Betty, who had always appeared to be my
'friend. She had been greatly assisting to Amelia in
'making her escape, which I had no opportunity of
'mentioning to you before, and in all things behaved
'so well, outwardly at least, to myself as well as her
'sister, that we regarded her as our sincerest friend.

'About half a year after our marriage, two additional
'companies were added to our regiment, in one of which
'I was preferred to the command of a lieutenant. Upon
'this occasion, Miss Betty gave the first intimation of
'a disposition which we have since too severely ex-
'perienced.'

'Your servant, Sir,' says Miss Matthews, 'then I find
'I was not mistaken in my opinion of the lady.—No,
'no, shew me any goodness in a censorious prude,
'and—'

As Miss Matthews hesitated for a simile or an execration, Booth proceeded: 'You will please to remember,
'Madam, there was formerly an agreement between
'myself and Mrs. Harris, that I should settle all my
'Amelia's fortune on her, except a certain sum, which
'was to be laid out in my advancement in the army;
'but as our marriage was carried on in the manner
'you have heard, no such agreement was ever executed.
'And, since I was become Amelia's husband, not a
'word of this matter was ever mentioned by the old
'lady; and as for myself, I declare I had not yet
'awakened from that delicious dream of bliss in which
'the possession of Amelia had lulled me.'

Here Miss Matthews sighed, and cast the tenderest of looks on Booth, who thus continued his story:

'Soon after my promotion, Mrs. Harris one morning
'took an occasion to speak to me on this affair. She

'said, that as I had been promoted gratis to a lieutenancy, 'she would assist me with money to carry me yet a step 'higher; and if more was required than was formerly 'mentioned, it should not be wanting, since she was so 'perfectly satisfied with my behaviour to her daughter. 'Adding, that she hoped I had still the same incli-'nation to settle on my wife the remainder of her 'fortune.

'I answered with very warm acknowledgments of my 'mother's goodness, and declared, If I had the world, 'I was ready to lay it at my Amelia's feet.—And so, 'heaven knows, I would ten thousand worlds.

'Mrs. Harris seemed pleased with the warmth of my 'sentiments, and said, she would immediately send to her 'lawyer and give him the necessary orders; and thus 'ended our conversation on this subject.

'From this time, there was a very visible alteration in 'Miss Betty's behaviour. She grew reserved to her sister 'as well as to me. She was fretful and captious on the 'slightest occasion; nay, she affected much to talk on 'the ill consequences of an imprudent marriage, espe-'cially before her mother; and if ever any little tender-'ness or endearments escaped me in public towards 'Amelia, she never failed to make some malicious remark 'on the short duration of violent passions; and when I 'have expressed a fond sentiment for my wife, her sister 'would kindly wish she might hear as much seven years 'hence.

'All these matters have been since suggested to us by 'reflection; for while they actually past, both Amelia 'and myself had our thoughts too happily engaged to 'take notice of what discovered itself in the mind of any 'other person.

'Unfortunately for us, Mrs. Harris's lawyer happened 'at this time to be in London, where business detained

'him upwards of a month; and as Mrs. Harris would on 'no occasion employ any other, our affair was under an 'entire suspension till his return.

'Amelia, who was now big with child, had often 'expressed the deepest concern at her apprehension of 'my being some time commanded abroad; a circum-'stance, which she declared if it should ever happen 'to her, even though she should not then be in the same 'situation as at present, would infallibly break her heart. 'These remonstrances were made with such tenderness, 'and so much affected me, that to avoid any probability 'of such an event, I endeavoured to get an exchange 'into the horse-guards, a body of troops which very 'rarely goes abroad, unless where the king himself com-'mands in person. I soon found an officer for my pur-'pose, the terms were agreed on, and Mrs. Harris had 'ordered the money which I was to pay to be ready, 'notwithstanding the opposition made by Miss Betty, 'who openly dissuaded her mother from it; alleging 'that the exchange was highly to my disadvantage; that 'I could never hope to rise in the army after it; not 'forgetting, at the same time, some insinuations very pre-'judicial to my reputation as a soldier.

'When everything was agreed on, and the two com-'missions were actually made out, but not signed by the 'king, one day, at my return from hunting, Amelia flew 'to me, and eagerly embracing me, cried out, "O Billy, '"I have news for you which delights my soul. Nothing '"sure was ever so fortunate as the exchange you have '"made. The regiment you was formerly in, is ordered '"for Gibraltar."

'I received this news with far less transport than it 'was delivered. I answered coldly, Since the case was 'so, I heartily hoped the commissions might be both 'signed. "What do you say?" replied Amelia eagerly;

"Sure you told me every thing was entirely settled. "That look of yours frightens me to death."—But I am running into too minute particulars. In short, I received a letter by that very post, from the officer with whom I had exchanged, insisting, that though his majesty had not signed the commissions, that still the bargain was valid, partly urging it as a right, and partly desiring it as a favour, that he might go to Gibraltar in my room.

'This letter convinced me in every point. I was now informed that the commissions were not signed, and consequently that the exchange was not completed: of consequence the other could have no right to insist on going; and as for granting him such a favour, I too clearly saw I must do it at the expense of my honour. I was now reduced to a dilemma, the most dreadful which I think any man can experience; in which, I am not ashamed to own, I found love was not so overmatched by honour as it ought to have been. The thoughts of leaving Amelia in her present condition, to misery, perhaps to death or madness, were insupportable; nor could any other consideration but that, which now tormented me on the other side, have combated them a moment.'

'No woman upon earth,' cries Miss Matthews, 'can despise want of spirit in a man more than myself; and yet I cannot help thinking you was rather too nice on this occasion.'

'You will allow, Madam,' answered Booth, 'that whoever offends against the laws of honour in the least instance, is treated as the highest delinquent. Here is no excuse, no pardon; and he doth nothing who leaves any thing undone. But if the conflict was so terrible with myself alone, what was my situation in the presence of Amelia? how could I support her sighs, her

'tears, her agonies, her despair! could I bear to think 'myself the cruel cause of her sufferings, for so I was! 'could I endure the thought of having it in my power to 'give her instant relief, for so it was, and refuse it her.

'Miss Betty was now again become my friend. She 'had scarce been civil to me for a fortnight last past, yet 'now she commended me to the skies, and as severely 'blamed her sister, whom she arraigned of the most 'contemptible weakness, in preferring my safety to my 'honour: she said many ill-natured things on the occa-'sion, which I shall not now repeat.

'In the midst of this hurricane, the good doctor came 'to dine with Mrs. Harris, and at my desire delivered his 'opinion on the matter.'

Here Mr. Booth was interrupted in his narrative, by the arrival of a person whom we shall introduce in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing a scene of a different kind from any of the preceding.

THE gentleman who now arrived was the keeper; or if you please (for so he pleased to call himself) the governor of the prison.

He used so little ceremony at his approach, that the bolt, which was very slight on the inside, gave way, and the door immediately flew open. He had no sooner entered the room than he acquainted Miss Matthews, that he had brought her very good news, for which he demanded a bottle of wine as his due.

This demand being complied with, he acquainted Miss

Matthews, that the wounded gentleman was not dead, nor was his wound thought to be mortal: that loss of blood, and, perhaps, his fright, had occasioned his fainting away; 'but I believe, Madam,' said he, 'if you take 'the proper measures, you may be bailed to-morrow. I 'expect the lawyer here this evening, and if you put the 'business into his hands, I warrant it will be done. 'Money to be sure must be parted with, that's to be sure. 'People to be sure will expect to touch a little in such 'cases. For my own part, I never desire to keep a pri-'soner longer than the law allows, not I: I always inform 'them they can be bailed as soon as I know it; I never 'make any bargain, not I; I always love to leave those 'things to the gentlemen and ladies themselves. I never 'suspect gentlemen and ladies of wanting generosity.'

Miss Matthews made a very slight answer to all these friendly professions. She said, she had done nothing she repented of, and was indifferent as to the event. 'All I 'can say,' cries she, 'is, that if the wretch is alive, there 'is no greater villain in life than himself;' and instead of mentioning any thing of the bail, she begged the keeper to leave her again alone with Mr. Booth. The keeper replied, 'Nay, Madam, perhaps it may be better to stay a 'little longer here, if you have not bail ready, than to 'buy them too dear. Besides, a day or two hence, when 'the gentleman is past all danger of recovery, to be sure 'some folks that would expect an extraordinary fee now, 'cannot expect to touch any thing. And to be sure you 'shall want nothing here. The best of all things are to 'be had here for money, both eatable and drinkable; 'though I say it, I shan't turn my back to any of the 'taverns for either eatables or wine. The captain there 'need not have been so shy of owning himself when he 'first came in; we have had captains and other great 'gentlemen here before now; and no shame to them,

'though I say it. Many a great gentleman is sometimes 'found in places that don't become them half so well, 'let me tell them that, captain Booth, let me tell them 'that.'

'I see, Sir,' answered Booth, a little discomposed, 'that you are acquainted with my title as well as my 'name.'

'Ay, Sir,' cries the keeper, 'and I honour you the 'more for it. I love the gentlemen of the army. I was 'in the army myself formerly; in the lord of Oxford's 'horse. It is true I rode private; but I had money 'enough to have bought in quarter-master, when I took 'it into my head to marry, and my wife she did not like 'that I should continue a soldier, she was all for a private 'life; and so I came to this business.'

'Upon my word, Sir,' answered Booth, 'you consulted 'your wife's inclinations very notably; but, pray, will 'you satisfy my curiosity in telling me, how you became 'acquainted that I was in the army? for my dress, I 'think, could not betray me.'

'Betray!' replied the keeper; 'there is no betraying 'here, I hope—I am not a person to betray people—But 'you are so shy and peery, you would almost make one 'suspect there was more in the matter. And if there be, 'I promise you, you need not be afraid of telling it me. 'You will excuse me giving you a hint; but the sooner 'the better, that's all. Others may be beforehand with 'you, and first come first served on these occasions, that's 'all. Informers are odious, there's no doubt of that, and 'no one would care to be an informer if he could help it, 'because of the ill usage they always receive from the 'mob: yet it is dangerous to trust too much; and when 'safety and a good part of the reward too are on one 'side, and the gallows on the other—I know which a 'wise man would chuse.'

'What the devil do you mean by all this?' cries Booth.

'No offence, I hope,' answered the keeper; 'I speak 'for your good, and if you have been upon the snaffling 'lay——you understand me, I am sure.'

'Not I,' answered Booth, 'upon my honour.'

'Nay, nay,' replied the keeper, with a contemptuous sneer, 'if you are so peery as that comes to, you must 'take the consequence.—But for my part, I know I 'would not trust Robinson with twopence untold.'

'What do you mean?' cries Booth, 'who is Robinson?'

'And you don't know Robinson!' answered the keeper with great emotion. To which Booth replying in the negative; the keeper, after some tokens of amazement, cried out: 'Well, captain, I must say you are the best 'at it, of all the gentlemen I ever saw. However, I will 'tell you this: the lawyer and Mr. Robinson have been 'laying their heads together about you above half an 'hour this afternoon. I overheard them mention cap-'tain Booth several times; and for my part I would 'not answer that Mr. Murphy is not now gone about 'the business; but if you will impeach any to me of 'the road, or any thing else, I will step away to his 'worship Thrasher this instant, and I am sure I have 'interest enough with him to get you admitted an 'evidence.'

'And so,' cries Booth, 'you really take me for a 'highwayman?'

'No offence, captain, I hope,' said the keeper; 'as 'times go, there are many worse men in the world than 'those. Gentlemen may be driven to distress, and when 'they are, I know no more genteeler way than the road. 'It hath been many a brave man's case, to my know-'ledge, and men of as much honour too as any in the 'world.'

'Well, Sir,' said Booth, 'I assure you I am not that 'gentleman of honour you imagine me.'

Miss Matthews, who had long understood the keeper no better than Mr. Booth, no sooner heard his meaning explained, than she was fired with greater indignation than the gentleman had expressed. 'How dare you, 'Sir,' said she to the keeper, 'insult a man of fashion, 'and who hath had the honour to bear his majesty's 'commission in the army? as you yourself own you 'know. If his misfortunes have sent him hither, sure 'we have no laws that will protect such a fellow as you 'in insulting him?' 'Fellow!' muttered the keeper— 'I would not advise you, Madam, to use such language 'to me.'—'Do you dare threaten me?' replied Miss Matthews in a rage; 'Venture in the least instance to 'exceed your authority with regard to me, and I will 'prosecute you with the utmost vengeance.'

A scene of very high altercation now ensued, till Booth interposed, and quieted the keeper, who was, perhaps, enough inclined to an accommodation; for, in truth, he waged unequal war. He was besides unwilling to incense Miss Matthews, whom he expected to be bailed out the next day, and who had more money left than he intended she should carry out of the prison with her; and as for any violent or unjustifiable methods, the lady had discovered much too great a spirit to be in danger of them. The governor, therefore, in a very gentle tone, declared, that if he had given any offence to the gentleman, he heartily asked his pardon; that if he had known him to be really a captain, he should not have entertained any such suspicions; but the captain was a very common title in that place, and belonged to several gentlemen that had never been in the army, or at most, had rid private like himself. 'To be sure, captain,' said he, 'as 'you yourself own, your dress is not very military;' (for

he had on a plain fustian suit) 'and besides, as the lawyer 'says, *noscitur a sosir*, is a very good rule. And I don't 'believe there is a greater rascal upon earth than that 'same Robinson that I was talking of. Nay, I assure 'you, I wish there may be no mischief hatching against 'you. But if there is, I will do all I can with the lawyer 'to prevent it. To be sure, Mr. Murphy is one of the 'cleverest men in the world at the law: that even his 'enemies must own; and as I recommend him to all the 'business I can (and it is not a little to be sure that 'arises in this place), why one good turn deserves 'another. And I may expect that he will not be con-'cerned in any plot to ruin any friend of mine; at least, 'when I desire him not. I am sure he could not be an 'honest man if he would.'

Booth was then satisfied that Mr. Robinson, whom he did not yet know by name, was the gamester who had won his money at play. And now Miss Matthews, who had very impatiently borne this long interruption, prevailed on the keeper to withdraw. As soon as he was gone, Mr. Booth began to felicitate her upon the news of the wounded gentleman being in a fair likelihood of recovery. To which, after a short silence, she answered, 'There is something, perhaps, which you will not easily 'guess, that makes your congratulation more agreeable to 'me than the first account I heard of the villain's having 'escaped the fate he deserves; for, I do assure you, at 'first, it did not make me amends for the interruption of 'my curiosity. Now, I hope we shall be disturbed no 'more, till you have finished your whole story.—You 'left off, I think, somewhere in the struggle about leaving 'Amelia, the happy Amelia.'—'And can you call her 'happy at such a period?' cries Booth. 'Happy, ay, 'happy, in any situation,' answered Miss Matthews, 'with such a husband. I, at least, may well think so,

'who have experienced the very reverse of her fortune; 'but I was not born to be happy. I may say with the 'poet:

'"The blackest ink of fate was sure my lot,
'"And when fate writ my name, it made a blot."'

'Nay, nay, dear Miss Matthews,' answered Booth, 'you must, and shall, banish such gloomy thoughts. 'Fate hath, I hope, many happy days in store for you.' —'Do you believe it, Mr. Booth?' replied she, 'indeed 'you know the contrary—You must know—For you 'can't have forgot. No Amelia in the world can have 'quite obliterated—Forgetfulness is not in our own 'power. If it was, indeed, I have reason to think—But 'I know not what I am saying.—Pray, do proceed in 'that story.'

Booth so immediately complied with this request, that it is possible he was pleased with it. To say the truth, if all which unwittingly dropped from Miss Matthews was put together, some conclusions might, it seems, be drawn from the whole, which could not convey a very agreeable idea to a constant husband. Booth, therefore, proceeded to relate what is written in the third book of this history.

AMELIA.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

In which Mr. Booth resumes his story.

'If I am not mistaken, Madam,' continued Booth, 'I 'was just going to acquaint you with the doctor's opinion, 'when we were interrupted by the keeper.

'The doctor having heard counsel on both sides, that 'is to say, Mrs. Harris for my staying, and Miss Betty 'for my going, at last delivered his own sentiments. 'As for Amelia, she sat silent, drowned in her tears; nor 'was I myself in a much better situation.

'"As the commissions are not signed," said the doctor, '"I think you may be said to remain in your former '"regiment; and therefore I think you ought to go '"on this expedition; your duty to your king and '"country, whose bread you have eaten, requires it; '"and this is a duty of too high a nature to admit the '"least deficiency. Regard to your character likewise '"requires you to go; for the world, which might justly '"blame your staying at home, if the case was even '"fairly stated, will not deal so honestly by you: you '"must expect to have every circumstance against you '"heightened, and most of what makes for your defence '"omitted; and thus you will be stigmatised as a '"coward, without any palliation. As the malicious '"disposition of mankind is too well known, and the

‘ “ cruel pleasure which they take in destroying the repu-
‘ “ tations of others; the use we are to make of this
‘ “ knowledge is to afford no handle to reproach: for,
‘ “ bad as the world is, it seldom falls on any man who
‘ “ hath not given some slight cause for censure, though
‘ “ this, perhaps, is often aggravated ten thousand fold;
‘ “ and when we blame the malice of the aggravation,
‘ “ we ought not to forget our own imprudence in giving
‘ “ the occasion. Remember, my boy, your honour is
‘ “ at stake; and you know how nice the honour of a
‘ “ soldier is in these cases. This is a treasure, which
‘ “ he must be your enemy indeed who would attempt to
‘ “ rob you of.——Therefore, you ought to consider every
‘ “ one as your enemy, who, by desiring you to stay,
‘ “ would rob you of your honour.”

‘ “ Do you hear that, sister?” cries Miss Betty.—“Yes,
‘ “ I do hear it,” answered Amelia, with more spirit than
‘ I ever saw her exert before, “ and would preserve
‘ “ his honour at the expense of my life. I will preserve
‘ “ it if it should be at that expense; and since it is
‘ “ Dr. Harrison’s opinion that he ought to go, I give
‘ “ my consent. Go, my dear husband,” cried she,
‘ falling upon her knees, “ may every angel of heaven
‘ “ guard and preserve you.”—I cannot repeat her words
‘ without being affected,’ said he, wiping his eyes, ‘ the
‘ excellence of that woman, no words can paint: Miss
‘ Matthews, she hath every perfection in human nature.

‘ I will not tire you with the repetition of any more
‘ that passed on that occasion; nor with the quarrel that
‘ ensued between Mrs. Harris and the doctor; for the old
‘ lady could not submit to my leaving her daughter
‘ in her present condition. She fell severely on the army,
‘ and cursed the day in which her daughter was married
‘ to a soldier, not sparing the doctor for having had some
‘ share in the match. I will omit, likewise, the tender

'scene which past between Amelia and myself previous 'to my departure.'

'Indeed, I beg you would not,' cries Miss Matthews, 'nothing delights me more than scenes of tenderness. I 'should be glad to know, if possible, every syllable 'which was uttered on both sides.'

'I will indulge you then,' cries Booth, 'as far as is in 'my power. Indeed, I believe I am able to recollect 'much the greatest part; for the impression is never to 'be effaced from my memory.'

He then proceeded as Miss Matthews desired; but lest all our readers should not be of her opinion, we will, according to our usual custom, endeavour to accommodate ourselves to every taste, and shall therefore place this scene in a chapter by itself, which we desire all our readers who do not love, or who perhaps do not know the pleasure of tenderness, to pass over; since they may do this without any prejudice to the thread of the narrative.

CHAPTER II.

Containing a scene of the tender kind.

'THE doctor, Madam,' continued Booth, 'spent his even-'ing at Mrs. Harris's house, where I sat with him whilst 'he smoked his pillow-pipe, as his phrase is. Amelia 'was retired above half an hour to her chamber before I 'went to her. At my entrance I found her on her knees, 'a posture in which I never disturbed her. In a few 'minutes she arose, came to me, and embracing me, said 'she had been praying for resolution to support the 'cruellest moment she had ever undergone, or could

'possibly undergo. I reminded her how much more 'bitter a farewell would be on a death-bed, when we 'never could meet in this world, at least, again. I then 'endeavoured to lessen all those objects which alarmed 'her most, and particularly the danger I was to en-'counter; upon which head I seemed a little to comfort 'her: but the probable length of my absence, and the 'certain length of my voyage, were circumstances 'which no oratory of mine could even palliate. "Oh, '"heavens!" said she, bursting into tears, "can I bear to '"think that hundreds, thousands, for aught I know, of '"miles or leagues; that lands and seas are between us? '"What is the prospect from that mount in our garden '"where I have sat so many happy hours with my '"Billy? what is the distance between that and the '"farthest hill which we can see from thence com-'"pared to the distance which will be between us! '"You cannot wonder at this idea; you must re-'"member, my Billy, at this place this very thought '"came formerly into my foreboding mind. I then '"begged you to leave the army. Why would you '"not comply?—did I not tell you then that the "smallest cottage we could survey from the mount '"would be with you a paradise to me; it would be '"so still—why can't my Billy think so! am I so '"much his superior in love? where is the dishonour, '"Billy? or, if there be any, will it reach our ears in '"our little hut? are glory and fame, and not his '"Amelia, the happiness of my husband? go then, '"purchase them at my expense. You will pay a '"few sighs, perhaps a few tears at parting, and then '"new scenes will drive away the thoughts of poor '"Amelia from your bosom: but what assistance shall '"I have in my affliction? not that any change of '"scene could drive you one moment from my re-

'"membrance; yet here every object I behold will '"place your loved idea in the liveliest manner before '"my eyes. This is the bed in which you have re-'"posed; that is the chair on which you sat. Upon '"these boards you have stood. These books you '"have read to me. Can I walk among our beds of '"flowers, without viewing your favourites, nay, those '"which you have planted with your own hands? can '"I see one beauty from our beloved mount, which '"you have not pointed out to me?"—Thus she went 'on, the woman, Madam, you see, still prevailing.'—'Since you mention it,' says Miss Matthews, with a smile, 'I own the same observation occurred to me. 'It is too natural to us to consider ourselves only, Mr. 'Booth.'—'You shall hear,' he cried.—'At last, the 'thoughts of her present condition suggested them-'selves.——"But if," said she, "my situation, even '"in health, will be so intolerable, how shall I, in the '"dangers and agonies of child-birth, support your '"absence!"—Here she stopped, and looking on me 'with all the tenderness imaginable, cried out, "And am '"I then such a wretch to wish for your presence at '"such a season? ought I not to rejoice that you are '"out of the hearing of my cries or the knowledge of '"my pains? If I die, will you not have escaped the '"horrors of a parting, ten thousand times more dread-'"ful than this? Go, go, my Billy; the very circum-'"stance which made me most dread your departure, '"hath perfectly reconciled me to it. I perceive clearly '"now that I was only wishing to support my own '"weakness with your strength, and to relieve my own '"pains at the price of yours. Believe me, my love, '"I am ashamed of myself."—I caught her in my arms 'with raptures not to be exprest in words, called her my 'heroine; sure none ever better deserved that name;

'after which we remained for some time speechless, and 'locked in each other's embraces.'—'I am convinced,' said Miss Matthews, with a sigh, 'there are moments in 'life worth purchasing with worlds.'—

'At length the fatal morning came. I endeavoured to 'hide every pang of my heart, and to wear the utmost 'gaiety in my countenance. Amelia acted the same part. 'In these assumed characters we met the family at break-'fast; at their breakfast, I mean; for we were both full 'already. The doctor had spent above an hour that 'morning in discourse with Mrs. Harris, and had in 'some measure reconciled her to my departure. He 'now made use of every art to relieve the poor dis-'tressed Amelia; not by inveighing against the folly 'of grief, or by seriously advising her not to grieve; 'both which were sufficiently performed by Miss Betty. 'The doctor, on the contrary, had recourse to every 'means which might cast a veil over the idea of grief, 'and raise comfortable images in my angel's mind. He 'endeavoured to lessen the supposed length of my 'absence by discoursing on matters which were more 'distant in time. He said, he intended next year to 'rebuild a part of his parsonage-house.—"And you, '"captain," says he, "shall lay the corner stone, I '"promise you;" with many other instances of the like 'nature, which produced, I believe, some good effect 'on us both.

'Amelia spoke but little; indeed more tears than 'words dropt from her; however, she seemed resolved 'to bear her affliction with resignation. But when the 'dreadful news arrived that the horses were ready, and 'I, having taken my leave of all the rest, at last ap-'proached her; she was unable to support the conflict 'with nature any longer; and clinging round my neck, 'she cried,—"Farewell, farewell for ever; for I shall

'"never, never, see you more." At which words the 'blood entirely forsook her lovely cheeks, and she be-'came a lifeless corpse in my arms.

'Amelia continued so long motionless, that the doctor, 'as well as Mrs. Harris, began to be under the most 'terrible apprehensions; so they informed me afterwards; 'for at that time I was incapable of making any observa-'tion. I had indeed very little more use of my senses 'than the dear creature whom I supported. At length, 'however, we were all delivered from our fears; and life 'again visited the loveliest mansion that human nature 'ever afforded it.

'I had been, and yet was, so terrified with what had 'happened, and Amelia continued yet so weak and ill, 'that I determined, whatever might be the consequence, 'not to leave her that day; which resolution she was no 'sooner acquainted with, than she fell on her knees, cry-'ing, "Good Heaven! I thank thee for this reprieve at '"least. Oh! that every hour of my future life could '"be crammed into this dear day."

'Our good friend the doctor remained with us. He 'said, he had intended to visit a family in some affliction; 'but I don't know, says he, why I should ride a dozen 'miles after affliction, when we have enough here. Of 'all mankind the doctor is the best of comforters. As 'his excessive good-nature makes him take vast delight 'in the office; so his great penetration into the human 'mind, joined to his great experience, renders him the 'most wonderful proficient in it; and he so well knows 'when to soothe, when to reason, and when to ridicule, 'that he never applies any of those arts improperly, 'which is almost universally the case with the physicians 'of the mind, and which it requires very great judg-'ment and dexterity to avoid.

'The doctor principally applied himself to ridiculing

'the dangers of the siege, in which he succeeded so well, 'that he sometimes forced a smile even into the face of 'Amelia. But what most comforted her were the argu- 'ments he used to convince her of the probability of my 'speedy, if not immediate return. He said, the general 'opinion was that the place would be taken before our 'arrival there. In which case we should have nothing 'more to do than to make the best of our way home 'again.

'Amelia was so lulled by these arts, that she passed 'the day much better than I expected. Though the 'doctor could not make pride strong enough to conquer 'love; yet, he exalted the former to make some stand 'against the latter; insomuch that my poor Amelia, I 'believe, more than once, flattered herself, to speak the 'language of the world, that her reason had gained an 'entire victory over her passion; till love brought up a 'reinforcement, if I may use that term, of tender ideas, 'and bore down all before him.

'In the evening the doctor and I passed another half 'hour together, when he proposed to me to endeavour to 'leave Amelia asleep in the morning, and promised me 'to be at hand when she awaked, and to support her with 'all the assistance in his power. He added, that nothing 'was more foolish than for friends to take leave of each 'other. It is true, indeed, says he, in the common ac- 'quaintance and friendship of the world, this is a very 'harmless ceremony; but between two persons, who 'really love each other, the church of Rome never in- 'vented a penance half so severe as this, which we ab- 'surdly impose on ourselves.

'I greatly approved the doctor's proposal; thanked 'him, and promised, if possible, to put it in execution. 'He then shook me by the hand, and heartily wished me 'well, saying, in his blunt way; "Well, boy, I hope to

'"see thee crowned with laurels at thy return; one com-
'"fort I have at least, that stone walls and a sea will
'"prevent thee from running away."

'When I had left the doctor, I repaired to my Amelia,
'whom I found in her chamber, employed in a very
'different manner from what she had been the preceding
'night; she was busy in packing up some trinkets in a
'casket, which she desired me to carry with me. This
'casket was her own work, and she had just fastened it as
'I came to her.

'Her eyes very plainly discovered what had passed
'while she was engaged in her work; however, her
'countenance was now serene, and she spoke, at least,
'with some cheerfulness. But after some time, "You
'"must take care of this casket, Billy," said she.—
'"You must, indeed, Billy—for—" here passion almost
'choked her, till a flood of tears gave her relief, and
'then she proceeded—"For I shall be the happiest
'"woman that ever was born when I see it again."
'—I told her, with the blessing of God that day would
'soon come. "Soon!" answered she,—"No, Billy, not
'"soon; a week is an age;—but yet the happy day may
'"come. It shall, it must, it will!—Yes, Billy, we shall
'"meet never to part again;—even in this world I hope."
'——Pardon my weakness, Miss Matthews, but upon
'my soul I cannot help it,' cried he, wiping his eyes—
'Well, I wonder at your patience, and I will try it no
'longer. Amelia tired out with so long a struggle be-
'tween variety of passions, and having not closed her
'eyes during three successive nights, towards the morn-
'ing fell into a profound sleep. In which sleep I left
'her—and having drest myself with all the expedition
'imaginable, singing, whistling, hurrying, attempting by
'every method to banish thought, I mounted my horse,
'which I had over night ordered to be ready, and galloped

'away from that house where all my treasure was de-
'posited.

'Thus, Madam, I have, in obedience to your com-
'mands, run through a scene, which, if it hath been tire-
'some to you, you must yet acquit me of having obtruded
'upon you. This I am convinced of, that no one is
'capable of tasting such a scene, who hath not a heart
'full of tenderness, and perhaps not even then, unless he
'hath been in the same situation.'

CHAPTER III.

In which Mr. Booth sets forward on his Journey.

'Well, Madam, we have now taken our leave of Amelia.
'I rode a full mile before I once suffered myself to look
'back; but now being come to the top of a little hill,
'the last spot I knew which could give me a prospect of
'Mrs. Harris's house, my resolution failed: I stopt and
'cast my eyes backward. Shall I tell you what I felt
'at that instant? I do assure you I am not able. So
'many tender ideas crowded at once into my mind, that,
'if I may use the expression, they almost dissolved my
'heart. And now, Madam, the most unfortunate acci-
'dent came first into my head. This was, that I had in
'the hurry and confusion left the dear casket behind me.
'The thought of going back at first suggested itself; but
'the consequences of that were too apparent. I there-
'fore resolved to send my man, and in the mean time to
'ride on softly on my road. He immediately executed
'my orders, and after some time, feeding my eyes with
'that delicious and yet heart-felt prospect, I at last turned
'my horse to descend the hill, and proceeded about a
'hundred yards, when, considering with myself, that I

'should lose no time by a second indulgence, I again 'turned back, and once more feasted my sight with the 'same painful pleasure, till my man returned, bringing 'me the casket, and an account that Amelia still continued 'in the sweet sleep I left her.—I now suddenly turned 'my horse for the last time, and with the utmost resolu-'tion pursued my journey.

'I perceived my man at his return—But, before I 'mention any thing of him, it may be proper, Madam, 'to acquaint you who he was. He was the foster-brother 'of my Amelia. This young fellow had taken it into his 'head to go into the army; and he was desirous to serve 'under my command. The doctor consented to discharge 'him; his mother at last yielded to his importunities; 'and I was very easily prevailed on to list one of the 'handsomest young fellows in England.

'You will easily believe I had some little partiality to 'one whose milk Amelia had sucked; but, as he had 'never seen the regiment, I had no opportunity to shew 'him any great mark of favour. Indeed, he waited on me 'as my servant; and I treated him with all the tenderness 'which can be used to one in that station.

'When I was about to change into the horse-guards, 'the poor fellow began to droop, fearing that he should 'no longer be in the same corps with me, though 'certainly that would not have been the case. How-'ever, he had never mentioned one word of his 'dissatisfaction.—He is indeed a fellow of a noble 'spirit; but when he heard that I was to remain 'where I was, and that we were to go to Gibraltar 'together, he fell into transports of joy, little short of 'madness. In short, the poor fellow had imbibed a very 'strong affection for me; though this was what I knew 'nothing of till long after.

'When he returned to me then, as I was saying, with

'the casket, I observed his eyes all over blubbered with 'tears. I rebuked him a little too rashly on this 'occasion. "Heyday!" says I, "what is the meaning of '"this; I hope I have not a milksop with me. If I '"thought you would shew such a face to the enemy, '"I would leave you behind."—"Your honour need not '"fear that," answered he, "I shall find nobody there '"that I shall love well enough to make me cry." 'I was highly pleased with this answer, in which I 'thought I could discover both sense and spirit. I then 'asked him what had occasioned those tears since he had 'left me (for he had no sign of any at that time), and 'whether he had seen his mother at Mrs. Harris's? He 'answered in the negative, and begged that I would ask 'no more questions; adding, that he was not very apt to 'cry, and he hoped he should never give me such another 'opportunity of blaming him. I mention this only as an 'instance of his affection towards me; for I never could 'account for those tears, any otherwise than by placing 'them to the account of that distress in which he left 'me at that time. We travelled full forty miles that 'day without baiting, when, arriving at the inn where I 'intended to rest that night, I retired immediately to 'my chamber, with my dear Amelia's casket, the open-'ing of which was the nicest repast, and to which every 'other hunger gave way.

'It is impossible to mention to you all the little 'matters with which Amelia had furnished this casket. 'It contained medicines of all kinds, which her mother, 'who was the Lady Bountiful of that country, had 'supplied her with. The most valuable of all to me 'was a lock of her dear hair, which I have from that 'time to this worn in my bosom. What would I have 'then given for a little picture of my dear angel, which 'she had lost from her chamber about a month before? and

'which we had the highest reason in the world to imagine 'her sister had taken away; for the suspicion lay only 'between her and Amelia's maid, who was of all 'creatures the honestest, and whom her mistress had 'often trusted with things of much greater value; for 'the picture, which was set in gold, and had two or 'three little diamonds round it, was worth about twelve 'guineas only; whereas Amelia left jewels in her care of 'much greater value.'

'Sure,' cries Miss Matthews, 'she could not be such a 'paltry pilferer.'

'Not on account of the gold or the jewels,' cries Booth. 'We imputed it to mere spite, with which I assure you 'she abounds; and she knew that, next to Amelia herself, 'there was nothing I valued so much as this little 'picture; for such a resemblance did it bear of the 'original, that Hogarth himself did never, I believe, 'draw a stronger likeness. Spite therefore was the 'only motive to this cruel depredation; and indeed 'her behaviour on the occasion sufficiently convinced 'us both of the justice of our suspicion, though we 'neither of us durst accuse her; and she herself had 'the assurance to insist very strongly (though she 'could not prevail) with Amelia to turn away her 'innocent maid, saying, she would not live in the 'house with a thief.'

Miss Matthews now discharged some curses on Miss Betty, not much worth repeating, and then Mr. Booth proceeded in his relation.

CHAPTER IV.

A Sea Piece.

'THE next day we joined the regiment, which was soon 'after to embark. Nothing but mirth and jollity were in 'the countenance of every officer and soldier; and, as I 'now met several friends whom I had not seen for above 'a year before, I passed several happy hours, in which 'poor Amelia's image seldom obtruded itself to interrupt 'my pleasure. To confess the truth, dear Miss Matthews, 'the tenderest of passions is capable of subsiding; nor is 'absence from our dearest friends so insupportable as it 'may at first appear. Distance of time and place do 'really cure what they seem to aggravate; and taking 'leave of our friends resembles taking leave of the world; 'concerning which it hath been often said, that it is 'not death, but dying, which is terrible.'—Here Miss Matthews burst into a fit of laughter, and cried, 'I 'sincerely ask your pardon; but I cannot help laughing 'at the gravity of your philosophy.' Booth answered, That the doctrine of the passions had been always his favourite study; that he was convinced every man acted entirely from that passion which was uppermost; 'Can I 'then think,' said he, 'without entertaining the utmost 'contempt for myself, that any pleasure upon earth could 'drive the thoughts of Amelia one instant from my 'mind?

'At length we embarked aboard a transport, and sailed 'for Gibraltar; but the wind, which was at first fair, soon 'chopped about; so that we were obliged, for several 'days, to beat to windward, as the sea phrase is. During 'this time, the taste which I had of a seafaring life did 'not appear extremely agreeable. We rolled up and

'down in a little narrow cabin, in which were three 'officers, all of us extremely sea-sick; our sickness being 'much aggravated by the motion of the ship, by the view 'of each other, and by the stench of the men. But this 'was but a little taste indeed of the misery which was to 'follow; for we were got about six leagues to the 'westward of Scilly, when a violent storm arose at 'north-east, which soon raised the waves to the height 'of mountains. The horror of this is not to be adequately 'described to those who have never seen the like. The 'storm began in the evening, and, as the clouds brought 'on the night apace, it was soon entirely dark: nor had 'we, during many hours, any other light than what was 'caused by the jarring elements, which frequently sent 'forth flashes, or rather streams of fire; and whilst these 'presented the most dreadful objects to our eyes, the roar-'ing of the winds, the dashing of the waves against the 'ship and each other, formed a sound altogether as 'horrible for our ears; while our ship, sometimes lifted up, 'as it were, to the skies, and sometimes swept away at once 'as into the lowest abyss, seemed to be the sport of the 'winds and seas. The captain himself almost gave all 'for lost, and exprest his apprehension of being inevitably 'cast on the rocks of Scilly, and beat to pieces. And 'now, while some on board were addressing themselves to 'the Supreme Being, and others applying for comfort to 'strong liquors, my whole thoughts were entirely engaged 'by my Amelia. A thousand tender ideas crowded into 'my mind. I can truly say, that I had not a single con-'sideration about myself in which she was not concerned. 'Dying to me was leaving her; and the fear of never 'seeing her more was a dagger stuck in my heart. Again 'all the terrors with which this storm, if it reached her 'ears, must fill her gentle mind on my account, and the 'agonies which she must undergo, when she heard of my

'fate, gave me such intolerable pangs, that I now repented 'my resolution, and wished, I own I wished, that I had 'taken her advice, and preferred love and a cottage to all 'the dazzling charms of honour.

'While I was tormenting myself with those meditations, 'and had concluded myself as certainly lost, the master 'came into the cabin, and with a cheerful voice assured 'us that we had escaped the danger, and that we had 'certainly past to the westward of the rock. This was 'comfortable news to all present; and my captain, who 'had been some time on his knees, leapt suddenly up, 'and testified his joy with a great oath.

'A person unused to the sea would have been astonished 'at the satisfaction which now discovered itself in the 'master or in any on board; for the storm still raged 'with great violence, and the daylight, which now ap- 'peared, presented us with sights of horror sufficient to 'terrify minds which were not absolute slaves to the 'passion of fear: but so great is the force of habit, that 'what inspires a landman with the highest apprehension 'of danger gives not the least concern to a sailor, to whom 'rocks and quicksands are almost the only objects of 'terror.

'The master, however, was a little mistaken in the 'present instance; for he had not left the cabin above an 'hour before my man came running to me, and acquainted 'me that the ship was half full of water; that the sailors 'were going to hoist out the boat and save themselves, 'and begged me to come that moment along with him 'as I tendered my preservation. With this account, 'which was conveyed to me in a whisper, I acquainted 'both the captain and ensign; and we all together im- 'mediately mounted the deck, where we found the master 'making use of all his oratory to persuade the sailors that 'the ship was in no danger; and at the same time em-

'ploying all his authority to set the pumps a-going, which 'he assured them would keep the water under, and save 'his dear Lovely Peggy (for that was the name of the 'ship), which he swore he loved as dearly as his own 'soul.

'Indeed this sufficiently appeared; for the leak was so 'great, and the water flowed in so plentifully, that his 'Lovely Peggy was half filled before he could be brought 'to think of quitting her; but now the boat was brought 'alongside the ship; and the master himself, notwithstand-'ing all his love for her, quitted his ship, and leapt into 'the boat. Every man present attempted to follow his ex-'ample, when I heard the voice of my servant roaring forth 'my name in a kind of agony. I made directly to the ship 'side, but was too late; for the boat, being already over-'laden, put directly off. And now, Madam, I am going 'to relate to you an instance of heroic affection in a poor 'fellow towards his master, to which love itself, even 'among persons of superior education, can produce but 'few similar instances. My poor man being unable to 'get me with him into the boat, leapt suddenly into the 'sea, and swam back to the ship; and when I gently re-'buked him for his rashness, he answered, He chose 'rather to die with me, than to live to carry the account 'of my death to my Amelia; at the same time bursting 'into a flood of tears, he cried, "Good Heavens! what '"will that poor lady feel when she hears of this!" 'This tender concern for my dear love endeared the poor 'fellow more to me, than the gallant instance which he 'had just before given of his affection towards myself.

'And now, Madam, my eyes were shocked with a sight, 'the horror of which can scarce be imagined: for the 'boat had scarce got four hundred yards from the ship, 'when it was swallowed up by the merciless waves, 'which now ran so high, that out of the number of persons

'which were in the boat none recovered the ship; though 'many of them we saw miserably perish before our eyes, 'some of them very near us, without any possibility of 'giving them the least assistance.

'But whatever we felt for them, we felt, I believe, 'more for ourselves, expecting every minute when we 'should share the same fate. Among the rest, one of our 'officers appeared quite stupefied with fear. I never, 'indeed, saw a more miserable example of the great 'power of that passion: I must not, however, omit doing 'him justice, by saying, that I afterwards saw the same 'man behave well in an engagement, in which he was 'wounded. Though there likewise he was said to have 'betrayed the same passion of fear in his countenance.

'The other of our officers was no less stupefied (if I may 'so express myself) with fool-hardiness, and seemed 'almost insensible of his danger. To say the truth, I 'have, from this and some other instances which I have 'seen, been almost inclined to think, that the courage 'as well as cowardice of fools, proceeds from not know-'ing what is or what is not the proper object of fear; 'indeed, we may account for the extreme hardiness of 'some men, in the same manner as for the terrors of 'children at a bugbear. The child knows not but that 'the bugbear is the proper object of fear, the blockhead 'knows not that a cannon ball is so.

'As to the remaining part of the ship's crew, and the 'soldiery, most of them were dead drunk; and the rest 'were endeavouring, as fast as they could, to prepare for 'death in the same manner.

'In this dreadful situation we were taught that no 'human condition should inspire men with absolute 'despair; for as the storm had ceased for some time, 'the swelling of the sea began considerably to abate; 'and we now perceived the man of war, which convoyed

'us, at no great distance astern. Those aboard her easily 'perceived our distress, and made towards us. When 'they came pretty near, they hoisted out two boats to 'our assistance. These no sooner approached the ship, 'than they were instantaneously filled, and I myself 'got a place in one of them, chiefly by the aid of my 'honest servant, on whose fidelity to me on all occa-'sions I cannot speak or think too highly. Indeed, I 'got into the boat so much the more easily, as a great 'number on board the ship were rendered, by drink, 'incapable of taking any care for themselves. There 'was time, however, for the boat to pass and repass; so 'that when we came to call over names, three only, of 'all that remained in the ship, after the loss of her own 'boat, were missing.

'The captain, ensign, and myself were received with 'many congratulations by our officers on board the man 'of war.—The sea officers too, all except the captain, 'paid us their compliments, though these were of the 'rougher kind, and not without several jokes on our 'escape. And as for the captain himself, we scarce 'saw him during many hours; and, when he appeared, 'he presented a view of majesty beyond any that I 'had ever seen. The dignity, which he preserved, did 'indeed give me rather the idea of a Mogul, or a Turkish 'emperor, than of any of the monarchs of Christendom. 'To say the truth, I could resemble his walk on the 'deck to nothing but the image of captain Gulliver 'strutting among the Lilliputians: he seemed to think 'himself a being of an order superior to all around 'him, and more especially to us of the land service. 'Nay, such was the behaviour of all the sea officers 'and sailors to us and our soldiers, that instead of 'appearing to be subjects of the same prince, engaged 'in one quarrel, and joined to support one cause; we

'landmen rather seemed to be captives on board an 'enemy's vessel. This is a grievous misfortune, and 'often proves so fatal to the service, that it is great pity 'some means could not be found of curing it.'

Here Mr. Booth stopt a while, to take breath. We will therefore give the same refreshment to the reader.

CHAPTER V.

The arrival of Booth at Gibraltar, with what there befel him.

'THE adventures,' continued Booth, 'which happened 'to me from this day till my arrival at Gibraltar, are 'not worth recounting to you. After a voyage, the 'remainder of which was tolerably prosperous, we 'arrived in that garrison, the natural strength of which 'is so well known to the whole world.

'About a week after my arrival, it was my fortune 'to be ordered on a sally-party, in which my left leg 'was broke with a musket-ball; and I should most 'certainly have either perished miserably, or must 'have owed my preservation to some of the enemy, 'had not my faithful servant carried me off on his 'shoulders, and afterwards, with the assistance of one 'of his comrades, brought me back into the garrison.

'The agony of my wound was so great, that it threw 'me into a fever, from whence my surgeon apprehended 'much danger. I now began again to feel for my 'Amelia, and for myself on her account; and the dis-'order of my mind, occasioned by such melancholy 'contemplations, very highly aggravated the distemper 'of my body; insomuch that it would probably have

'proved fatal, had it not been for the friendship of one 'captain James, an officer of our regiment, and an old 'acquaintance, who is undoubtedly one of the pleasantest 'companions, and one of the best-natured men in the 'world. This worthy man, who had a head and a heart 'perfectly adequate to every office of friendship, stayed 'with me almost day and night during my illness; and 'by strengthening my hopes, raising my spirits, and 'cheering my thoughts, preserved me from destruction.

'The behaviour of this man alone is a sufficient proof 'of the truth of my doctrine, that all men act entirely 'from their passions; for Bob James can never be sup- 'posed to act from any motive of virtue or religion; 'since he constantly laughs at both: and yet his con- 'duct towards me alone demonstrates a degree of good- 'ness, which, perhaps, few of the votaries of either virtue 'or religion can equal.'

'You need not take much pains,' answered Miss Mat- thews, with a smile, 'to convince me of your doctrine. I 'have been always an advocate for the same. I look 'upon the two words you mention to serve only as 'clokes under which hypocrisy may be the better enabled 'to cheat the world. I have been of that opinion ever 'since I read that charming fellow Mandevil.'

'Pardon me, Madam,' answered Booth, 'I hope you do 'not agree with Mandevil neither, who hath represented 'human nature in a picture of the highest deformity. 'He hath left out of his system the best passion which 'the mind can possess, and attempts to derive the effects 'or energies of that passion from the base impulses of 'pride or fear. Whereas it is as certain that love exists 'in the mind of man, as that its opposite hatred doth; 'and the same reasons will equally prove the existence 'of the one as the existence of the other.'

'I don't know, indeed,' replied the lady, 'I never

'thought much about the matter. This I know, that 'when I read Mandevil, I thought all he said was true; 'and I have been often told, that he proves religion and 'virtue to be only mere names. However, if he denies 'there is any such thing as love, that is most certainly 'wrong.—I am afraid I can give him the lie myself.'

'I will join with you, Madam, in that,' answered Booth, 'at any time.'

'Will you join with me?' answered she, looking eagerly at him—'O Mr. Booth! I know not what I was 'going to say—What—Where did you leave off?—I 'would not interrupt you—but I am impatient to know 'something.'

'What, Madam?' cries Booth. 'If I can give you any satisfaction—'

'No, no,' said she, 'I must hear all, I would not for 'the world break the thread of your story—Besides, I 'am afraid to ask—Pray, pray, Sir, go on.'

'Well, Madam,' cries Booth, 'I think I was mention- 'ing the extraordinary acts of friendship done me by 'captain James; nor can I help taking notice of the 'almost unparalleled fidelity of poor Atkinson (for that 'was my man's name), who was not only constant in the 'assiduity of his attendance, but, during the time of my 'danger, demonstrated a concern for me which I can 'hardly account for, as my prevailing on his captain to 'make him a serjeant was the first favour he ever re- 'ceived at my hands, and this did not happen till I was 'almost perfectly recovered of my broken leg. Poor 'fellow! I shall never forget the extravagant joy his 'halbert gave him; I remember it the more, because it 'was one of the happiest days of my own life; for it was 'upon this day that I received a letter from my dear 'Amelia, after a long silence, acquainting me that she 'was out of all danger from her lying-in.

'I was now once more able to perform my duty; 'when (so unkind was the fortune of war), the second 'time I mounted the guard I received a violent contu- 'sion from the bursting of a bomb. I was felled to the 'ground, where I lay breathless by the blow, till honest 'Atkinson came to my assistance, and conveyed me to 'my room, where a surgeon immediately attended me.

'The injury I had now received was much more 'dangerous in my surgeon's opinion than the former; 'it caused me to spit blood, and was attended with a 'fever, and other bad symptoms; so that very fatal con- 'sequences were apprehended.

'In this situation, the image of my Amelia haunted 'me day and night; and the apprehensions of never 'seeing her more were so intolerable, that I had thoughts 'of resigning my commission, and returning home, weak 'as I was, that I might have, at least, the satisfaction of 'dying in the arms of my love. Captain James, how- 'ever, persisted in dissuading me from any such resolu- 'tion. He told me, my honour was too much concerned, 'attempted to raise my hopes of recovery to the utmost 'of his power; but chiefly he prevailed on me by sug- 'gesting, that, if the worst which I apprehended should 'happen, it was much better for Amelia that she should 'be absent than present in so melancholy an hour. "I '"know," cried he, "the extreme joy which must arise '"in you from meeting again with Amelia, and the com- '"fort of expiring in her arms; but consider what she '"herself must endure upon the dreadful occasion, and '"you would not wish to purchase any happiness at the '"price of so much pain to her." This argument, at 'length, prevailed on me; and it was after many long 'debates resolved that she should not even know my 'present condition till my doom either for life or death 'was absolutely fixed.'

'Oh! Heavens! how great! how generous!' cried Miss Matthews. 'Booth, thou art a noble fellow; and 'I scarce think there is a woman upon earth worthy so 'exalted a passion.'

Booth made a modest answer to the compliment which Miss Matthews had paid him. This drew more civilities from the lady; and these again more acknowledgments. All which we shall pass by, and proceed with our history.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing matters which will please some readers.

'Two months and more had I continued in a state of 'uncertainty, sometimes with more flattering, and some-'times with more alarming symptoms; when one after-'noon poor Atkinson came running into my room, all 'pale and out of breath, and begged me not to be sur-'prised at his news. I asked him eagerly what was the 'matter, and if it was anything concerning Amelia?—— 'I had scarce uttered the dear name, when she herself 'rushed into the room, and ran hastily to me, crying, '"Yes, it is, it is your Amelia herself!"

'There is nothing so difficult to describe, and generally 'so dull when described, as scenes of excessive tender-'ness.'

'Can you think so?' says Miss Matthews; 'surely 'there is nothing so charming!—O! Mr. Booth, our sex 'is d—ned by the want of tenderness in yours—O were 'they all like you—certainly no man was ever your 'equal.'

'Indeed, Madam,' cries Booth, 'you honour me too 'much—But—well—when the first transports of our

'meeting were over, Amelia began gently to chide me 'for having concealed my illness from her; for in three 'letters which I had writ her since the accident had hap- 'pened, there was not the least mention of it, or any 'hint given by which she could possibly conclude I was 'otherwise than in perfect health. And when I had ex- 'cused myself, by assigning the true reason, she cried— '"O Mr. Booth! and do you know so little of your '"Amelia, as to think I could or would survive you! '"would it not be better for one dreadful sight to break '"my heart all at once than to break it by degrees?—O '"Billy! can any thing pay me for the loss of this '"embrace!"——But I ask your pardon—how ridi- 'culous doth my fondness appear in your eyes!'

'How often,' answered she, 'shall I assert the con- 'trary?——What would you have me say, Mr. Booth? 'shall I tell you I envy Mrs. Booth of all the women 'in the world? would you believe me if I did? I 'hope you—What am I saying?——Pray make no 'farther apology, but go on.'

'After a scene,' continued he, 'too tender to be con- 'ceived by many, Amelia informed me, that she had 'received a letter from an unknown hand, acquainting 'her with my misfortune, and advising her, if she ever 'desired to see me more, to come directly to Gibraltar. 'She said, she should not have delayed a moment, after 'receiving this letter, had not the same ship brought 'her one from me written with rather more than usual 'gaiety, and in which there was not the least men- 'tion of my indisposition. This, she said, greatly 'puzzled her and her mother, and the worthy divine 'endeavoured to persuade her to give credit to my letter, 'and to impute the other to a species of wit with which 'the world greatly abounds. This consists entirely in 'doing various kinds of mischief to our fellow-creatures;

'by belying one, deceiving another, exposing a third, 'and drawing in a fourth to expose himself; in short, 'by making some the objects of laughter, others of 'contempt; and indeed not seldom, by subjecting them 'to very great inconveniences, perhaps, to ruin, for the 'sake of a jest.

'Mrs. Harris and the doctor derived the letter from 'this species of wit. Miss Betty, however, was of a 'different opinion, and advised poor Amelia to apply 'to an officer whom the governor had sent over in the 'same ship, by whom the report of my illness was so 'strongly confirmed, that Amelia immediately resolved 'on her voyage.

'I had a great curiosity to know the author of this 'letter; but not the least trace of it could be discovered. 'The only person with whom I lived in any great 'intimacy was captain James; and he, Madam, from 'what I have already told you, you will think to be 'the last person I could suspect; besides, he declared 'upon his honour, that he knew nothing of the matter; 'and no man's honour is, I believe, more sacred. There 'was indeed an ensign of another regiment who knew 'my wife, and who had sometimes visited me in my 'illness; but he was a very unlikely man to interest 'himself much in any affairs which did not concern him; 'and he too declared he knew nothing of it.'

'And did you never discover this secret?' cried Miss Matthews.

'Never to this day,' answered Booth.

'I fancy,' said she, 'I could give a shrewd guess—— 'What so likely as that Mrs. Booth, when you left her, 'should have given her foster-brother orders to send her 'word of whatever befel you? Yet stay—that could 'not be neither; for then she would not have doubted 'whether she should leave dear England on the receipt

'of the letter. No, it must have been by some other 'means!—yet that I own appeared extremely natural 'to me; for, if I had been left by such a husband, I 'think I should have pursued the same method.'

'No, Madam,' cried Booth, 'it must have been con-'veyed by some other channel; for my Amelia, I am 'certain, was entirely ignorant of the manner; and as 'for poor Atkinson, I am convinced he would not have 'ventured to take such a step without acquainting me. 'Besides, the poor fellow had, I believe, such a regard 'for my wife, out of gratitude for the favours she hath 'done his mother, that I make no doubt he was highly 'rejoiced at her absence from my melancholy scene. 'Well, whoever writ it, is a matter very immaterial; 'yet, as it seemed so odd and unaccountable an incident, 'I could not help mentioning it.

'From the time of Amelia's arrival, nothing remark-'able happened till my perfect recovery, unless I should 'observe her remarkable behaviour, so full of care and 'tenderness, that it was perhaps without a parallel.'

'O no, Mr. Booth,' cries the lady—'It is fully equalled, 'I am sure, by your gratitude. There is nothing, I 'believe, so rare as gratitude in your sex, especially in 'husbands. So kind a remembrance is, indeed, more 'than a return to such an obligation; for where is the 'mighty obligation which a woman confers, who, being 'possessed of an inestimable jewel, is so kind to herself 'as to be careful and tender of it? I do not say this 'to lessen your opinion of Mrs. Booth. I have no doubt 'but that she loves you as well as she is capable. But 'I would not have you think so meanly of our sex as 'to imagine there are not a thousand women susceptible 'of true tenderness towards a meritorious man.—— 'Believe me, Mr. Booth, if I had received such an 'account of an accident having happened to such a

'husband, a mother and a parson would not have held 'me a moment. I should have leapt into the first fish-'ing-boat I could have found, and bid defiance to the 'winds and waves.——Oh! there is no true tenderness 'but in a woman of spirit. I would not be understood 'all this while to reflect on Mrs. Booth. I am only 'defending the cause of my sex; for, upon my soul, 'such compliments to a wife are a satire on all the rest 'of womankind.'

'Sure you jest, Miss Matthews,' answered Booth, with a smile; 'however, if you please, I will proceed in 'my story.'

CHAPTER VII.

The captain, continuing his story, recounts some particulars which, we doubt not, to many good people, will appear unnatural.

'I WAS no sooner recovered from my indisposition, than 'Amelia herself fell ill. This, I am afraid, was occasioned 'by the fatigues which I could not prevent her from 'undergoing on my account; for as my disease went 'off with violent sweats, during which the surgeon 'strictly ordered that I should lie by myself, my Amelia 'could not be prevailed upon to spend many hours in 'her own bed. During my restless fits she would some-'times read to me several hours together; indeed, it 'was not without difficulty that she ever quitted my 'bedside. These fatigues, added to the uneasiness of her 'mind, overpowered her weak spirits, and threw her into 'one of the worst disorders that can possibly attend a 'woman. A disorder very common among the ladies,

'and our physicians have not agreed upon its name. 'Some call it the fever on the spirits, some a nervous 'fever, some the vapours, and some the hysterics.'

'O say no more,' cries Miss Matthews; 'I pity you, 'I pity you from my soul. A man had better be plagued 'with all the curses of Egypt than with a vapourish 'wife.'

'Pity me! Madam,' answered Booth, 'pity rather 'that dear creature, who, from her love and care of my 'unworthy self, contracted a distemper, the horrors of 'which are scarce to be imagined. It is, indeed, a sort 'of complication of all diseases together, with almost 'madness added to them. In this situation, the siege 'being at an end, the governor gave me leave to attend 'my wife to Montpelier, the air of which was judged to 'be most likely to restore her to health. Upon this 'occasion she wrote to her mother to desire a remittance, 'and set forth the melancholy condition of her health, 'and her necessity for money, in such terms as would 'have touched any bosom not void of humanity, though 'a stranger to the unhappy sufferer. Her sister answered 'it, and I believe I have a copy of the answer in my 'pocket. I keep it by me as a curiosity, and you would 'think it more so, could I show you my Amelia's letter.' He then searched his pocket-book, and finding the letter among many others, he read it in the following words:

"DEAR SISTER,

"My mamma, being much disordered, hath com-"manded me to tell you, she is both shocked and sur-"prised at your extraordinary request, or, as she chooses "to call it, order for money. You know, my dear, she "says, that your marriage with this red-coat man was "entirely against her consent, and the opinion of all "your family (I am sure I may here include myself in

" that number), and yet, after this fatal act of disobe-
" dience, she was prevailed on to receive you as her
" child; not, however, nor are you so to understand it,
" as the favourite which you was before. She forgave
" you; but this was as a Christian and a parent; still
" preserving in her own mind a just sense of your dis-
" obedience, and a just resentment on that account. And
" yet, notwithstanding this resentment, she desires you
" to remember, that when you a second time ventured
" to oppose her authority, and nothing would serve you
" but taking a ramble (an indecent one, I can't help
" saying) after your fellow, she thought fit to show the
" excess of a mother's tenderness, and furnished you
" with no less than fifty pounds for your foolish voyage.
" How can she then be otherwise than surprised at your
" present demand? which, should she be so weak to
" comply with, she must expect to be every month re-
" peated, in order to supply the extravagance of a young
" rakish officer.—You say she will compassionate your
" sufferings; yes, surely she doth greatly compassionate
" them, and so do I too, though you was neither so kind
" nor so civil as to suppose I should. But I forgive all
" your slights to me, as well now as formerly. Nay,
" I not only forgive, but I pray daily for you.—But,
" dear sister, what could you expect less than what hath
" happened? you should have believed your friends, who
" were wiser and older than you. I do not here mean
" myself, though I own I am eleven months and some
" odd weeks your superior; though, had I been younger,
" I might perhaps have been able to advise you; for
" wisdom, and what some may call beauty, do not
" always go together. You will not be offended at this;
" for I know in your heart you have always held your
" head above some people, whom, perhaps, other people
" have thought better of; but why do I mention what

" I scorn so much? No, my dear sister, Heaven forbid
" it should ever be said of me, that I value myself upon
" my face—not but if I could believe men perhaps—but
" I hate and despise men—you know I do, my dear, and
" I wish you had despised them as much; but *jacta est*
" *alea*, as the doctor says.—You are to make the best of
" your fortune; what fortune I mean my mamma may
" please to give you, for you know all is in her power.
" Let me advise you then to bring your mind to your
" circumstances, and remember (for I can't help writing
" it, as it is for your own good) the vapours are a dis-
" temper which very ill become a knapsack. Remember,
" my dear, what you have done, remember what my
" mamma hath done, remember we have something of
" yours to keep, and do not consider yourself as an only
" child—No, nor as a favourite child; but be pleased to
" remember,

" Dear sister,

" Your most affectionate sister,

" And most obedient humble servant,

" E. HARRIS."

'O brave Miss Betty!' cried Miss Matthews. 'I always
'held her in high esteem; but I protest she exceeds even
'what I could have expected from her.'

'This letter, Madam,' cries Booth, 'you will believe
'was an excellent cordial for my poor wife's spirits. So
'dreadful indeed was the effect it had upon her, that as
'she had read it in my absence, I found her at my return
'home in the most violent fits; and so long was it before
'she recovered her senses, that I despaired of that blest
'event ever happening, and my own senses very nar-

'rowly escaped from being sacrificed to my despair. 'However, she came at last to herself, and I began to 'consider of every means of carrying her immediately 'to Montpelier, which was now become much more 'necessary than before.

'Though I was greatly shocked at the barbarity of the 'letter, yet I apprehended no very ill consequence from 'it; for as it was believed all over the army that I had 'married a great fortune, I had received offers of money, 'if I wanted it, from more than one. Indeed, I might 'have easily carried my wife to Montpelier at any time; 'but she was extremely averse to the voyage, being 'desirous of our returning to England, as I had leave 'to do; and she grew daily so much better, that had it 'not been for the receipt of that cursed—which I have 'just read to you, I am persuaded she might have been 'able to return to England in the next ship.

'Among others, there was a colonel in the garrison, 'who had not only offered but importuned me to receive 'money of him; I now, therefore, repaired to him; and 'as a reason for altering my resolution, I produced the 'letter, and at the same time acquainted him with the 'true state of my affairs. The colonel read the letter, 'shook his head, and after some silence, said, he was 'sorry I had refused to accept his offer before; but that 'he had now so ordered matters, and disposed of his 'money, that he had not a shilling left to spare from 'his own occasions.

'Answers of the same kind I had from several others; 'but not one penny could I borrow of any; for I have 'been since firmly persuaded that the honest colonel was 'not content with denying me himself, but took effectual 'means, by spreading the secret I had so foolishly trusted 'him with, to prevent me from succeeding elsewhere; 'for such is the nature of men, that whoever denies him-

'self to do you a favour, is unwilling that it should be 'done to you by any other.

'This was the first time I had ever felt that distress 'which arises from the want of money; a distress very 'dreadful indeed in a married state; for what can be 'more miserable than to see any thing necessary for 'the preservation of a beloved creature, and not be able 'to supply it?

'Perhaps you may wonder, Madam, that I have not 'mentioned captain James on this occasion; but he was 'at that time laid up at Algiers (whither he had been 'sent by the governor) in a fever. However, he returned 'time enough to supply me, which he did with the utmost 'readiness, on the very first mention of my distress; and 'the good colonel, notwithstanding his having disposed of 'his money, discounted the captain's draft. You see, 'Madam, an instance, in the generous behaviour of my 'friend James, how false are all universal satires against 'human kind. He is indeed one of the worthiest men 'the world ever produced.

'But, perhaps, you will be more pleased still with the 'extravagant generosity of my sergeant. The day before 'the return of Mr. James, the poor fellow came to me, 'with tears in his eyes, and begged I would not be 'offended at what he was going to mention. He then 'pulled a purse from his pocket, which contained, he 'said, the sum of twelve pounds, and which he begged 'me to accept, crying, he was sorry it was not in his 'power to lend me whatever I wanted. I was so struck 'with this instance of generosity and friendship in such 'a person, that I gave him an opportunity of pressing 'me a second time, before I made him an answer. In-'deed, I was greatly surprised how he came to be worth 'that little sum, and no less at his being acquainted with 'my own wants. In both which points he presently

'satisfied me. As to the first, it seems he had plundered 'a Spanish officer of fifteen pistoles; and as to the second, 'he confessed he had it from my wife's maid, who had 'overheard some discourse between her mistress and me. 'Indeed people, I believe, always deceive themselves, 'who imagine they can conceal distressed circumstances 'from their servants; for these are always extremely 'quicksighted on such occasions.'

'Good Heaven!' cries Miss Matthews, 'how astonish-'ing is such behaviour in so low a fellow!'

'I thought so myself,' answered Booth; 'and yet I 'know not, on a more strict examination into the matter, 'why we should be more surprised to see greatness of 'mind discover itself in one degree or rank of life than 'in another. Love, benevolence, or what you will please 'to call it, may be the reigning passion in a beggar as 'well as in a prince; and wherever it is, its energies will 'be the same.

'To confess the truth, I am afraid we often compli-'ment what we call upper life, with too much injustice, 'at the expense of the lower. As it is no rare thing to 'see instances which degrade human nature in persons 'of the highest birth and education, so I apprehend, that 'examples of whatever is really great and good, have 'been sometimes found amongst those who have wanted 'all such advantages. In reality, palaces, I make no 'doubt, do sometimes contain nothing but dreariness and 'darkness, and the sun of righteousness hath shone forth 'with all its glory in a cottage.'

CHAPTER VIII.

The story of Booth continued.

MR. BOOTH thus went on:

'We now took leave of the garrison, and having landed 'at Marseilles, arrived at Montpelier, without any thing 'happening to us worth remembrance, except the extreme 'sea-sickness of poor Amelia; but I was afterwards well 'repaid for the terrors which it occasioned me, by the 'good consequences which attended it; for I believe it 'contributed even more than the air of Montpelier, to 'the perfect re-establishment of her health.'

'I ask your pardon, for interrupting you,' cries Miss Matthews, 'but you never satisfied me whether you took 'the serjeant's money.——You have made me half in 'love with that charming fellow.'

'How can you imagine, Madam,' answered Booth, 'I 'should have taken from a poor fellow what was of so 'little consequence to me, and at the same time of so 'much to him?——Perhaps, now, you will derive this 'from the passion of pride.'

'Indeed,' says she, 'I neither derive it from the 'passion of pride, nor from the passion of folly: but 'methinks you should have accepted the offer, and I 'am convinced you hurt him very much when you re-'fused it. But pray proceed in your story.' Then Booth went on as follows:

'As Amelia recovered her health and spirits daily, we 'began to pass our time very pleasantly at Montpelier; 'for the greatest enemy to the French will acknowledge, 'that they are the best people in the world to live amongst 'for a little while. In some countries it is almost as

'easy to get a good estate as a good acquaintance. In 'England, particularly, acquaintance is of almost as slow 'growth as an oak; so that the age of man scarce suffices 'to bring it to any perfection, and families seldom con- 'tract any great intimacy till the third, or at least the 'second generation. So shy indeed are we English of 'letting a stranger into our houses, that one would 'imagine we regarded all such as thieves. Now the 'French are the very reverse. Being a stranger among 'them entitles you to the better place, and to the greater 'degree of civility; and, if you wear but the appearance 'of a gentleman, they never suspect you are not one. 'Their friendship indeed seldom extends so far as their 'purse; nor is such friendship usual in other countries. 'To say the truth, politeness carries friendship far enough 'in the ordinary occasions of life, and those who want 'this accomplishment, rarely make amends for it by their 'sincerity; for bluntness, or rather rudeness, as it com- 'monly deserves to be called, is not always so much a 'mark of honesty as it is taken to be.

'The day after our arrival we became acquainted with 'Mons. Bagillard. He was a Frenchman of great wit 'and vivacity, with a greater share of learning than 'gentlemen are usually possessed of. As he lodged in 'the same house with us, we were immediately ac- 'quainted, and I liked his conversation so well, that I 'never thought I had too much of his company. Indeed, 'I spent so much of my time with him, that Amelia (I 'know not whether I ought to mention it) grew uneasy at 'our familiarity, and complained of my being too little 'with her, from my violent fondness for my new acquain- 'tance; for, our conversation turning chiefly upon books, 'and principally Latin ones (for we read several of the 'classics together), she could have but little entertain- 'ment by being with us. When my wife had once taken

'it into her head that she was deprived of my company 'by M. Bagillard, it was impossible to change her 'opinion; and though I now spent more of my time with 'her than I had ever done before, she still grew more and 'more dissatisfied, till, at last, she very earnestly desired 'me to quit my lodgings, and insisted upon it with more 'vehemence than I had ever known her express before. 'To say the truth, if that excellent woman could ever be 'thought unreasonable, I thought she was so on this 'occasion.

'But in what light soever her desires appeared to me, 'as they manifestly arose from an affection of which I 'had daily the most endearing proofs, I resolved to 'comply with her, and accordingly removed to a distant 'part of the town; for it is my opinion that we can have 'but little love for the person whom we will never 'indulge in an unreasonable demand. Indeed, I was 'under a difficulty with regard to Mons. Bagillard; 'for, as I could not possibly communicate to him the 'true reason for quitting my lodgings; so I found it as 'difficult to deceive him by a counterfeit one; besides, I 'was apprehensive I should have little less of his company 'than before. I could, indeed, have avoided this dilemma 'by leaving Montpelier; for Amelia had perfectly re-'covered her health; but I had faithfully promised 'captain James to wait his return from Italy, whither he 'was gone some time before from Gibraltar; nor was it 'proper for Amelia to take any long journey, she being 'now near six months gone with child.

'This difficulty, however, proved to be less than I 'had imagined it; for my French friend, whether he 'suspected any thing from my wife's behaviour, though 'she never, as I observed, shewed him the least incivility, 'became suddenly as cold on his side. After our leaving 'the lodgings he never made above two or three formal

'visits; indeed, his time was soon after entirely taken up 'by an intrigue with a certain countess, which blazed all 'over Montpelier.

'We had not been long in our new apartments before 'an English officer arrived at Montpelier, and came to 'lodge in the same house with us. This gentleman, 'whose name was Bath, was of the rank of a major, and 'had so much singularity in his character, that, perhaps, 'you never heard of any like him. He was far from 'having any of those bookish qualifications, which had 'before caused my Amelia's disquiet. It is true, his 'discourse generally turned on matters of no feminine 'kind; war and martial exploits being the ordinary topics 'of his conversation; however, as he had a sister with 'whom Amelia was greatly pleased, an intimacy presently 'grew between us, and we four lived in one family.

'The major was a great dealer in the marvellous, and 'was constantly the little hero of his own tale. This 'made him very entertaining to Amelia, who, of all 'persons in the world, hath the truest taste and 'enjoyment of the ridiculous; for whilst no one sooner 'discovers it in the character of another, no one so well 'conceals her knowledge of it from the ridiculous person. 'I cannot help mentioning a sentiment of hers on this 'head, as I think it doth her great honour. "If I had the '"same neglect," said she, "for ridiculous people with '"the generality of the world, I should rather think '"them the objects of tears than laughter; but, in '"reality, I have known several who, in some parts '"of their characters, have been extremely ridiculous, '"in others have been altogether as amiable. For '"instance," said she, "here is the major, who tells '"us of many things which he has never seen, '"and of others which he has never done, and both '"in the most extravagant excess; and yet how

'"amiable is his behaviour to his poor sister, whom he '"hath not only brought over hither for her health, at '"his own expense, but is come to bear her company." 'I believe, Madam, I repeat her very words; for I am 'very apt to remember what she says.

'You will easily believe, from a circumstance I have 'just mentioned in the major's favour, especially when I 'have told you that his sister was one of the best of girls, 'that it was entirely necessary to hide from her all kind 'of laughter at any part of her brother's behaviour. To 'say the truth, this was easy enough to do; for the poor 'girl was so blinded with love and gratitude, and so 'highly honoured and reverenced her brother, that she 'had not the least suspicion that there was a person in 'the world capable of laughing at him.

'Indeed, I am certain she never made the least dis-'covery of our ridicule; for I am well convinced she 'would have resented it; for besides the love she bore 'her brother, she had a little family pride, which would 'sometimes appear. To say the truth, if she had any 'fault, it was that of vanity, but she was a very good 'girl upon the whole; and none of us are entirely free 'from faults.'

'You are a good-natured fellow, Will,' answered Miss Matthews; 'but vanity is a fault of the first magnitude in 'a woman, and often the occasion of many others.'

To this Booth made no answer; but continued his story.

'In this company we passed two or three months very 'agreeably, till the major and I both betook ourselves to 'our several nurseries; my wife being brought to bed of 'a girl, and Miss Bath confined to her chamber by a 'surfeit, which had like to have occasioned her death.'

Here Miss Matthews burst into a loud laugh, of which, when Booth asked the reason, she said she could not forbear at the thoughts of two such nurses: 'And

'did you really,' says she, 'make your wife's caudle 'yourself?'

'Indeed, Madam,' said he, 'I did; and do you think 'that so extraordinary?'

'Indeed I do,' answered she; 'I thought the best 'husbands had looked on their wives lying-in as a time 'of festival and jollity. What! did you not even get 'drunk in the time of your wife's delivery? tell me 'honestly how you employed yourself at this time.'

'Why, then, honestly,' replied he, 'and in defiance of 'your laughter, I lay behind her bolster, and supported 'her in my arms; and upon my soul, I believe I felt 'more pain in my mind than she underwent in her body. 'And now answer me as honestly: Do you really think 'it a proper time of mirth, when the creature one loves 'to distraction is undergoing the most racking torments, 'as well as in the most imminent danger? and—— 'but I need not express any more tender circum-'stances.'

'I am to answer honestly,' cried she——'Yes, and 'sincerely,' cries Booth—'Why, then, honestly and 'sincerely,' says she, 'may I never see Heaven, if I 'don't think you an angel of a man.'

'Nay, Madam,' answered Booth,—'but, indeed, you 'do me too much honour, there are many such husbands '—Nay, have we not an example of the like tenderness 'in the major? though as to him, I believe, I shall make 'you laugh. While my wife lay in, Miss Bath being ex-'tremely ill, I went one day to the door of her apart-'ment, to inquire after her health, as well as for the 'major, whom I had not seen during a whole week. I 'knocked softly at the door, and being bid to open it, I 'found the major in his sister's antechamber warming 'her posset. His dress was certainly whimsical enough, 'having on a woman's bedgown, and a very dirty flannel

'nightcap, which, being added to a very odd person, (for 'he is a very awkward thin man, near seven feet high) 'might have formed in the opinion of most men, a very 'proper object of laughter. The major started from his 'seat at my entering into the room, and with much emo-'tion, and a great oath, cried out, "Is it you, Sir?" I 'then inquired after his and his sister's health. He 'answered, That his sister was better, and he was very 'well, "though I did not expect, Sir," cried he, with not 'a little confusion, "to be seen by you in this situation." 'I told him, I thought it impossible he could appear in a 'situation more becoming his character. "You do not?" 'answered he. "By G— I am very much obliged to '"you for that opinion; but, I believe, Sir, however my '"weakness may prevail on me to descend from it, no '"man can be more conscious of his own dignity than '"myself." His sister then called to him from an inner 'room; upon which he rang the bell for her servant, and 'then, after a stride or two across the room, he said, with 'an elated aspect, "I would not have you think, Mr. '"Booth, because you have caught me in this deshabille, '"by coming upon me a little too abruptly, I cannot '"help saying a little too abruptly, that I am my sister's '"nurse. I know better what is due to the dignity of a '"man, and I have shewn it in a line of battle.——I '"think I have made a figure there, Mr. Booth, and be-'"coming my character; by G— I ought not to be '"despised too much, if my nature is not totally without '"its weaknesses." He uttered this, and some more of 'the same kind, with great majesty, or, as he called it, 'dignity. Indeed, he used some hard words that I did 'not understand; for all his words are not to be found 'in a dictionary. Upon the whole, I could not easily 'refrain from laughter; however, I conquered myself, 'and soon after retired from him, astonished that it was

'possible for a man to possess true goodness, and be, 'at the same time, ashamed of it.

'But if I was surprised at what had past at this visit, 'how much more was I surprised the next morning, 'when he came very early to my chamber, and told me 'he had not been able to sleep one wink at what had 'past between us! "There were some words of yours," 'says he, "which must be further explained before we '"part. You told me, Sir, when you found me in that '"situation, which I cannot bear to recollect, that you '"thought I could not appear in one more becoming my '"character; these were the words, I shall never forget '"them. Do you imagine that there is any of the '"dignity of a man wanting in my character? do you '"think that I have, during my sister's illness, behaved '"with a weakness that savours too much of effeminacy! '"I know how much it is beneath a man to whine and '"whimper about a trifling girl as well as you, or any '"man; and if my sister had died, I should have be-'"haved like a man on the occasion. I would not have '"you think I confined myself from company merely '"upon her account. I was very much disordered my-'"self. And when you surprised me in that situation, I '"repeat again, in that situation, her nurse had not left '"the room three minutes, and I was blowing the fire '"for fear it should have gone out."—In this manner he 'ran on almost a quarter of an hour, before he would 'suffer me to speak. At last, looking steadfastly in his face, 'I asked him, if I must conclude that he was in earnest? '——"In earnest," says he, repeating my words. "Do '"you then take my character for a jest?"—Lookee, 'Sir, said I, very gravely, I think we know one another 'very well; and I have no reason to suspect you should 'impute it to fear, when I tell you I was so far from in-'tending to affront you that I meant you one of the

'highest compliments. Tenderness for women is so far 'from lessening, that it proves a true manly character. 'The manly Brutus shewed the utmost tenderness to his 'Portia; and the great king of Sweden, the bravest, and 'even fiercest of men, shut himself up three whole days 'in the midst of a campaign, and would see no company 'on the death of a favourite sister. At these words, I 'saw his features soften; and he cried out, "D—n me, I '"admire the king of Sweden of all the men in the '"world; and he is a rascal that is ashamed of doing '"any thing which the king of Sweden did.—And yet if '"any king of Sweden in France was to tell me that his '"sister had more merit than mine, by G— I'd knock '"his brains about his ears. Poor little Betsey! she '"is the honestest, worthiest girl that ever was born. '"Heaven be praised, she is recovered; for, if I had lost '"her, I never should have enjoyed another happy mo-'"ment." In this manner he ran on some time, till the 'tears began to overflow——which, when he perceived, 'he stopt; perhaps he was unable to go on; for he 'seemed almost choked;—after a short silence, how-'ever, having wiped his eyes with his handkerchief, he 'fetched a deep sigh, and cried, "I am ashamed you '"should see this, Mr. Booth; but d—n me, nature will '"get the better of dignity." I now comforted him with 'the example of Xerxes, as I had before done with that 'of the king of Sweden; and soon after we sat down to 'breakfast together with much cordial friendship; for I 'assure you, with all his oddity, there is not a better-'natured man in the world than the major.'

'Good-natured, indeed!' cries Miss Matthews, with great scorn.—'A fool! how can you mention such a 'fellow with commendation?'

Booth spoke as much as he could in defence of his friend; indeed, he had represented him in as favourable a light as

possible, and had particularly left out those hard words, with which, as he hath observed a little before, the major interlarded his discourse. Booth then proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing very extraordinary matters.

'Miss Bath,' continued Booth, 'now recovered so fast, 'that she was abroad as soon as my wife. Our little 'partie quarrée began to grow agreeable again; and we 'mixed with the company of the place more than we had 'done before. Mons. Bagillard now again renewed his 'intimacy, for the countess, his mistress, was gone to 'Paris; at which my wife, at first, shewed no dissatisfac-'tion; and I imagined, that, as she had a friend and com-'panion of her own sex (for Miss Bath and she had con-'tracted the highest fondness for each other) that she 'would the less miss my company. However, I was dis-'appointed in this expectation; for she soon began to 'express her former uneasiness, and her impatience for 'the arrival of captain James, that we might entirely 'quit Montpelier.

'I could not avoid conceiving some little displeasure 'at this humour of my wife, which I was forced to think 'a little unreasonable.'—'A little, do you call it,' says Miss Matthews. 'Good Heavens! what a husband are 'you!'—'How little worthy,' answered he, 'as you will 'say hereafter, of such a wife as my Amelia. One day 'as we were sitting together, I heard a violent scream; 'upon which my wife, starting up, cried out, "Sure '"that's Miss Bath's voice," and immediately ran to-

'wards the chamber whence it proceeded. I followed 'her; and when we arrived, we there beheld the most 'shocking sight imaginable; Miss Bath lying dead on 'the floor, and the major all bloody kneeling by her, and 'roaring out for assistance. Amelia, though she was 'herself in little better condition than her friend, ran 'hastily to her, bared her neck, and attempted to loosen 'her stays, while I ran up and down, scarce knowing 'what I did, calling for water and cordials, and dis-'patching several servants one after another for doctors 'and surgeons.

'Water, cordials, and all necessary implements being 'brought, Miss Bath was, at length, recovered, and 'placed in her chair, when the major seated himself 'by her. And now the young lady being restored to 'life, the major, who, till then, had engaged as little 'of his own, as of any other person's attention, became 'the object of all our considerations, especially his poor 'sister's, who had no sooner recovered sufficient strength 'than she began to lament her brother, crying out, that 'he was killed; and bitterly bewailing her fate, in having 'revived from her swoon to behold so dreadful a spec-'tacle. While Amelia applied herself to soothe the 'agonies of her friend, I began to inquire into the con-'dition of the major, in which I was assisted by a sur-'geon, who now arrived.—The major declared with great 'cheerfulness, that he did not apprehend his wound to 'be in the least dangerous, and therefore begged his 'sister to be comforted, saying, he was convinced the 'surgeon would soon give her the same assurance; but 'that good man was not so liberal of assurances as the 'major had expected; for as soon as he had probed the 'wound, he afforded no more than hopes, declaring that 'it was a very ugly wound; but added, by way of con-'solation, that he had cured many much worse.

'When the major was drest, his sister seemed to pos-
'sess his whole thoughts, and all his care was to relieve
'her grief. He solemnly protested, that it was no more
'than a flesh wound, and not very deep, nor could, as
'he apprehended, be in the least dangerous; and as for
'the cold expressions of the surgeon, he very well ac-
'counted for them from a motive too obvious to be men-
'tioned.—From these declarations of her brother, and
'the interposition of her friends, and, above all, I believe,
'from that vast vent which she had given to her fright,
'Miss Bath seemed a little pacified: Amelia, therefore,
'at last prevailed: and as terror abated, curiosity became
'the superior passion. I therefore now began to inquire
'what had occasioned that accident whence all the uproar
'arose.

'The major took me by the hand, and looking very
'kindly at me, said, "My dear Mr. Booth, I must begin
'"by asking your pardon; for I have done you an
'"injury, for which nothing but the height of friendship
'"in me can be an excuse: and therefore nothing but
'"the height of friendship in you can forgive." This
'preamble, Madam, you will easily believe, greatly
'alarmed all the company, but especially me.——I an-
'swered, "Dear major, I forgive you, let it be what it
'"will; but what is it possible you can have done to
'"injure me?" "That," replied he, "which I am con-
'"vinced a man of your honour and dignity of nature,
'"by G—— must conclude to be one of the highest
'"injuries. I have taken out of your own hands the
'"doing yourself justice. I am afraid I have killed the
'"man who hath injured your honour. I mean that
'"villain Bagillard—but I cannot proceed; for you,
'"Madam," said he to my wife, "are concerned; and I
'"know what is due to the dignity of your sex."—
'Amelia, I observed, turned pale at these words, but

'eagerly begged him to proceed.—"Nay, Madam," an-
'swered he, "if I am commanded by a lady, it is part
'"of my dignity to obey." He then proceeded to tell
'us, that Bagillard had rallied him upon a supposition
'that he was pursuing my wife with a view of gallantry;
'telling him, that he could never succeed; giving hints,
'that, if it had been possible, he should have succeeded
'himself; and ending with calling my poor Amelia
'an accomplished prude; upon which the major gave
'Bagillard a box on the ear, and both immediately drew
'their swords.

'The major had scarce ended his speech, when a
'servant came into the room, and told me there was a
'friar below who desired to speak with me in great
'haste. I shook the major by the hand, and told him I
'not only forgave him, but was extremely obliged to his
'friendship; and then, going to the friar, I found that he
'was Bagillard's confessor, from whom he came to me,
'with an earnest desire of seeing me, that he might ask
'my pardon, and receive my forgiveness before he died,
'for the injury he had intended me. My wife at first
'opposed my going, from some sudden fears on my
'account; but, when she was convinced they were
'groundless, she consented.

'I found Bagillard in his bed; for the major's sword
'had passed up to the very hilt through his body. After
'having very earnestly asked my pardon, he made me
'many compliments on the possession of a woman, who,
'joined to the most exquisite beauty, was mistress of the
'most impregnable virtue; as a proof of which he ac-
'knowledged the vehemence as well as ill success of his
'attempts; and to make Amelia's virtue appear the
'brighter, his vanity was so predominant, he could not
'forbear running over the names of several women of
'fashion who had yielded to his passion, which, he said,

'had never raged so violently for any other as for my 'poor Amelia; and that this violence, which he had 'found wholly unconquerable, he hoped would procure 'his pardon at my hands. It is unnecessary to mention 'what I said on the occasion. I assured him of my 'entire forgiveness; and so we parted. To say the truth, 'I afterwards thought myself almost obliged to him for 'a meeting with Amelia, the most luxuriously delicate 'that can be imagined.

'I now ran to my wife, whom I embraced with rap- 'tures of love and tenderness. When the first torrent of 'these was a little abated, "Confess to me, my dear," 'said she, "could your goodness prevent you from think- '"ing me a little unreasonable in expressing so much '"uneasiness at the loss of your company, while I ought '"to have rejoiced in the thoughts of your being so well '"entertained? I know you must; and then consider '"what I must have felt, while I knew I was daily les- '"sening myself in your esteem, and forced into a con- '"duct, which I was sensible must appear to you, who '"was ignorant of my motive, to be mean, vulgar, and '"selfish. And yet, what other course had I to take, '"with a man whom no denial, no scorn could abash?— '"But if this was a cruel task, how much more wretched '"still was the constraint I was obliged to wear in his '"presence before you, to shew outward civility to the '"man whom my soul detested, for fear of any fatal '"consequence from your suspicion; and this too, while '"I was afraid he would construe it to be an encourage- '"ment?—Do you not pity your poor Amelia when you '"reflect on her situation?"—"Pity," cried I, "my love! '"is pity an adequate expression for esteem, for adoration? '"But how, my love, could he carry this on so secretly— '"by letters?" "O no, he offered me many; but I never '"would receive but one, and that I returned him. Good

'"G— I would not have such a letter in my possession '"for the universe, I thought my eyes contaminated '"with reading it."'—'O brave!' cried Miss Matthews, 'heroic, I protest.

'Had I a wish that did not bear
'The stamp and image of my dear,
'I'd pierce my heart through ev'ry vein,
'And die to let it out again.'

'And can you really,' cried he, 'laugh at so much 'tenderness?' 'I laugh at tenderness! O Mr. Booth!' answered she, 'Thou knowest but little of Calista.' 'I 'thought formerly,' cried he, 'I knew a great deal, and 'thought you, of all women in the world, to have the 'greatest——' 'Of all women! Take care, Mr. Booth,' said she.—'By Heaven! if you thought so, you thought 'truly. But what is the object of my tenderness—such 'an object as——' 'Well, Madam,' says he, 'I hope 'you will find one.'——'I thank you for that hope, how-'ever,' says she, 'cold as it is. But pray go on with 'your story;' which command he immediately obeyed.

CHAPTER X.

Containing a letter of a very curious kind.

'THE major's wound,' continued Booth, 'was really as 'slight as he believed it; so that in a very few days he 'was perfectly well; nor was Bagillard, though run 'through the body, long apprehending to be in any 'danger of his life. The major then took me aside, 'and wishing me heartily joy of Bagillard's recovery, 'told me, I should now, by the gift (as it were) of

'Heaven, have an opportunity of doing myself justice. 'I answered, I could not think of any such thing; for 'that when I imagined he was on his death-bed, I had 'heartily and sincerely forgiven him. "Very right," 'replied the major, "and consistent with your honour, '"when he was on his death-bed; but that forgiveness '"was only conditional, and is revoked by his recovery." 'I told him, I could not possibly revoke it; for that my 'anger was really gone.—"What hath anger," cried he, '"to do with the matter? the dignity of my nature hath '"been always my reason for drawing my sword; and '"when that is concerned, I can as readily fight with '"the man I love, as with the man I hate."—I will not 'tire you with the repetition of the whole argument, in 'which the major did not prevail; and I really believe, I 'sunk a little in his esteem upon that account, till cap-'tain James, who arrived soon after, again perfectly 'reinstated me in his favour.

'When the captain was come, there remained no cause 'of our longer stay at Montpelier; for as to my wife, 'she was in a better state of health than I had ever 'known her; and Miss Bath had not only recovered her 'health, but her bloom, and from a pale skeleton was 'become a plump, handsome young woman. James was 'again my cashier; for, far from receiving any remit-'tance, it was now a long time since I had received any 'letter from England, though both myself and my dear 'Amelia had written several, both to my mother and 'sister; and now, at our departure from Montpelier, I 'bethought myself of writing to my good friend the 'doctor, acquainting him with our journey to Paris, 'whither I desired he would direct his answer.

'At Paris we all arrived, without encountering any 'adventure on the road worth relating; nor did any 'thing of consequence happen here during the first

'fortnight; for, as you know neither captain James 'nor Miss Bath, it is scarce worth telling you, that an 'affection, which afterwards ended in a marriage, began 'now to appear between them, in which it may appear 'odd to you that I made the first discovery of the lady's 'flame, and my wife of the captain's.

'The seventeenth day after our arrival at Paris, I 'received a letter from the doctor, which I have in my 'pocket-book; and, if you please, I will read it you; 'for I would not willingly do any injury to his words.'

The lady, you may easily believe, desired to hear the letter, and Booth read it as follows:

"My dear children,

"For I will now call you so, as you have neither of "you now any other parent in this world. Of this "melancholy news I should have sent you earlier notice, "if I had thought you ignorant of it, or indeed if I had "known whither to have written. If your sister hath "received any letters from you, she hath kept them a "secret, and perhaps out of affection to you hath de- "posited them in the same place where she keeps her "goodness, and, what I am afraid is much dearer to "her, her money. The reports concerning you have "been various; so is always the case in matters where "men are ignorant; for, when no man knows what the "truth is, every man thinks himself at liberty to report "what he pleases. Those who wish you well, son Booth, "say simply that you are dead; others, that you ran "away from the siege, and was cashiered. As for my "daughter, all agree that she is a saint above; and there "is not wanting those who hint that her husband sent "her thither. From this beginning you will expect, "I suppose, better news than I am going to tell you;

" but pray, my dear children, why may not I, who have " always laughed at my own afflictions, laugh at yours, " without the censure of much malevolence? I wish " you could learn this temper from me; for, take my " word for it, nothing truer ever came from the mouth " of a heathen than that sentence,

" —— *Leve fit quod bene fertur onus.**

" And though I must confess I never thought Aristotle " (whom I do not take for so great a blockhead as some " who have never read him) doth not very well resolve " the doubt which he hath raised in his Ethics, viz. How " a man, in the midst of king Priam's misfortunes, can " be called happy? yet I have long thought that there " is no calamity so great, that a Christian philosopher " may not reasonably laugh at it. If the heathen Cicero, " doubting of immortality (for so wise a man must have " doubted of that which had such slender arguments " to support it) could assert it as the office of wisdom, " *Humanas res despicere atque infra se positas arbitrari.*†

" Which passage, with much more to the same pur- " pose, you will find in the third book of his Tusculan " Questions.

" With how much greater confidence may a good " Christian despise, and even deride, all temporary and " short transitory evils? If the poor wretch, who is " trudging on to his miserable cottage, can laugh at " the storms and tempests, the rain and whirlwinds " which surround him, while his richest hope is only " that of rest; how much more cheerfully must a man " pass through such transient evils, whose spirits are " buoyed up with the certain expectation of finding a

* The burthen becomes light by being well borne.

† To look down on all human affairs as matters below his consideration.

" noble palace, and the most sumptuous entertainment " ready to receive him? I do not much like the simile; " but I cannot think of a better. And yet, inadequate as " the simile is, we may, I think, from the actions of man- " kind, conclude, that they will consider it as much too " strong; for in the case I have put of the entertainment, " is there any man so tender or poor spirited as not to " despise, and often to deride, the fiercest of those in- " clemencies which I have mentioned; but in our " journey to the glorious mansions of everlasting bliss, " how severely is every little rub, every trifling acci- " dent lamented; and if fortune showers down any of " her heavier storms upon us, how wretched do we " presently appear to ourselves and to others! The " reason of this can be no other than that we are not " in earnest in our faith; at the best we think, with too " little attention, on this our great concern. While the " most paltry matters of this world, even those pitiful " trifles, those childish gewgaws, riches, and honours, " are transacted with the utmost earnestness, and most " serious application, the grand and weighty affair of " immortality is postponed and disregarded, nor ever " brought into the least competition with our affairs " here. If one of my cloth should begin a dis- " course of Heaven in the scenes of business or plea- " sure, in the Court of Requests, at Garraway's, or at " White's, would he gain a hearing, unless, perhaps, of " some sorry jester who would desire to ridicule him? " would he not presently acquire the name of the mad " parson, and be thought by all men worthy of Bedlam? " or would he not be treated as the Romans treated their " Aretalogi,* and considered in the light of a buffoon?

* A set of beggarly philosophers, who diverted great men at their table with burlesque discourses on virtue.

" but why should I mention those places of hurry and
" worldly pursuit?—What attention do we engage even
" in the pulpit? here, if a sermon be prolonged a little
" beyond the usual hour, doth it not set half the
" audience asleep? as I question not I have by this
" time both my children.—Well then, like a good-
" natured surgeon, who prepares his patient for a pain-
" ful operation, by endeavouring as much as he can
" to deaden his sensation, I will now communicate to
" you, in your slumbering condition, the news with
" which I threatened you. Your good mother, you
" are to know, is dead at last, and hath left her whole
" fortune to her elder daughter.—This is all the ill
" news I have to tell you. Confess now, if you are
" awake, did you not expect it was much worse; did
" not you apprehend that your charming child was
" dead? far from it, he is in perfect health, and the
" admiration of every body; what is more, he will be
" taken care of, with the tenderness of a parent, till
" your return. What pleasure must this give you! if
" indeed any thing can add to the happiness of a married
" couple, who are extremely and deservedly fond of
" each other, and, as you write me, in perfect health.
" A superstitious heathen would have dreaded the malice
" of Nemesis in your situation; but as I am a Christian,
" I shall venture to add another circumstance to your
" felicity, by assuring you that you have, besides your
" wife, a faithful and zealous friend.—Do not, therefore,
" my dear children, fall into that fault which the excel-
" lent Thucydides observes, is too common in human
" nature, to bear heavily the being deprived of the
" smaller good, without conceiving, at the same time,
" any gratitude for the much greater blessings which
" we are suffered to enjoy. I have only farther to tell
" you, my son, that when you call at Mr. Morand's,

" Rue Dauphine, you will find yourself worth a hundred " pounds. Good Heaven! how much richer are you " than millions of people who are in want of nothing! " farewell, and know me for

" Your sincere and affectionate friend."

'There, Madam,' cries Booth, 'how do you like the 'letter?'

'Oh! extremely,' answered she, 'the doctor is a 'charming man; I always loved dearly to hear him 'preach. I remember to have heard of Mrs. Harris's 'death above a year before I left the country; but 'never knew the particulars of her will before. I am 'extremely sorry for it, upon my honour.'

'Oh, fy! Madam,' cries Booth, 'have you so soon 'forgot the chief purport of the doctor's letter?'

'Ay, ay,' cried she, 'these are very pretty things to 'read, I acknowledge; but the loss of fortune is a 'serious matter; and I am sure a man of Mr. Booth's 'understanding must think so.' 'One consideration, I 'must own, Madam,' answered he, 'a good deal baffled 'all the doctor's arguments. This was my concern for 'my little growing family, who must one day feel the 'loss; nor was I so easy upon Amelia's account as upon 'my own, though she herself put on the utmost cheerful-'ness, and stretched her invention to the utmost to com-'fort me.—But sure, Madam, there is something in the 'doctor's letter to admire beyond the philosophy of it; 'what think you of that easy, generous, friendly manner, 'in which he sent me the hundred pounds?'

'Very noble and great indeed,' replied she. 'But 'pray go on with your story; for I long to hear the 'whole.'

CHAPTER XI.

In which Mr. Booth relates his return to England.

'Nothing remarkable, as I remember, happened during 'our stay at Paris, which we left soon after, and came to 'London. Here we rested only two days, and then, 'taking leave of our fellow-travellers, we set out for 'Wiltshire, my wife being so impatient to see the child 'which she had left behind her, that the child she carried 'with her was almost killed with the fatigue of the 'journey.

'We arrived at our inn late in the evening. Amelia, 'though she had no great reason to be pleased with any 'part of her sister's behaviour, resolved to behave to her 'as if nothing wrong had ever happened. She, there-'fore, sent a kind note to her the moment of our arrival, 'giving her her option, whether she would come to us at 'the inn, or whether we should that evening wait on 'her. The servant, after waiting an hour, brought us 'an answer, excusing her from coming to us so late, 'as she was disordered with a cold, and desiring my 'wife by no means to think of venturing out after the 'fatigue of her journey; saying, she would, on that 'account, defer the great pleasure of seeing her till the 'morning, without taking any more notice of your 'humble servant, than if no such person had been in 'the world, though I had very civilly sent my compli-'ments to her. I should not mention this trifle, if it 'was not to shew you the nature of the woman, and 'that it will be a kind of key to her future conduct.

'When the servant returned, the good doctor, who had 'been with us almost all the time of his absence, hurried

'us away to his house, where we presently found a supper 'and a bed prepared for us. My wife was eagerly desirous 'to see her child that night; but the doctor would not 'suffer it; and as he was at nurse at a distant part of the 'town, and the doctor assured her he had seen him in 'perfect health that evening, she suffered herself at last to 'be dissuaded.

'We spent that evening in the most agreeable manner; 'for the doctor's wit and humour, joined to the highest 'cheerfulness and good-nature, made him the most agree-'able companion in the world; and he was now in the 'highest spirits, which he was pleased to place to our 'account. We sat together to a very late hour; for so 'excellent is my wife's constitution, that she declared she 'was scarce sensible of any fatigue from her late journies.

'Amelia slept not a wink all night, and in the morning 'early the doctor accompanied us to the little infant. The 'transports we felt on this occasion were really enchanting, 'nor can any but a fond parent conceive, I am certain, 'the least idea of them. Our imaginations suggested a 'hundred agreeable circumstances, none of which had, 'perhaps, any foundation. We made words and meaning 'out of every sound, and in every feature found out some 'resemblance to my Amelia, as she did to me.

'But I ask your pardon for dwelling on such incidents; 'and will proceed to scenes, which, to most persons, will 'be more entertaining.

'We went hence to pay a visit to Miss Harris, whose 'reception of us was, I think, truly ridiculous; and, as 'you know the lady, I will endeavour to describe it par-'ticularly. At our first arrival we were ushered into a 'parlour, where we were suffered to wait almost an hour. 'At length the lady of the house appeared in deep 'mourning, with a face, if possible, more dismal than her 'dress, in which, however, there was every appearance of

'art. Her features were indeed screwed up to the very 'height of grief. With this face, and in the most solemn 'gait, she approached Amelia, and coldly saluted her. 'After which, she made me a very distant formal courtesy, 'and we all sat down. A short silence now ensued, which 'Miss Harris at length broke, with a deep sigh, and said, '"Sister, here is a great alteration in this place since you '"saw it last; Heaven hath been pleased to take my poor '"mother to itself."—(Here she wiped her eyes, and then 'continued) "I hope I know my duty, and have learned '"a proper resignation to the divine will; but something '"is to be allowed to grief for the best of mothers; for so '"she was to us both; and if at last she made any dis-'"tinction, she must have had her reasons for so doing. '"I am sure I can truly say I never wished, much less '"desired it." The tears now stood in poor Amelia's 'eyes; indeed, she had paid too many already for the 'memory of so unnatural a parent. She answered with 'the sweetness of an angel, that she was far from blaming 'her sister's emotions on so tender an occasion; that she 'heartily joined with her in her grief; for that nothing 'which her mother had done in the latter part of her 'life could efface the remembrance of that tenderness 'which she had formerly shewn her. Her sister 'caught hold of the word efface, and rung the changes 'upon it.—"Efface!" cried she, "O Miss Emily (for '"you must not expect me to repeat names that will be '"for ever odious), I wish indeed every thing could be '"effaced.—Effaced! O that that was possible! we '"might then have still enjoyed my poor mother; for I '"am convinced she never recovered her grief on a '"certain occasion."——Thus she ran on, and after many 'bitter strokes upon her sister, at last directly charged 'her mother's death on my marriage with Amelia. I 'could be silent then no longer. I reminded her of the

'perfect reconciliation between us before my departure, 'and the great fondness which she expressed for me; 'nor could I help saying in very plain terms, that if she 'had ever changed her opinion of me, as I was not con- 'scious of having deserved such a change by my own be- 'haviour, I was well convinced to whose good offices I 'owed it. Guilt hath very quick ears to an accusation. 'Miss Harris immediately answered to the charge. She 'said, such suspicions were no more than she expected; 'that they were of a piece with every other part of my 'conduct, and gave her one consolation, that they served 'to account for her sister Emily's unkindness, as well to 'herself as to her poor deceased mother, and in some 'measure lessened the guilt of it with regard to her, 'since it was not easy to know how far a woman is in 'the power of her husband. My dear Amelia reddened 'at this reflection on me; and begged her sister to name 'any single instance of unkindness or disrespect, in 'which she had ever offended. To this the other 'answered, (I am sure I repeat her words, though I can- 'not mimic either the voice or air with which they were 'spoke)—"Pray, Miss Emily, which is to be the judge, '"yourself or that gentleman? I remember the time '"when I could have trusted to your judgment in any '"affair; but you are now no longer mistress of your- '"self, and are not answerable for your actions. Indeed, '"it is my constant prayer that your actions may not be '"imputed to you.—It was the constant prayer of that '"blessed woman, my dear mother, who is now a saint '"above; a saint whose name I can never mention with- '"out a tear, though I find you can hear it without one. '"—I cannot help observing some concern on so melan- '"choly an occasion; it seems due to decency; but, '"perhaps, (for I always wish to excuse you) you are '"forbid to cry." The idea of being bid or forbid to

'cry, struck so strongly on my fancy, that indignation 'only could have prevented me from laughing. But my 'narrative, I am afraid, begins to grow tedious.—In short, 'after hearing, for near an hour, every malicious insinua-'tion which a fertile genius could invent, we took our 'leave, and separated as persons who would never will-'ingly meet again.

'The next morning, after this interview, Amelia re-'ceived a long letter from Miss Harris; in which, after 'many bitter invectives against me, she excused her 'mother, alleging that she had been driven to do as she 'did, in order to prevent Amelia's ruin, if her fortune 'had fallen into my hands. She likewise very remotely 'hinted that she would be only a trustee for her sister's 'children, and told her, that on one condition only, 'she would consent to live with her as a sister. This 'was, if she could by any means be separated from that 'man, as she was pleased to call me, who had caused so 'much mischief in the family.

'I was so enraged at this usage, that, had not Amelia 'intervened, I believe I should have applied to a magis-'trate for a search-warrant for that picture, which there 'was so much reason to suspect she had stolen; and 'which I am convinced, upon a search, we should have 'found in her possession.'

'Nay, it is possible enough,' cries Miss Matthews; 'for 'I believe there is no wickedness of which the lady is 'not capable.'

'This agreeable letter was succeeded by another of the 'like comfortable kind, which informed me that the com-'pany in which I was, being an additional one raised in 'the beginning of the war, was reduced; so that I was 'now a lieutenant on half-pay.

'Whilst we were meditating on our present situation 'the good doctor came to us. When we related to him

'the manner in which my sister had treated us, he cried 'out, "Poor soul! I pity her heartily;" for this is the 'severest resentment he ever expresses; indeed, I have 'often heard him say, that a wicked soul is the greatest 'object of compassion in the world.'—A sentiment which we shall leave the reader a little time to digest.

CHAPTER XII.

In which Mr. Booth concludes his story.

'The next day the doctor set out for his parsonage which 'was about thirty miles distant, whither Amelia and my-'self accompanied him, and where we stayed with him all 'the time of his residence there, being almost three 'months.

'The situation of the parish under my good friend's 'care is very pleasant. It is placed among meadows, 'washed by a clear trout stream, and flanked on both 'sides with downs. His house, indeed, would not much 'attract the admiration of the virtuoso. He built it him-'self, and it is remarkable only for its plainness; with 'which the furniture so well agrees, that there is no one 'thing in it that may not be absolutely necessary, except 'books, and the prints of Mr. Hogarth, whom he calls a 'moral satirist.

'Nothing, however, can be imagined more agreeable 'than the life that the doctor leads in this homely house, 'which he calls his earthly paradise. All his parishioners, 'whom he treats as his children, regard him as their com-'mon father. Once in a week he constantly visits every 'house in the parish, examines, commends, and rebukes, 'as he finds occasion. This is practised likewise by his

'curate in his absence; and so good an effect is produced 'by this their care, that no quarrels ever proceed either 'to blows or law-suits; no beggar is to be found in the 'whole parish; nor did I ever hear a very profane oath 'all the time I lived in it.

'But to return, from so agreeable a digression, to my 'own affairs, that are much less worth your attention. 'In the midst of all the pleasures I tasted in this sweet 'place, and in the most delightful company, the woman 'and man whom I loved above all things, melancholy re-'flections concerning my unhappy circumstances would 'often steal into my thoughts. My fortune was now re-'duced to less than forty pounds a year; I had already 'two children, and my dear Amelia was again with child.

'One day the doctor found me sitting by myself, and 'employed in melancholy contemplations on this subject. 'He told me he had observed me growing of late very 'serious; that he knew the occasion, and neither won-'dered at, nor blamed me. He then asked me if I had 'any prospect of going again into the army; if not, 'what scheme of life I proposed to myself?

'I told him, that as I had no powerful friends, I could 'have but little expectations in a military way; that I 'was as incapable of thinking of any other scheme, as all 'business required some knowledge or experience, and 'likewise money to set up with; of all which I was 'destitute.

'"You must know then, child," said the doctor, "that '"I have been thinking on this subject as well as you; '"for I can think, I promise you, with a pleasant coun-'"tenance." These were his words. "As to the army, '"perhaps means might be found of getting you another '"commission; but my daughter seems to have a vio-'"lent objection to it; and to be plain, I fancy you '"yourself will find no glory make you amends for your

'"absence from her. And for my part," said he, "I '"never think those men wise, who, for any worldly '"interest, forego the greatest happiness of their lives. '"If I mistake not," says he, "a country life, where '"you could be always together, would make you both '"much happier people."

'I answered, that of all things I preferred it most; 'and I believed Amelia was of the same opinion.

'The doctor, after a little hesitation, proposed to me to 'turn farmer, and offered to let me his parsonage, which 'was then become vacant. He said, it was a farm which 'required but little stock, and that little should not be 'wanting.

'I embraced this offer very eagerly, and with great 'thankfulness, and immediately repaired to Amelia to 'communicate it to her, and to know her sentiments.

'Amelia received the news with the highest transports 'of joy; she said that her greatest fear had always been 'of my entering again into the army. She was so kind 'as to say, that all stations of life were equal to her, 'unless as one afforded her more of my company than 'another. "And as to our children," said she, "let us '"breed them up to an humble fortune, and they will '"be contented with it; for none," added my angel, '"deserves happiness, or indeed, are capable of it, who '"make any particular station a necessary ingredient."

'Thus, Madam, you see me degraded from my former 'rank in life; no longer captain Booth, but farmer Booth 'at your service.

'During my first year's continuance in this new scene 'of life, nothing, I think, remarkable happened; the 'history of one day would, indeed, be the history of 'the whole year.'

'Well, pray then,' said Miss Matthews, 'do let us hear 'the history of that day; I have a strange curiosity to

'know how you could kill your time; and do, if possible, 'find out the very best day you can.'

'If you command me, Madam,' answered Booth, 'you 'must yourself be accountable for the dulness of the 'narrative. Nay, I believe, you have imposed a very 'difficult task on me; for the greatest happiness is 'incapable of description.

'I rose, then, Madam——'

'O, the moment you waked, undoubtedly,' said Miss Matthews.

'Usually,' said he, 'between five and six.'

'I will have no usually,' cried Miss Matthews, 'you 'are confined to a day, and it is to be the best and 'happiest in the year.'

'Nay, Madam,' cries Booth, 'then I must tell you the 'day in which Amelia was brought to bed, after a pain-'ful and dangerous labour; for that I think was the 'happiest day of my life.'

'I protest,' said she, 'you are become farmer Booth, 'indeed. What a happiness have you painted to my 'imagination! you put me in mind of a newspaper, 'where my lady such-a-one is delivered of a son, to 'the great joy of some illustrious family.'

'Why then, I do assure you, Miss Matthews,' cries Booth, 'I scarce know a circumstance that distinguished 'one day from another. The whole was one continued 'series of love, health, and tranquillity. Our lives 'resembled a calm sea.'—

'The dullest of all ideas,' cries the lady.

'I know,' said he, 'it must appear dull in description; 'for who can describe the pleasures which the morning 'air gives to one in perfect health; the flow of spirits 'which springs up from exercise; the delights which 'parents feel from the prattle, and innocent follies of 'their children; the joy with which the tender smile

'of a wife inspires a husband; or lastly, the cheerful, 'solid comfort which a fond couple enjoy in each other's 'conversation.—All these pleasures, and every other of 'which our situation was capable, we tasted in the 'highest degree. Our happiness was, perhaps, too 'great; for fortune seemed to grow envious of it, and 'interposed one of the most cruel accidents that could 'have befallen us, by robbing us of our dear friend the 'doctor.'

'I am sorry for it,' said Miss Matthews. 'He was 'indeed a valuable man, and I never heard of his death 'before.'

'Long may it be before any one hears of it,' cries Booth. 'He is, indeed, dead to us; but will, I hope, 'enjoy many happy years of life. You know, Madam, 'the obligations he had to his patron the earl; indeed, 'it was impossible to be once in his company without 'hearing of them; I am sure you will neither wonder 'that he was chosen to attend the young lord in his 'travels as his tutor, nor that the good man, however 'disagreeable it might be (as in fact it was) to his incli-'nation, should comply with the earnest request of his 'friend and patron.

'By this means I was bereft not only of the best com-'panion in the world, but of the best counsellor; a loss 'of which I have since felt the bitter consequence; for 'no greater advantage, I am convinced, can arrive to a 'young man who hath any degree of understanding, 'than an intimate converse with one of riper years, who 'is not only able to advise, but who knows the manner 'of advising. By this means alone, youth can enjoy the 'benefit of the experience of age, and that at a time of 'life when such experience will be of more service to a 'man, than when he hath lived long enough to acquire it 'of himself.

'From want of my sage counsellor, I now fell into 'many errors. The first of these was in enlarging my 'business, by adding a farm of one hundred a year to 'the parsonage; in renting which I had also as bad a 'bargain as the doctor had before given me a good one. 'The consequence of which was, that whereas, at the end 'of the first year, I was worth upwards of fourscore 'pounds; at the end of the second, I was near half that 'sum worse (as the phrase is) than nothing.

'A second folly I was guilty of, in uniting families 'with the curate of the parish, who had just married, as 'my wife and I thought, a very good sort of a woman. 'We had not, however, lived one month together, before 'I plainly perceived this good sort of a woman had taken 'a great prejudice against my Amelia; for which, if 'I had not known something of the human passions, 'and that high place which envy holds among them, I 'should not have been able to account; for so far was 'my angel from having given her any cause of dis-'like, that she had treated her not only with civility, 'but kindness.

'Besides superiority in beauty, which, I believe, all 'the world would have allowed to Amelia, there was 'another cause of this envy, which I am almost ashamed 'to mention, as it may well be called my greatest folly. 'You are to know then, Madam, that from a boy I had 'been always fond of driving a coach, in which I valued 'myself on having some skill. This, perhaps, was an 'innocent, but I allow it to have been a childish vanity. 'As I had an opportunity, therefore, of buying an old 'coach and harness very cheap (indeed they cost me 'but twelve pounds) and as I considered that the same 'horses which drew my waggons, would likewise draw 'my coach, I resolved on indulging myself in the 'purchase.

'The consequence of setting up this poor old coach 'is inconceivable. Before this, as my wife and myself 'had very little distinguished ourselves from the other 'farmers and their wives, either in our dress, or our way 'of living, they treated us as their equals; but now they 'began to consider us as elevating ourselves into a state 'of superiority, and immediately began to envy, hate, 'and declare war against us. The neighbouring little 'squires too, were uneasy to see a poor renter become 'their equal in a matter in which they placed so much 'dignity; and not doubting but it arose in me from the 'same ostentation, they began to hate me likewise, and 'to turn my equipage into ridicule: asserting that my 'horses, which were as well matched as any in the 'kingdom, were of different colours and sizes: with 'much more of that kind of wit, the only basis of which 'is lying.

'But what will appear more surprising to you, Madam, 'was, that the curate's wife, who being lame, had more 'use of the coach than my Amelia (indeed, she seldom 'went to church in any other manner), was one of my 'bitterest enemies on the occasion. If she had ever any 'dispute with Amelia, which all the sweetness of my 'poor girl could not sometimes avoid, she was sure to 'introduce with a malicious sneer, "Though my husband '"doth not keep a coach, Madam." Nay, she took this 'opportunity to upbraid my wife with the loss of her 'fortune, alleging, that some folks might have had as 'good pretensions to a coach as other folks, and a better 'too, as they brought a better fortune to their husbands, 'but that all people had not the art of making brick 'without straw.

'You will wonder, perhaps, Madam, how I can re-'member such stuff, which, indeed, was a long time only 'matter of amusement to both Amelia and myself; but

'we, at last, experienced the mischievous nature of envy, 'and that it tends rather to produce tragical than comical 'events. My neighbours now began to conspire against 'me. They nicknamed me, in derision, the Squire 'Farmer. Whatever I bought, I was sure to buy dearer, 'and when I sold, I was obliged to sell cheaper than 'any other. In fact, they were all united; and while 'they every day committed trespasses on my lands with 'impunity, if any of my cattle escaped into their fields, I 'was either forced to enter into a law-suit, or to make 'amends fourfold for the damage sustained.

'The consequences of all this could be no other than 'that ruin which ensued. Without tiring you with par- 'ticulars, before the end of four years, I became involved 'in debt near three hundred pounds more than the value 'of all my effects. My landlord seized my stock for 'rent; and to avoid immediate confinement in prison, 'I was forced to leave the country, with all that I 'hold dear in the world, my wife, and my poor little 'family.

'In this condition, I arrived in town five or six days 'ago. I had just taken a lodging in the verge of the 'court, and had writ my dear Amelia word where she 'might find me, when she had settled her affairs in the 'best manner she could. That very evening, as I was 'returning home from a coffee-house, a fray happening 'in the street, I endeavoured to assist the injured party, 'when I was seized by the watch, and after being con- 'fined all night in the round-house, was conveyed in the 'morning before a justice of peace, who committed me 'hither: where I should probably have starved, had I 'not, from your hands, found a most unaccountable pre- 'servation.—And here, give me leave to assure you, my 'dear Miss Matthews, that whatever advantage I may 'have reaped from your misfortune, I sincerely lament

'it; nor would I have purchased any relief to myself at 'the price of seeing you in this dreadful place.'

He spake these last words with great tenderness; for he was a man of consummate good-nature, and had formerly had much affection for this young lady; indeed, more than the generality of people are capable of entertaining for any person whatsoever.

AMELIA.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

Containing very mysterious matter.

Miss Matthews did not in the least fall short of Mr. Booth in expressions of tenderness. Her eyes, the most eloquent orators on such occasions, exerted their utmost force; and at the conclusion of his speech, she cast a look as languishingly sweet as ever Cleopatra gave to Antony. In real fact, this Mr. Booth had been her first love, and had made more impressions on her young heart, which the learned in this branch of philosophy affirm, and perhaps truly, are never to be eradicated.

When Booth had finished his story, a silence ensued of some minutes; an interval which the painter would describe much better than the writer. Some readers may, however, be able to make pretty pertinent conjectures, by what I have said above, especially when they are told that Miss Matthews broke the silence by a sigh, and cried, 'Why is Mr. Booth unwilling to allow 'me the happiness of thinking my misfortunes have been 'of some little advantage to him? sure the happy Amelia 'would not be so selfish to envy me that pleasure. No; 'not if she was as much the fondest as she is the happiest 'of women.' 'Good Heavens! Madam,' said he, 'do 'you call my poor Amelia the happiest of women?' 'Indeed I do,' answered she briskly.—'O Mr. Booth!

'there is a speck of white in her fortune, which, when 'it falls to the lot of a sensible woman, makes her full 'amends for all the crosses which can attend her— 'Perhaps she may not be sensible of it; but if it had 'been my blest fate.—O Mr. Booth! could I have 'thought when we were first acquainted, that the most 'agreeable man in the world had been capable of making 'the kind, the tender, the affectionate husband—the 'happy Amelia, in those days, was unknown; Heaven 'had not then given her a prospect of the happiness it 'intended her—but yet it did intend it her; for sure 'there is a fatality in the affairs of love; and the more 'I reflect on my own life, the more I am convinced of it. 'O Heavens! how a thousand little circumstances crowd 'into my mind. When you first marched into our town, 'you had then the colours in your hand; as you passed 'under the window where I stood, my glove, by accident, 'dropt into the street; you stooped, took up my glove, 'and putting it upon the spike belonging to your colours, 'lifted it up to the window. Upon this a young lady, 'who stood by, said, "So, Miss, the young officer hath '"accepted your challenge." I blushed then, and I 'blush now, when I confess to you, I thought you the 'prettiest young fellow I had ever seen; and, upon my 'soul, I believe you was then the prettiest fellow in the 'world.'—Booth here made a low bow, and cried, 'O 'dear Madam, how ignorant was I of my own happiness!' 'Would you really have thought so?' answered she; 'however, there is some politeness, if there be no sin-'cerity in what you say.' Here the governor of the enchanted castle interrupted them, and entering the room without any ceremony, acquainted the lady and gentleman that it was locking-up time; and addressing Booth by the name of captain, asked him if he would not please to have a bed; adding, that he might have one in the

next room to the lady, but that it would come dear; for that he never let a bed in that room under a guinea, nor could he afford it cheaper to his father.

No answer was made to this proposal; but Miss Matthews, who had already learnt some of the ways of the house, said, she believed Mr. Booth would like to drink a glass of something; upon which the governor immediately trumpeted forth the praises of his rack-punch, and without waiting for any further commands, presently produced a large bowl of that liquor.

The governor, having recommended the goodness of his punch by a hearty draught, began to revive the other matter, saying, that he was just going to bed, and must first lock up.—'But suppose,' said Matthews, with a smile, 'the captain and I should have a mind to sit up 'all night.'—'With all my heart,' said the governor; 'but I expect a consideration for those matters. For 'my part, I don't inquire into what doth not concern 'me; but single and double are two things. If I lock 'up double, I expect half a guinea; and I'm sure the 'captain cannot think that's out of the way—It is but 'the price of a bagnio.'

Miss Matthews's face became the colour of scarlet at those words—However, she mustered up her spirits, and turning to Booth said, 'What say you, captain? for my 'own part, I had never less inclination to sleep; which 'hath the greater charms for you, the punch or the 'pillow?' 'I hope, Madam,' answered Booth, 'you 'have a better opinion of me, than to doubt my pre-'ferring Miss Matthews's conversation to either.' 'I 'assure you,' replied she, 'it is no compliment to you, 'to say I prefer yours to sleep at this time.'

The governor then, having received his fee, departed; and, turning the key, left the gentleman and the lady to themselves.

In imitation of him, we will lock up likewise a scene, which we do not think proper to expose to the eyes of the public. If any over curious readers should be disappointed on this occasion, we will recommmend such readers to the apologies with which certain gay ladies have lately been pleased to oblige the world, where they will possibly find every thing recorded that past at this interval.

But though we decline painting the scene, it is not our intention to conceal from the world the frailty of Mr. Booth, or of his fair partner, who certainly past that evening in a manner inconsistent with the strict rules of virtue and chastity.

To say the truth, we are much more concerned for the behaviour of the gentleman than of the lady, not only for his sake, but for the sake of the best woman in the world, whom we should be sorry to consider as yoked to a man of no worth nor honour.

We desire, therefore, the good-natured and candid reader will be pleased to weigh attentively the several unlucky circumstances which concurred so critically, that fortune seemed to have used her utmost endeavours to ensnare poor Booth's constancy. Let the reader set before his eyes a fine young woman, in a manner, a first love, conferring obligations, and using every art to soften, to allure, to win, and to enflame; let him consider the time and place; let him remember that Mr. Booth was a young fellow, in the highest vigour of life; and lastly, let him add one single circumstance, that the parties were alone together; and then, if he will not acquit the defendant, he must be convicted; for I have nothing more to say in his defence.

CHAPTER II.

The latter part of which we expect will please our reader better than the former.

A WHOLE week did our lady and gentleman live in this criminal conversation, in which the happiness of the former was much more perfect than that of the latter; for though the charms of Miss Matthews, and her excessive endearments, sometimes lulled every thought in the sweet lethargy of pleasure; yet in the intervals of his fits, his virtue alarmed and roused him, and brought the image of poor injured Amelia to haunt and torment him. In fact, if we regard this world only, it is the interest of every man to be either perfectly good, or completely bad. He had better destroy his conscience, than gently wound it. The many bitter reflections, which every bad action costs a mind in which there are any remains of goodness, are not to be compensated by the highest pleasures which such an action can produce.

So it happened to Mr. Booth. Repentance never failed to follow his transgressions; and yet so perverse is our judgment, and so slippery is the descent of vice, when once we are entered into it, the same crime which he now repented of, became a reason for doing that which was to cause his future repentance; and he continued to sin on, because he had begun. His repentance, however, returned still heavier and heavier, till, at last, it flung him into a melancholy, which Miss Matthews plainly perceived, and at which she could not avoid expressing some resentment in obscure hints, and ironical compliments on Amelia's superiority to her whole sex,

who could not cloy a gay young fellow by many years possession. She would then repeat the compliments which others had made to her own beauty—and could not forbear once crying out:—'Upon my soul, my dear 'Billy, I believe the chief disadvantage on my side is in 'superior fondness; for love, in the minds of men, hath 'one quality, at least, of a fever, which is to prefer coldness 'in the object. Confess, dear Will, is there not some-'thing vastly refreshing in the cool air of a prude.'—Booth fetched a deep sigh, and begged her never more to mention Amelia's name.—'O Will,' cries she, 'did that 'request proceed from the motive I could wish, I should 'be the happiest of womankind.'—'You would not sure, 'Madam,' said Booth, 'desire a sacrifice which I must be 'a villain to make to any?'——'Desire!' answered she, 'are there any bounds to the desire of love! have not I 'been sacrificed? hath not my first love been torn 'from my bleeding heart?—I claim a prior right—As 'for sacrifices, I can make them too; and would sacrifice 'the whole world at the least call of my love.'

Here she delivered a letter to Booth, which she had received within an hour, the contents of which were these:

'DEAREST MADAM,

'Those only, who truly know what love is, can have 'any conception of the horrors I felt at hearing of your 'confinement at my arrival in town, which was this 'morning. I immediately sent my lawyer to inquire 'into the particulars, who brought me the agreeable 'news that the man, whose heart's blood ought not 'to be valued at the rate of a single hair of yours, 'is entirely out of all danger, and that you might 'be admitted to bail. I presently ordered him to go 'with two of my tradesmen, who are to be bound in 'any sum for your appearance, if he should be mean

'enough to prosecute you. Though you may expect my 'attorney with you soon, I would not delay sending this, 'as I hope the news will be agreeable to you. My 'chariot will attend at the same time, to carry you 'wherever you please. You may easily guess what a 'violence I have done to myself in not waiting on you 'in person; but I, who know your delicacy, feared it 'might offend, and that you might think me ungenerous 'enough to hope from your distresses an happiness 'which I am resolved to owe to your free gift alone, 'when your good-nature shall induce you to bestow on 'me what no man living can merit. I beg you will 'pardon all the contents of this hasty letter, and do 'me the honour of believing me,

'Dearest Madam,

'Your most passionate admirer,

'And most obedient humble servant,

'DAMON.'

Booth thought he had somewhere before seen the same hand; but in his present hurry of spirits could not recollect whose it was; nor did the lady give him any time for reflection: for he had scarce read the letter when she produced a little bit of paper, and cried out, 'Here, Sir, here are the contents which he 'fears will offend me.' She then put a bank-bill of a hundred pounds into Mr. Booth's hands, and asked him, with a smile, if he did not think she had reason to be offended with so much insolence?

Before Booth could return any answer, the governor arrived, and introduced Mr. Rogers, the attorney, who acquainted the lady, that he had brought her discharge from her confinement, and that a chariot waited at the door to attend her wherever she pleased.

She received the discharge from Mr. Rogers, and said, she was very much obliged to the gentleman who employed him, but that she would not make use of the chariot, as she had no notion of leaving that wretched place in a triumphant manner; in which resolution, when the attorney found her obstinate, he withdrew, as did the governor, with many bows, and as many ladyships.

They were no sooner gone, than Booth asked the lady, Why she would refuse the chariot of a gentleman who had behaved with such excessive respect? She looked earnestly upon him, and cried, 'How unkind is that 'question! do you imagine I would go and leave you in 'such a situation? thou knowest but little of Calista. 'Why, do you think I would accept this hundred pounds 'from a man I dislike, unless it was to be serviceable to 'the man I love? I insist on your taking it as your own, 'and using whatever you want of it.'

Booth protested in the solemnest manner, that he would not touch a shilling of it, saying, he had already received too many obligations at her hands, and more than ever he should be able, he feared, to repay. 'How unkind,' answered she, 'is every word you 'say? why will you mention obligations? love never 'confers any. It doth every thing for its own sake. 'I am not therefore obliged to the man whose passion 'makes him generous; for I feel how inconsiderable 'the whole world would appear to me, if I could 'throw it after my heart.'

Much more of this kind past, she still pressing the bank-note upon him, and he as absolutely refusing, till Booth left the lady to dress herself, and went to walk in the area of the prison.

Miss Matthews now applied to the governor, to know by what means she might procure the captain his liberty. The governor answered, 'As he cannot get bail, it will

'be a difficult matter; and money, to be sure, there must 'be; for people, no doubt, expect to touch on these 'occasions. When prisoners have not wherewithal as 'the law requires to entitle themselves to justice, why 'they must be beholden to other people to give them 'their liberty; and people will not, to be sure, suffer 'others to be beholden to them for nothing, whereof 'there is good reason; for how should we all live if 'it was not for these things!'——'Well, well,' said she, 'and how much will it cost?'——'How much!' answered he,—'How much!—why, let me see.'—Here he hesitated some time, and then answered, That for five guineas he would undertake to procure the captain his discharge. That being the sum which he computed to remain in the lady's pocket; for as to the gentleman's, he had long been acquainted with the emptiness of it.

Miss Matthews, to whom money was as dirt (indeed she may be thought not to have known the value of it) delivered him the bank-bill, and bid him get it changed; for if the whole, says she, will procure him his liberty, he shall have it this evening.

'The whole, Madam,' answered the governor, as soon as he had recovered his breath; for it almost forsook him at the sight of the black word hundred. 'No, no.— 'There might be people indeed—but I am not one of 'those. A hundred! no, nor nothing like it.—As for 'myself, as I said, I will be content with five guineas, 'and I am sure that's little enough. What other people 'will expect, I cannot exactly say.—To be sure his 'worship's clerk will expect to touch pretty handsomely; 'as for his worship himself, he never touches any thing; 'that is, not to speak of: but then the constable will 'expect something, and the watchman must have some-'thing, and the lawyers on both sides, they must have

'their fees for finishing.'—'Well,' said she, 'I leave all 'to you. If it costs me twenty pounds I will have him 'discharged this afternoon.—But you must give his dis- 'charge into my hands, without letting the captain know 'any thing of the matter.'

The governor promised to obey her commands in every particular; nay, he was so very industrious, that, though dinner was just then coming upon the table, at her earnest request, he set out immediately on the purpose, and went, as he said, in pursuit of the lawyer.

All the other company assembled at table as usual, where poor Booth was the only person out of spirits. This was imputed by all present to a wrong cause, nay, Miss Matthews herself either could not, or would not, suspect that there was any thing deeper than the despair of being speedily discharged, that lay heavy on his mind.

However, the mirth of the rest, and a pretty liberal quantity of punch, which he swallowed after dinner (for Miss Matthews had ordered a very large bowl at her own expense, to entertain the good company at her farewell) so far exhilarated his spirits, that, when the young lady and he retired to their tea, he had all the marks of gaiety in his countenance, and his eyes sparkled with good humour.

The gentleman and lady had spent about two hours in tea and conversation, when the governor returned, and privately delivered to the lady the discharge for her friend, and the sum of eighty-two pounds five shillings; the rest having been, he said, disbursed in the business, of which he was ready at any time to render an exact account.

Miss Matthews being again alone with Mr. Booth, she put the discharge into his hands, desiring him to ask her no questions; and adding, 'I think, Sir, we have neither 'of us now any thing more to do at this place.' She

then summoned the governor, and ordered a bill of that day's expense, for long scores were not usual there; and at the same time ordered a hackney-coach, without having yet determined whither she would go, but fully determined she was, wherever she went, to take Mr. Booth with her.

The governor was now approaching with a long roll of paper, when a faint voice was heard to cry out hastily, 'Where is he?'—and presently a female spectre, all pale and breathless, rushed into the room, and fell into Mr. Booth's arms, where she immediately fainted away.

Booth made a shift to support his lovely burthen; though he was himself in a condition very little different from hers. Miss Matthews likewise, who presently recollected the face of Amelia, was struck motionless with the surprise; nay, the governor himself, though not easily moved at sights of horror, stood aghast, and neither offered to speak nor stir.

Happily for Amelia, the governess of the mansion had, out of curiosity, followed her into the room, and was the only useful person present on this occasion; she immediately called for water, and ran to the lady's assistance, fell to loosening her stays, and performed all the offices proper at such a season; which had so good an effect, that Amelia soon recovered the disorder which the violent agitation of her spirits had caused, and found herself alive and awake in her husband's arms.

Some tender caresses, and a soft whisper or two past privately between Booth and his lady; nor was it without great difficulty that poor Amelia put some restraint on her fondness in a place so improper for a tender interview. She now cast her eyes round the room, and fixing them on Miss Matthews, who stood like a statue, she soon recollected her, and addressing her by her name, said, 'Sure, Madam, I cannot be mistaken in those features;

'though meeting you here might almost make me sus-
'pect my memory.'

Miss Matthews's face was now all covered with scarlet. The reader may easily believe she was on no account pleased with Amelia's presence; indeed, she expected from her some of those insults, of which virtuous women are generally so liberal to a frail sister; but she was mistaken, Amelia was not one

> Who thought the nation ne'er would thrive,
> Till all the whores were burnt alive.

Her virtue could support itself with its own intrinsic worth, without borrowing any assistance from the vices of other women; and she considered their natural infirmities as the objects of pity, not of contempt or abhorrence.

When Amelia therefore perceived the visible confusion in Miss Matthews, she presently called to remembrance some stories which she had imperfectly heard; for as she was not naturally attentive to scandal, and had kept very little company since her return to England, she was far from being a mistress of the lady's whole history. However, she had heard enough to impute her confusion to the right cause; she advanced to her, and told her, she was extremely sorry to meet her in such a place, but hoped that no very great misfortune was the occasion of it.

Miss Matthews began, by degrees, to recover her spirits. She answered, with a reserved air, 'I am much
'obliged to you, Madam, for your concern; we are all
'liable to misfortunes in this world. Indeed, I know not
'why I should be much ashamed of being in any place
'where I am in such good company.'

Here Booth interposed. He had before acquainted Amelia in a whisper, that his confinement was at an

end. 'The unfortunate accident, my dear,' said he, 'which brought this young lady to this melancholy 'place, is entirely determined; and she is now as 'absolutely at her liberty as myself.'

Amelia, imputing the extreme coldness and reserve of the lady to the cause already mentioned, advanced still more and more in proportion as she drew back; till the governor, who had withdrawn some time, returned, and acquainted Miss Matthews that her coach was at the door; upon which the company soon separated. Amelia and Booth went together in Amelia's coach, and poor Miss Matthews was obliged to retire alone, after having satisfied the demands of the governor, which in one day only had amounted to a pretty considerable sum; for he, with great dexterity, proportioned the bills to the abilities of his guests.

It may seem, perhaps, wonderful to some readers, that Miss Matthews should have maintained that cold reserve towards Amelia, so as barely to keep within the rules of civility, instead of embracing an opportunity which seemed to offer, of gaining some degree of intimacy with a wife, whose husband she was so fond of; but, besides that, her spirits were entirely disconcerted by so sudden and unexpected a disappointment; and besides the extreme horrors which she conceived at the presence of her rival, there is, I believe, something so outrageously suspicious in the nature of all vice, especially when joined with any great degree of pride, that the eyes of those whom we imagine privy to our failings, are intolerable to us, and we are apt to aggravate their opinions to our disadvantage far beyond the reality.

CHAPTER III.

Containing wise observations of the Author, and other matters.

THERE is nothing more difficult than to lay down any fixed and certain rules for happiness; or indeed to judge with any precision of the happiness of others from the knowledge of external circumstances. There is sometimes a little speck of black in the brightest and gayest colours of fortune, which contaminates and deadens the whole. On the contrary, when all without looks dark and dismal, there is often a secret ray of light within the mind, which turns every thing to real joy and gladness.

I have in the course of my life seen many occasions to make this observation; and Mr. Booth was at present a very pregnant instance of its truth. He was just delivered from a prison, and in the possession of his beloved wife and children; and (which might be imagined greatly to augment his joy) fortune had done all this for him within an hour, without giving him the least warning or reasonable expectation of this strange reverse in his circumstances; and yet it is certain, that there were very few men in the world more seriously miserable than he was at this instant. A deep melancholy seized his mind, and cold damp sweats overspread his person, so that he was scarce animated; and poor Amelia, instead of a fond warm husband, bestowed her caresses on a dull lifeless lump of clay. He endeavoured, however, at first, as much as possible, to conceal what he felt, and attempted, what is the hardest of all tasks, to act the part of a happy man; but he found no supply of spirits to carry on this deceit, and would have probably sunk under his

attempt, had not poor Amelia's simplicity helped him to another fallacy, in which he had much better success.

This worthy woman very plainly perceived the disorder in her husband's mind; and having no doubt of the cause of it, especially when she saw the tears stand in his eyes at the sight of his children, threw her arms round his neck, and embracing him with rapturous fondness, cried out, 'My dear Billy, let nothing make you 'uneasy. Heaven will, I doubt not, provide for us and 'these poor babes. Great fortunes are not necessary to 'happiness. For my own part, I can level my mind 'with any state; and for those poor little things, what-'ever condition of life we breed them to, that will be 'sufficient to maintain them in. How many thousands 'abound in affluence, whose fortunes are much lower 'than ours! for it is not from nature, but from education 'and habit, that our wants are chiefly derived. Make 'yourself easy therefore, my dear love; for you have a 'wife who will think herself happy with you, and endea-'vour to make you so in any situation. Fear nothing, 'Billy, industry will always provide us a wholesome 'meal; and I will take care that neatness and cheerful-'ness shall make it a pleasant one.'

Booth presently took the cue which she had given him. He fixed his eyes on her for a minute with great earnestness and inexpressible tenderness; and then cried, 'O my Amelia, how much are you my superior in every 'perfection! how wise, how great, how noble are your 'sentiments! why can I not imitate what I so much 'admire? why can I not look, with your constancy, on 'those dear little pledges of our loves? All my philo-'sophy is baffled with the thought that my Amelia's 'children are to struggle with a cruel, hard, unfeeling 'world, and to buffet those waves of fortune which have 'overwhelmed their father.—Here I own I want your

'firmness, and am not without an excuse for wanting it; 'for am I not the cruel cause of all your wretchedness? 'have I not stept between you and fortune, and been the 'cursed obstacle to all your greatness and happiness?'

'Say not so, my love,' answered she. 'Great I might 'have been, but never happy with any other man. 'Indeed, dear Billy, I laugh at the fears you formerly 'raised in me; what seemed so terrible at a distance, now 'it approaches nearer, appears to have been a mere 'bugbear—and let this comfort you, that I look on 'myself at this day as the happiest of women; nor have 'I done any thing which I do not rejoice in, and would, 'if I had the gift of prescience, do again.'

Booth was so overcome with this behaviour, that he had no words to answer. To say the truth, it was difficult to find any worthy of the occasion. He threw himself prostrate at her feet, whence poor Amelia was forced to use all her strength as well as entreaties to raise, and place him in his chair.

Such is ever the fortitude of perfect innocence, and such the depression of guilt in minds not utterly abandoned. Booth was naturally of a sanguine temper; nor would any such apprehensions as he mentioned have been sufficient to have restrained his joy at meeting with his Amelia. In fact, a reflection on the injury he had done her was the sole cause of his grief. This it was that enervated his heart, and threw him into agonies, which all that profusion of heroic tenderness, that the most excellent of women intended for his comfort, served only to heighten and aggravate; as the more she rose in his admiration, the more she quickened his sense of his own unworthiness.

After a disagreeable evening, the first of that kind that he had ever past with his Amelia, in which he had the utmost difficulty to force a little cheerfulness, and in

which her spirits were at length overpowered by discerning the oppression on his, they retired to rest, or rather to misery, which need not be described.

The next morning, at breakfast, Booth began to recover a little from his melancholy, and to taste the company of his children. He now first thought of inquiring of Amelia by what means she had discovered the place of his confinement. Amelia, after gently rebuking him for not having himself acquainted her with it, informed him that it was known all over the country, and that she had traced the original of it to her sister; who had spread the news with a malicious joy, and added a circumstance which would have frightened her to death, had not her knowledge of him made her give little credit to it, which was, that he was committed for murder. But though she had discredited this part, she said, the not hearing from him, during several successive posts, made her too apprehensive of the rest: that she got a conveyance therefore for herself and children to Salisbury; from whence the stage-coach had brought them to town, and having deposited the children at his lodging, of which he had sent her an account on his first arrival in town, she took a hack, and came directly to the prison where she heard he was, and where she found him.

Booth excused himself, and with truth, as to his not having writ; for, in fact, he had writ twice from the prison, though he had mentioned nothing of his confinement; but as he sent away his letters after nine at night, the fellow, to whom they were entrusted, had burnt them both for the sake of putting the twopence in his own pocket, or rather in the pocket of the keeper of the next gin-shop.

As to the account which Amelia gave him, it served rather to raise than to satisfy his curiosity. He began to suspect that some person had seen both him and Miss

Matthews together in the prison, and had confounded her case with his; and this the circumstance of murder made the more probable. But who this person should be he could not guess. After giving himself, therefore, some pains in forming conjectures to no purpose, he was forced to rest contented with his ignorance of the real truth.

Two or three days now past without producing anything remarkable; unless it were, that Booth more and more recovered his spirits, and had now almost regained his former degree of cheerfulness, when the following letter arrived, again to torment him:—

'DEAR BILLY,

'To convince you I am the most reasonable of women, 'I have given you up three whole days to the unmolested 'possession of my fortunate rival; I can refrain no longer 'from letting you know that I lodge in Dean-street, not 'far from the church, at the sign of the Pelican and 'Trumpet; where I expect this evening to see you— 'Believe me, I am with more affection than any other 'woman in the world can be,

'My dear Billy,

'Your affectionate, fond, doating

'F. MATTHEWS.

Booth tore the letter with rage, and threw it into the fire; resolving never to visit the lady more, unless it was to pay her the money she had lent him, which he was determined to do the very first opportunity; for it was not at present in his power.

This letter threw him back into his fit of dejection, in which he had not continued long, when a packet from the country brought him the following from his friend Dr. Harrison.

'SIR, *Lyons, January* 21, N.S.

'Though I am now on my return home, I have 'taken up my pen to communicate to you some news 'I have heard from England, which gives me much 'uneasiness, and concerning which I can indeed de- 'liver my sentiments with much more ease this way 'than any other. In my answer to your last, I very 'freely gave you my opinion, in which it was my mis- 'fortune to disapprove of every step you had taken; 'but those were all pardonable errors. Can you be so 'partial to yourself, upon cool and sober reflection, to 'think what I am going to mention is so? I promise 'you, it appears to me a folly of so monstrous a kind, 'that, had I heard it from any but a person of the 'highest honour, I should have rejected it as utterly 'incredible. I hope you already guess what I am about 'to name; since Heaven forbid your conduct should 'afford you any choice of such gross instances of weak- 'ness. In a word, then, you have set up an equipage. 'What shall I invent in your excuse, either to others 'or to myself? In truth, I can find no excuse for you, 'and what is more, I am certain you can find none for 'yourself. I must deal therefore very plainly and 'sincerely with you. Vanity is always contemptible; 'but when joined with dishonesty, it becomes odious and 'detestable. At whose expense are you to support this 'equipage? is it not entirely at the expense of others? 'and will it not finally end in that of your poor wife 'and children? you know you are two years in arrears 'to me. If I could impute this to any extraordinary 'or common accident, I think I should never have men- 'tioned it; but I will not suffer my money to support 'the ridiculous, and, I must say, criminal vanity of any 'one. I expect, therefore, to find, at my return, that

'you have either discharged my whole debt, or your 'equipage. Let me beg you seriously to consider your 'circumstances and condition in life, and to remember 'that your situation will not justify any the least un-'necessary expense. *Simply to be poor*, says my favourite 'Greek historian, *was not held scandalous by the wise 'Athenians, but highly so, to owe that poverty to our own 'indiscretion.* Present my affections to Mrs. Booth, and 'be assured, that I shall not, without great reason, and 'great pain too, ever cease to be,

'Your most faithful friend,

'R. HARRISON.'

Had this letter come at any other time, it would have given Booth the most sensible affliction; but so totally had the affair of Miss Matthews possessed his mind, that, like a man in the most raging fit of the gout, he was scarce capable of any additional torture; nay, he even made an use of this latter epistle, as it served to account to Amelia for that concern which he really felt on another account. The poor deceived lady, therefore, applied herself to give him comfort where he least wanted it. She said, he might easily perceive that the matter had been misrepresented to the doctor, who would not, she was sure, retain the least anger against him when he knew the real truth.

After a short conversation on this subject, in which Booth appeared to be greatly consoled by the arguments of his wife, they parted. He went to take a walk in the Park, and she remained at home, to prepare him his dinner.

He was no sooner departed than his little boy, not quite six years old, said to Amelia, 'La! mamma, what 'is the matter with poor papa, what makes him look

'so as if he was going to cry? he is not half so merry 'as he used to be in the country.' Amelia answered, 'Oh! my dear, your papa is only a little thoughtful, 'he will be merry again soon.'—Then looking fondly on her children, she burst into an agony of tears, and cried, 'Oh Heavens! what have these poor little infants 'done? why will the barbarous world endeavour to 'starve them, by depriving us of our only friend?—Oh! 'my dear, your father is ruined, and we are undone!' —The children presently accompanied their mother's tears, and the daughter cried—'Why, will any body 'hurt poor papa? hath he done any harm to any body?' —'No, my dear child,' said the mother, 'he is the best 'man in the world, and therefore they hate him.' Upon which the boy, who was extremely sensible at his years, answered, 'Nay, mamma, how can that be? have not 'you often told me, that if I was good, every body would 'love me?' 'All good people will,' answered she. 'Why don't they love papa, then?' replied the child, 'for I am sure he is very good.' 'So they do, my dear,' said the mother, 'but there are more bad people in the 'world, and they will hate you for your goodness.' 'Why then bad people,' cries the child, 'are loved by 'more than the good.'—'No matter for that, my dear,' said she, 'the love of one good person is more worth 'having, than that of a thousand wicked ones; nay, if 'there was no such person in the world, still you must 'be a good boy; for there is one in Heaven who will 'love you, and his love is better for you than that of 'all mankind.'

This little dialogue, we are apprehensive, will be read with contempt by many; indeed, we should not have thought it worth while recording, was it not for the excellent example which Amelia here gives to all mothers. This admirable woman never let a day pass without

instructing her children in some lesson of religion and morality. By which means she had, in their tender minds, so strongly annexed the ideas of fear and shame to every idea of evil of which they were susceptible, that it must require great pains and length of habit to separate them. Though she was the tenderest of mothers, she never suffered any symptom of malevolence to shew itself in their most trifling actions without discouragement, without rebuke; and, if it broke forth with any rancour, without punishment. In which she had such success, that not the least marks of pride, envy, malice, or spite discovered itself in any of their little words or deeds.

CHAPTER IV.

In which Amelia appears in no unamiable light.

Amelia, with the assistance of a little girl, who was their only servant, had drest her dinner, and she had likewise drest herself as neat as any lady, who had a regular set of servants, could have done; when Booth returned, and brought with him his friend James, whom he had met with in the Park; and who, as Booth absolutely refused to dine away from his wife, to whom he had promised to return, had invited himself to dine with him. Amelia had none of that paltry pride which possesses so many of her sex, and which disconcerts their tempers, and gives them the air and look of furies, if their husbands bring in an unexpected guest, without giving them timely warning to provide a sacrifice to their own vanity. Amelia received her husband's friend with the utmost complaisance and good humour; she made indeed some apology for the homeliness of her

dinner; but it was politely turned as a compliment to Mr. James's friendship, which could carry him where he was sure of being so ill entertained; and gave not the least hint how magnificently she would have provided, *had she expected the favour of so much good company.* A phrase which is generally meant to contain not only an apology for the lady of the house, but a tacit satire on her guests for their intrusion, and is at least a strong insinuation that they are not welcome.

Amelia failed not to inquire very earnestly after her old friend Mrs. James, formerly Miss Bath, and was very sorry to find that she was not in town. The truth was, as James had married out of a violent liking of, or appetite to, her person, possession had surfeited him, and he was now grown so heartily tired of his wife, that she had very little of his company; she was forced therefore to content herself with being the mistress of a large house and equipage in the country, ten months in the year by herself. The other two he indulged her with the diversions of the town, but then, though they lodged under the same roof, she had little more of her husband's society than if they had been one hundred miles apart. With all this, as she was a woman of calm passions, she made herself contented; for she had never had any violent affection for James; the match was of the prudent kind, and to her advantage; for his fortune, by the death of an uncle, was become very considerable; and she had gained every thing by the bargain but a husband, which her constitution suffered her to be very well satisfied without.

When Amelia, after dinner, retired to her children, James began to talk to his friend concerning his affairs. He advised Booth very earnestly to think of getting again into the army, in which he himself had met with such success, that he had obtained the command of a

regiment, to which his brother-in-law was lieutenant-colonel. These preferments they both owed to the favour of fortune only; for though there was no objection to either of their military characters, yet neither of them had any extraordinary desert; and, if merit in the service was a sufficient recommendation, Booth, who had been twice wounded in the siege, seemed to have the fairest pretensions; but he remained a poor half-pay lieutenant, and the others were, as we have said, one of them a lieutenant-colonel, and the other had a regiment. Such rises we often see in life, without being able to give any satisfactory account of the means, and therefore ascribe them to the good fortune of the person.

Both colonel James and his brother-in-law were members of parliament; for, as the uncle of the former had left him, together with his estate, an almost certain interest in a borough, so he chose to confer this favour on colonel Bath; a circumstance which would have been highly immaterial to mention here, but as it serves to set forth the goodness of James, who endeavoured to make up in kindness to the family, what he wanted in fondness for his wife.

Colonel James then endeavoured all in his power to persuade Booth to think again of a military life, and very kindly offered him his interest towards obtaining him a company in the regiment under his command. Booth must have been a madman, in his present circumstances, to have hesitated one moment at accepting such an offer, and he well knew Amelia, notwithstanding her aversion to the army, was much too wise to make the least scruple of giving her consent. Nor was he, as it appeared afterwards, mistaken in his opinion of his wife's understanding: for she made not the least objection when it was communicated to her, but contented herself with an express stipulation, that wherever he was commanded to go

(for the regiment was now abroad) she would accompany him.

Booth, therefore, accepted his friend's proposal with a profusion of acknowledgments; and it was agreed, that Booth should draw up a memorial of his pretensions, which colonel James undertook to present to some man of power, and to back it with all the force he had.

Nor did the friendship of the colonel stop here. 'You 'will excuse me, dear Booth,' said he, 'if after what you 'have told me' (for he had been very explicit in revealing his affairs to him) 'I suspect you must want money 'at this time. If that be the case, as I am certain it 'must be, I have fifty pieces at your service.' This generosity brought the tears into Booth's eyes; and he at length confest that he had not five guineas in the house; upon which James gave him a bank-bill for twenty pounds, and said, he would give him thirty more the next time he saw him.

Thus did this generous colonel (for generous he really was to the highest degree) restore peace and comfort to this little family; and by this act of beneficence make two of the worthiest people two of the happiest that evening.

Here, reader, give me leave to stop a minute, to lament that so few are to be found of this benign disposition; that, while wantonness, vanity, avarice and ambition are every day rioting and triumphing in the follies and weakness, the ruin and desolation of mankind, scarce one man in a thousand is capable of tasting the happiness of others. Nay, give me leave to wonder that pride, which is constantly struggling, and often imposing on itself to gain some little pre-eminence, should so seldom hint to us the only certain as well as laudable way of setting ourselves above another man, and that is, by becoming his benefactor.

CHAPTER V.

Containing an eulogium upon innocence, and other grave matters.

Booth past that evening, and all the succeeding day, with his Amelia, without the interruption of almost a single thought concerning Miss Matthews, after having determined to go on the Sunday, the only day he could venture without the verge in the present state of his affairs, and pay her what she had advanced for him in the prison. But she had not so long patience; for the third day, while he was sitting with Amelia, a letter was brought to him. As he knew the hand, he immediately put it into his pocket unopened, not without such an alteration in his countenance, that had Amelia, who was then playing with one of the children, cast her eyes towards him, she must have remarked it. This accident, however, luckily gave him time to recover himself; for Amelia was so deeply engaged with the little one, that she did not even remark the delivery of the letter. The maid soon after returned into the room, saying, the chairman desired to know if there was any answer to the letter.—'What letter,' cries Booth.—'The letter I gave 'you just now,' answered the girl.—'Sure,' cries Booth, 'the child is mad, you gave me no letter.'—'Yes, indeed, 'I did, Sir,' said the poor girl. 'Why, then, as sure as 'fate,' cries Booth, 'I threw it into the fire in my reverie; 'why, child, why did you not tell me it was a letter? bid 'the chairman come up,—stay, I will go down myself; 'for he will otherwise dirt the stairs with his feet.'

Amelia was gently chiding the girl for her carelessness, when Booth returned, saying, it was very true that

she had delivered him a letter from colonel James, and that perhaps it might be of consequence. 'However,' says he, 'I will step to the coffee-house, and send him an 'account of this strange accident, which I know he will 'pardon in my present situation.'

Booth was overjoyed at this escape, which poor Amelia's total want of all jealousy and suspicion made it very easy for him to accomplish; but his pleasure was considerably abated, when, upon opening the letter, he found it to contain, mixed with several very strong expressions of love, some pretty warm ones of the upbraiding kind; but what most alarmed him was a hint, that it was in her (Miss Matthews's) power, to make Amelia as miserable as herself. Besides the general knowledge of

——*Furens quid fœmina possit,*

he had more particular reasons to apprehend the rage of a lady, who had given so strong an instance how far she could carry her revenge. She had already sent a chairman to his lodgings, with a positive command not to return without an answer to her letter. This might of itself have possibly occasioned a discovery; and he thought he had great reason to fear, that if she did not carry matters so far as purposely and avowedly to reveal the secret to Amelia, her indiscretion would at least effect the discovery of that which he would at any price have concealed. Under these terrors he might, I believe, be considered as the most wretched of human beings.

O innocence, how glorious and happy a portion art thou to the breast that possesses thee! thou fearest neither the eyes nor the tongues of men. Truth, the most powerful of all things, is thy strongest friend; and the brighter the light is in which thou art displayed, the more it discovers thy transcendent beauties. Guilt,

on the contrary, like a base thief, suspects every eye that beholds him to be privy to his transgressions, and every tongue that mentions his name to be proclaiming them. Fraud and falsehood are his weak and treacherous allies; and he lurks trembling in the dark, dreading every ray of light, lest it should discover him, and give him up to shame and punishment.

While Booth was walking in the Park with all these horrors in his mind, he again met his friend colonel James, who soon took notice of that deep concern which the other was incapable of hiding. After some little conversation, Booth said, 'My dear colonel, I am sure I 'must be the most insensible of men, if I did not look on 'you as the best and the truest friend; I will, therefore, 'without scruple, repose a confidence in you of the 'highest kind. I have often made you privy to my 'necessities, I will now acquaint you with my shame, 'provided you have leisure enough to give me a hearing: 'for I must open to you a long history, since I will not 'reveal my fault, without informing you, at the same 'time, of those circumstances which, I hope, will in some 'measure excuse it.'

The colonel very readily agreed to give his friend a patient hearing. So they walked directly to a coffee-house at the corner of Spring-Garden, where, being in a room by themselves, Booth opened his whole heart, and acquainted the colonel with his amour with Miss Matthews, from the very beginning to his receiving that letter which had caused all his present uneasiness, and which he now delivered into his friend's hands.

The colonel read the letter very attentively twice over (he was silent indeed long enough to have read it oftener); and then, turning to Booth, said, 'Well, Sir; and is it so 'grievous a calamity to be the object of a young lady's 'affection; especially of one whom you allow to be so

'extremely handsome?' 'Nay, but my dear friend,' cries Booth, 'do not jest with me; you who know my 'Amelia.' 'Well, my dear friend,' answered James, 'and you know Amelia, and this lady too—But what 'would you have me do for you?' 'I would have you 'give me your advice,' says Booth, 'by what method I 'shall get rid of this dreadful woman without a dis-'covery.' 'And do you really,' cries the other, 'desire 'to get rid of her?' 'Can you doubt it,' saith Booth, 'after what I have communicated to you, and after what 'you yourself have seen in my family? for I hope not-'withstanding this fatal slip, I do not appear to you in 'the light of a profligate.' 'Well,' answered James, 'and whatever light I may appear to you in, if you are 'really tired of the lady, and if she be really what you 'have represented her, I'll endeavour to take her off your 'hands; but I insist upon it, that you do not deceive me 'in any particular.' Booth protested in the most solemn manner, that every word which he had spoken was strictly true; and being asked whether he would give his honour never more to visit the lady, he assured James that he never would. He then, at his friend's request, delivered him Miss Matthews's letter, in which was a second direction to her lodgings, and declared to him, that if he could bring him safely out of this terrible affair, he should think himself to have a still higher obligation to his friendship than any which he had already received from it.

Booth pressed the colonel to go home with him to dinner; but he excused himself, being, as he said, already engaged. However, he undertook in the afternoon to do all in his power that Booth should receive no more alarms from the quarter of Miss Matthews, whom the colonel undertook to pay all the demands she had on his friend. They then separated. The colonel went to

dinner at the King's-Arms, and Booth returned in high spirits to meet his Amelia.

The next day, early in the morning, the colonel came to the coffee-house, and sent for his friend, who lodged but at a little distance. The colonel told him he had a little exaggerated the lady's beauty; however, he said, he excused that: 'For you might think, perhaps,' cries he, 'that your inconstancy to the finest woman in the 'world might want some excuse. Be that as it will,' said he, 'you may make yourself easy, as it will be, I 'am convinced, your own fault, if you have ever any 'further molestation from Miss Matthews.'

Booth poured forth very warmly a great profusion of gratitude on this occasion; and nothing more anywise material past at this interview, which was very short, the colonel being in a great hurry, as he had, he said, some business of very great importance to transact that morning.

The colonel had now seen Booth twice without remembering to give him the thirty pounds. This the latter imputed entirely to forgetfulness; for he had always found the promises of the former to be equal in value with the notes or bonds of other people. He was more surprised at what happened the next day, when meeting his friend in the Park, he received only a cold salute from him; and though he past him five or six times, and the colonel was walking with a single officer of no great rank, and with whom he seemed in no earnest conversation, yet could not Booth, who was alone, obtain any further notice from him.

This gave the poor man some alarm; though he could scarce persuade himself there was any design in all this coldness or forgetfulness. Once he imagined that he had lessened himself in the colonel's opinion by having discovered his inconstancy to Amelia; but the known

character of the other presently cured him of this suspicion, for he was a perfect libertine with regard to women; that being indeed the principal blemish in his character, which otherwise might have deserved much commendation for good nature, generosity, and friendship. But he carried this one to a most unpardonable height; and made no scruple of openly declaring, that if he ever liked a woman well enough to be uneasy on her account, he would cure himself, if he could, by enjoying her, whatever might be the consequence.

Booth could not therefore be persuaded that the colonel would so highly resent in another a fault, of which he was himself most notoriously guilty. After much consideration, he could derive this behaviour from nothing better than a capriciousness in his friend's temper, from a kind of inconstancy of mind, which makes men grow weary of their friends, with no more reason than they often are of their mistresses. To say the truth, there are jilts in friendship as well as in love; and by the behaviour of some men in both, one would almost imagine that they industriously sought to gain the affections of others, with a view only of making the parties miserable.

This was the consequence of the colonel's behaviour to Booth. Former calamities had afflicted him, but this almost distracted him; and the more so, as he was not able well to account for such conduct, nor to conceive the reason of it.

Amelia, at his return, presently perceived the disturbance in his mind, though he endeavoured with his utmost power to hide it; and he was at length prevailed upon by her entreaties to discover to her the cause of it; which she no sooner heard, than she applied as judicious a remedy to his disordered spirits, as either of those great mental physicians, Tully or Aristotle, could have thought of. She used many arguments to persuade him that he

was in an error; and had mistaken forgetfulness and carelessness for a designed neglect.

But as this physic was only eventually good, and as its efficacy depended on her being in the right, a point in which she was not apt to be too positive, she thought fit to add some consolation of a more certain and positive kind. 'Admit,' said she, 'my dear, that Mr. James 'should prove the unaccountable person you have sus-'pected, and should, without being able to allege any 'cause, withdraw his friendship from you (for surely the 'accident of burning his letter is too trifling and ridiculous 'to mention), why should this grieve you? the obligations 'he hath conferred on you, I allow, ought to make his 'misfortunes almost your own; but they should not, I 'think, make you see his faults so very sensibly, especially 'when, by one of the greatest faults in the world com-'mitted against yourself, he hath considerably lessened 'all obligations; for sure, if the same person who hath 'contributed to my happiness at one time, doth every 'thing in his power maliciously and wantonly to make 'me miserable at another, I am very little obliged to such 'a person. And let it be a comfort to my dear Billy, 'that, however other friends may prove false and fickle 'to him, he hath one friend, whom no inconstancy of her 'own, nor any change of his fortune, nor time, nor age, 'nor sickness, nor any accident, can ever alter; but who 'will esteem, will love, and doat on him for ever.' So saying, she flung her snowy arms about his neck, and gave him a caress so tender, that it seemed almost to balance all the malice of his fate.

And, indeed, the behaviour of Amelia would have made him completely happy, in defiance of all adverse circumstances, had it not been for those bitter ingredients which he himself had thrown into his cup: and which prevented him from truly relishing his Amelia's sweet-

ness, by cruelly reminding him how unworthy he was of this excellent creature.

Booth did not long remain in the dark as to the conduct of James, which, at first, appeared to him to be so great a mystery; for this very afternoon he received a letter from Miss Matthews, which unravelled the whole affair. By this letter, which was full of bitterness and upbraiding, he discovered that James was his rival with that lady, and was, indeed, the identical person who had sent the hundred pound note to Miss Matthews, when in the prison. He had reason to believe likewise, as well by the letter as by other circumstances, that James had hitherto been an unsuccessful lover; for the lady, though she had forfeited all title to virtue, had not yet so far forfeited all pretensions to delicacy, as to be, like the dirt in the street, indifferently common to all. She distributed her favours only to those she liked, in which number that gentleman had not the happiness of being included.

When Booth had made this discovery, he was not so little versed in human nature, as any longer to hesitate at the true motive to the colonel's conduct; for he well knew how odious a sight a happy rival is to an unfortunate lover. I believe he was, in reality, glad to assign the cold treatment he had received from his friend, to a cause, which, however unjustifiable, is at the same time highly natural; and to acquit him of a levity, fickleness, and caprice, which he must have been unwillingly obliged to have seen in a much worse light.

He now resolved to take the first opportunity of accosting the colonel, and of coming to a perfect explanation upon the whole matter. He debated likewise with himself, whether he should not throw himself at Amelia's feet, and confess a crime to her, which he found so little hopes of concealing, and which he foresaw would occasion him so many difficulties and terrors to endeavour to con-

ceal. Happy had it been for him, had he wisely pursued this step; since, in all probability, he would have received immediate forgiveness from the best of women; but he had not sufficient resolution: or, to speak perhaps more truly, he had too much pride to confess his guilt, and preferred the danger of the highest inconveniences to the certainty of being put to the blush.

CHAPTER VI.

In which may appear, that violence is sometimes done to the name of love.

When that happy day came, in which unhallowed hands are forbidden to contaminate the shoulders of the unfortunate, Booth went early to the colonel's house, and being admitted to his presence, began with great freedom, though with great gentleness, to complain of his not having dealt with him with more openness. 'Why, 'my dear colonel,' said he, 'would you not acquaint me 'with that secret which this letter hath disclosed?' James read the letter, at which his countenance changed more than once; and then, after a short silence, said, 'Mr. Booth, I have been to blame, I own it; and you 'upbraid me with justice. The true reason was, that I 'was ashamed of my own folly. D—n me, Booth, if I 'have not been a most consummate fool, a very dupe to 'this woman; and she hath a particular pleasure in 'making me so. I know what the impertinence of 'virtue is, and I can submit to it; but to be treated 'thus by a whore—You must forgive me, dear Booth, 'but your success was a kind of triumph over me, 'which I could not bear. I own, I have not the least

'reason to conceive any anger against you; and yet, 'curse me if I should not have been less displeased at 'your lying with my own wife; nay, I could almost 'have parted with half my fortune to you more wil- 'lingly, than have suffered you to receive that trifle of 'my money, which you received at her hands. How- 'ever, I ask your pardon, and I promise you, I will 'never more think of you with the least ill-will, on the 'account of this woman; but as for her, d—n me, if I 'do not enjoy her by some means or other, whatever it 'costs me; for I am already above two hundred pounds 'out of pocket, without having scarce had a smile in 'return.'

Booth expressed much astonishment at this declaration; he said he could not conceive how it was possible to have such an affection for a woman, who did not shew the least inclination to return it. James gave her a hearty curse, and said, 'Pox of her inclination; I want only 'the possession of her person; and that you will allow 'is a very fine one. But, besides my passion for her, 'she hath now piqued my pride; for how can a man of 'my fortune brook being refused by a whore?' 'Since 'you are so set on the business,' cries Booth, 'you will 'excuse my saying so; I fancy you had better change 'your method of applying to her; for, as she is, perhaps, 'the vainest woman upon earth, your bounty may pro- 'bably do you little service; nay, may rather actually 'disoblige her. Vanity is plainly her predominant pas- 'sion, and if you will administer to that, it will infallibly 'throw her into your arms. To this I attribute my own 'unfortunate success. Whilst she relieved my wants 'and distresses, she was daily feeding her own vanity; 'whereas, as every gift of yours asserted your supe- 'riority, it rather offended than pleased her. Indeed, 'women generally love to be of the obliging side; and

'if we examine their favourites, we shall find them to be 'much oftener such as they have conferred obligations on, 'than such as they have received them from.'

There was something in this speech which pleased the colonel; and he said with a smile, 'I don't know how it 'is, Will; but you know women better than I.' 'Per- 'haps, colonel,' answered Booth, 'I have studied their 'minds more.' 'I don't, however, much envy you your 'knowledge,' replied the other; 'for I never think their 'minds worth considering. However, I hope I shall 'profit a little by your experience with Miss Matthews. 'Damnation seize the proud insolent harlot! the devil 'take me, if I don't love her more than I ever loved a 'woman.'

The rest of their conversation turned on Booth's affairs. The colonel again reassumed the part of a friend, gave him the remainder of the money, and promised to take the first opportunity of laying his memorial before a great man.

Booth was greatly overjoyed at this success. Nothing now lay on his mind, but to conceal his frailty from Amelia, to whom he was afraid Miss Matthews, in the rage of her resentment, would communicate it. This apprehension made him stay almost constantly at home; and he trembled at every knock at the door. His fear, moreover, betrayed him into a meanness which he would have heartily despised on any other occasion. This was to order the maid to deliver him any letter directed to Amelia; at the same time strictly charging her not to acquaint her mistress with her having received any such orders.

A servant of any acuteness would have formed strange conjectures from such an injunction; but this poor girl was of perfect simplicity; so great indeed was her simplicity, that had not Amelia been void of all suspicion of

her husband, the maid would have soon after betrayed her master.

One afternoon, while they were drinking tea, little Betty, so was the maid called, came into the room; and calling her master forth, delivered him a card which was directed to Amelia. Booth having read the card, on his return into the room chid the girl for calling him, saying, 'If you can read, child, you must see it was directed to 'your mistress.'—To this the girl answered pertly enough, 'I am sure, Sir, you ordered me to bring every letter first 'to you.' This hint, with many women, would have been sufficient to have blown up the whole affair; but Amelia, who heard what the girl said, through the medium of love and confidence, saw the matter in a much better light than it deserved; and, looking tenderly on her husband, said, 'Indeed, my love, I must blame you for 'a conduct, which, perhaps, I ought rather to praise, as 'it proceeds only from the extreme tenderness of your 'affection. But why will you endeavonr to keep any 'secrets from me? believe me, for my own sake, you 'ought not; for, as you cannot hide the consequences, 'you make me always suspect ten times worse than the 'reality. While I have you and my children well before 'my eyes, I am capable of facing any news which can 'arrive; for what ill news can come (unless indeed it 'concerns my little babe in the country) which doth not 'relate to the badness of our circumstances? and those, 'I thank Heaven, we have now a fair prospect of re-'trieving. Besides, dear Billy, though my understand-'ing be much inferior to yours, I have sometimes had the 'happiness of luckily hitting on some argument which 'hath afforded you comfort. This you know, my dear, 'was the case with regard to colonel James, whom I 'persuaded you to think you had mistaken, and you see 'the event proved me in the right.' So happily, both for

herself and Mr. Booth, did the excellence of this good woman's disposition deceive her, and force her to see every thing in the most advantageous light to her husband.

The card being now inspected, was found to contain the compliments of Mrs. James to Mrs. Booth, with an account of her being arrived in town, and having brought with her a very great cold. Amelia was overjoyed at the news of her arrival; and having drest herself in the utmost hurry, left her children to the care of her husband, and ran away to pay her respects to her friend, whom she loved with a most sincere affection. But how was she disappointed, when, eager with the utmost impatience, and exulting with the thoughts of presently seeing her beloved friend, she was answered at the door that the lady was not at home! nor could she, upon telling her name, obtain any admission. This, considering the account she had received of the lady's cold, greatly surprised her; and she returned home very much vexed at her disappointment.

Amelia, who had no suspicion that Mrs. James was really at home, and, as the phrase is, was denied, would have made a second visit the next morning, had she not been prevented by a cold, which she herself now got, and which was attended with a slight fever. This confined her several days to her house, during which Booth officiated as her nurse, and never stirred from her.

In all this time she heard not a word from Mrs. James, which gave her some uneasiness, but more astonishment. The tenth day, when she was perfectly recovered, about nine in the evening, when she and her husband were just going to supper, she heard a most violent thundering at the door, and presently, after, a rustling of silk upon the staircase, at the same time a female voice cried out pretty loud—'Bless me! what! am I to climb up another pair of

'stairs?' upon which Amelia, who well knew the voice, presently ran to the door, and ushered in Mrs. James most splendidly dressed; who put on as formal a countenance, and made as formal a courtesy to her old friend, as if she had been her very distant acquaintance.

Poor Amelia, who was going to rush into her friend's arms, was struck motionless by this behaviour; but recollecting her spirits, as she had an excellent presence of mind, she presently understood what the lady meant, and resolved to treat her in her own way. Down therefore the company sat, and silence prevailed for some time, during which Mrs. James surveyed the room with more attention than she would have bestowed on one much finer. At length the conversation began, in which the weather and the diversions of the town were well canvassed. Amelia, who was a woman of great humour, performed her part to admiration; so that a bystander would have doubted, in every other article than dress, which of the two was the most accomplished fine lady.

After a visit of twenty minutes, during which not a word of any former occurrences was mentioned, nor indeed any subject of discourse started, except only those two above-mentioned, Mrs. James rose from her chair, and retired in the same formal manner in which she had approached. We will pursue her for the sake of the contrast, during the rest of the evening. She went from Amelia directly to a rout, where she spent two hours in a crowd of company, talked again and again over the diversions and news of the town, played two rubbers at whist, and then retired to her own apartment, where, having passed another hour in undressing herself, she went to her own bed.

Booth and his wife, the moment their companion was gone, sat down to supper on a piece of cold meat, the remains of their dinner. After which, over a pint of

wine, they entertained themselves for a while with the ridiculous behaviour of their visitant. But Amelia declaring she rather saw her as the object of pity than anger, turned the discourse to pleasanter topics. The little actions of their children, the former scenes and future prospects of their life, furnished them with many pleasant ideas; and the contemplation of Amelia's recovery threw Booth into raptures. At length they retired, happy in each other.

It is possible some readers may be no less surprised at the behaviour of Mrs. James, than was Amelia herself, since they may have perhaps received so favourable an impression of that lady from the account given of her by Mr. Booth, that her present demeanour may seem unnatural and inconsistent with her former character. But they will be pleased to consider the great alteration in her circumstances, from a state of dependency on a brother, who was himself no better than a soldier of fortune, to that of being wife to a man of a very large estate, and considerable rank in life. And what was her present behaviour more than that of a fine lady, who considered form and show as essential ingredients of human happiness, and imagined all friendship to consist in ceremony, courtesies, messages, and visits? in which opinion, she hath the honour to think with much the larger part of one sex, and no small number of the other.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing a very extraordinary and pleasing incident.

THE next evening, Booth and Amelia went to walk in the Park with their children. They were now on the

verge of the Parade, and Booth was describing to his wife the several buildings round it; when, on a sudden, Amelia, missing her little boy, cried out, 'Where's little 'Billy?' Upon which, Booth casting his eyes over the grass, saw a foot-soldier shaking the boy at a little distance. At this sight, without making any answer to his wife, he leapt over the rails, and running directly up to the fellow, who had a firelock with a bayonet fixed in his hand, he seized him by the collar, and tript up his heels, and, at the same time, wrested his arms from him. A serjeant upon duty, seeing the affray at some distance, ran presently up, and being told what had happened, gave the sentinel a hearty curse, and told him he deserved to be hanged. A by-stander gave this information; for Booth was returned with his little boy to meet Amelia, who staggered towards him as fast as she could, all pale and breathless, and scarce able to support her tottering limbs. The serjeant now came up to Booth, to make an apology for the behaviour of the soldier, when, of a sudden, he turned almost as pale as Amelia herself. He stood silent whilst Booth was employed in comforting and recovering his wife; and then addressing himself to him, said, 'Bless me! lieutenant, could I 'imagine it had been your honour; and was it my little 'master that the rascal used so—I am glad I did not 'know it, for I should certainly have run my halbert 'into him.'

Booth presently recognised his old faithful servant Atkinson, and gave him a hearty greeting; saying, He was very glad to see him in his present situation. 'What-'ever I am,' answered the serjeant, 'I shall always think 'I owe it to your honour.' Then taking the little boy by the hand—he cried, 'What a vast fine young gentleman 'master is grown!' and cursing the soldier's inhumanity, swore heartily he would make him pay for it.

As Amelia was much disordered with her fright, she did not recollect her foster-brother till he was introduced to her by Booth; but she no sooner knew him, than she bestowed a most obliging smile on him; and calling him by the name of honest Joe, said, she was heartily glad to see him in England.——'See, my dear,' cries Booth, 'what preferment your old friend is come to. You 'would scarce know him, I believe, in his present state 'of finery.' 'I am very well pleased to see it,' answered Amelia, 'and I wish him joy of being made an officer 'with all my heart.' In fact, from what Mr. Booth said, joined to the serjeant's laced coat, she believed that he had obtained a commission. So weak and absurd is human vanity, that this mistake of Amelia's possibly put poor Atkinson out of countenance; for he looked at this instant more silly than he had ever done in his life; and making her a most respectful bow, muttered something about obligations, in a scarce articulate or intelligible manner.

The serjeant had, indeed, among many other qualities, that modesty which a Latin author honours by the name of ingenuous; Nature had given him this, notwithstanding the meanness of his birth; and six years conversation in the army had not taken it away. To say the truth, he was a noble fellow; and Amelia, by supposing he had a commission in the guards, had been guilty of no affront to that honourable body.

Booth had a real affection for Atkinson, though, in fact, he knew not half his merit. He acquainted him with his lodgings, where he earnestly desired to see him.

Amelia, who was far from being recovered from the terrors into which the seeing her husband engaged with the soldier had thrown her, desired to go home: nor was she well able to walk without some assistance. While she supported herself, therefore, on her husband's arm,

she told Atkinson she should be obliged to him, if he would take care of the children. He readily accepted the office; but, upon offering his hand to Miss, she refused, and burst into tears. Upon which the tender mother resigned Booth to her children, and put herself under the serjeant's protection; who conducted her safe home, though she often declared she feared she should drop down by the way. The fear of which so affected the serjeant (for besides the honour which he himself had for the lady, he knew how tenderly his friend loved her) that he was unable to speak; and had not his nerves been so strongly braced that nothing could shake them, he had enough in his mind to have set him a trembling equally with the lady.

When they arrived at the lodgings, the mistress of the house opened the door, who, seeing Amelia's condition, threw open the parlour, and begged her to walk in; upon which she immediately flung herself into a chair, and all present thought she would have fainted away—However, she escaped that misery, and having drank a glass of water with a little white wine mixed in it, she began, in a little time, to regain her complexion; and, at length, assured Booth that she was perfectly recovered, but declared she had never undergone so much, and earnestly begged him never to be so rash for the future. She then called her little boy, and gently chid him, saying, 'You must never 'do so more, Billy; you see what mischief you might 'have brought upon your father; and what you have 'made me suffer.' 'La! mamma,' said the child, 'what 'harm did I do? I did not know that people might not 'walk in the green fields in London. I am sure if I did 'a fault, the man punished me enough for it; for he 'pinched me almost through my slender arm.' He then bared his little arm, which was greatly discoloured by the injury it had received—Booth uttered a most dreadful

execration at this sight; and the serjeant, who was now present, did the like.

Atkinson now returned to his guard, and went directly to the officer to acquaint him with the soldier's inhumanity; but he, who was about fifteen years of age, gave the serjeant a great curse, and said the soldier had done very well; for that idle boys ought to be corrected. This, however, did not satisfy poor Atkinson, who, the next day, as soon as the guard was relieved, beat the fellow most unmercifully, and told him he would remember him as long as he stayed in the regiment.

Thus ended this trifling adventure, which some readers will, perhaps, be pleased with seeing related at full length. None, I think, can fail drawing one observation from it; namely, how capable the most insignificant accident is of disturbing human happiness, and of producing the most unexpected and dreadful events. A reflection which may serve to many moral and religious uses.

This accident produced the first acquaintance between the mistress of the house and her lodgers; for hitherto they had scarce exchanged a word together. But the great concern which the good woman had shewn on Amelia's account at this time, was not likely to pass unobserved or unthanked either by the husband or wife. Amelia, therefore, as soon as she was able to go up stairs, invited Mrs. Ellison (for that was her name) to her apartment, and desired the favour of her to stay to supper. She readily complied; and they past a very agreeable evening together, in which the two women seemed to have conceived a most extraordinary liking to each other.

Though beauty in general doth not greatly recommend one woman to another, as it is too apt to create envy; yet, in cases where this passion doth not interfere, a fine

woman is often a pleasing object even to some of her own sex; especially when her beauty is attended with a certain air of affability, as was that of Amelia in the highest degree. She was, indeed, a most charming woman; and I know not whether the little scar on her nose did not rather add to, than diminish her beauty.

Mrs. Ellison, therefore, was as much charmed with the loveliness of her fair lodger, as with all her other engaging qualities. She was, indeed, so taken with Amelia's beauty that she could not refrain from crying out in a kind of transport of admiration, 'Upon my word, captain 'Booth, you are the happiest man in the world! Your 'lady is so extremely handsome, that one cannot look at 'her without pleasure.'

This good woman had herself none of these attractive charms to the eye. Her person was short, and immoderately fat; her features were none of the most regular; and her complexion (if indeed she ever had a good one) had considerably suffered by time.

Her good humour and complaisance, however, were highly pleasing to Amelia. Nay, why should we conceal the secret satisfaction which that lady felt from the compliments paid to her person? since such of my readers as like her best will not be sorry to find that she was a woman.

CHAPTER VIII.

Containing various matters.

A FORTNIGHT had now passed, since Booth had seen or heard from the colonel; which did not a little surprise him, as they had parted so good friends, and as he had

so cordially undertaken his cause concerning the memorial, on which all his hopes depended.

The uneasiness which this gave him, farther increased on finding that his friend refused to see him; for he had paid the colonel a visit at nine in the morning, and was told he was not stirring; and at his return back an hour afterwards, the servant said his master was gone out; of which Booth was certain of the falsehood; for he had, during that whole hour, walked backwards and forwards within sight of the colonel's door, and must have seen him, if he had gone out within that time.

The good colonel, however, did not long suffer his friend to continue in the deplorable state of anxiety; for the very next morning Booth received his memorial inclosed in a letter, acquainting him that Mr. James had mentioned his affair to the person he proposed; but that the great man had so many engagements on his hands, that it was impossible for him to make any further promises at this time.

The cold and distant style of this letter, and, indeed, the whole behaviour of James, so different from what it had been formerly, had something so mysterious in it, that it greatly puzzled and perplexed poor Booth; and it was so long before he was able to solve it, that the reader's curiosity will, perhaps, be obliged to us for not leaving him so long in the dark as to this matter. The true reason, then, of the colonel's conduct was this: His unbounded generosity, together with the unbounded extravagance, and consequently the great necessity of Miss Matthews, had, at length, overcome the cruelty of that lady, with whom he likewise had luckily no rival. Above all, the desire of being revenged on Booth, with whom she was, to the highest degree, enraged, had, perhaps, contributed not a little to his success; for she had no sooner condescended to a familiarity with her new lover,

and discovered that captain James, of whom she had heard so much from Booth, was no other than the identical colonel, than she employed every art of which she was mistress, to make an utter breach of friendship between these two. For this purpose, she did not scruple to insinuate, that the colonel was not at all obliged to the character given of him by his friend; and to the account of this latter she placed most of the cruelty which she had shewn to the former.

Had the colonel made a proper use of his reason, and fairly examined the probability of the fact, he could scarce have been imposed upon to believe a matter so inconsistent with all he knew of Booth, and in which that gentleman must have sinned against all the laws of honour without any visible temptation. But in solemn fact, the colonel was so intoxicated with his love, that it was in the power of his mistress to have persuaded him of any thing; besides, he had an interest in giving her credit; for he was not a little pleased with finding a reason for hating the man, whom he could not help hating without any reason, at least, without any which he durst fairly assign even to himself. Henceforth, therefore, he abandoned all friendship for Booth, and was more inclined to put him out of the world, than to endeavour any longer at supporting him in it.

Booth communicated this letter to his wife, who endeavoured, as usual, to the utmost of her power, to console him under one of the greatest afflictions which, I think, can befal a man, namely, the unkindness of a friend: but he had luckily at the same time the greatest blessing in his possession, the kindness of a faithful and beloved wife. A blessing, however, which, though it compensates most of the evils of life, rather serves to aggravate the misfortune of distressed circumstances, from the consideration of the share which she is to bear in them.

This afternoon Amelia received a second visit from Mrs. Ellison, who acquainted her that she had a present of a ticket for the oratorio, which would carry two persons into the gallery; and therefore begged the favour of her company thither.

Amelia, with many thanks, acknowledged the civility of Mrs. Ellison, but declined accepting her offer; upon which Booth very strenuously insisted on her going, and said to her, 'My dear, if you knew the satisfaction I 'have in any of your pleasures, I am convinced you 'would not refuse the favour Mrs. Ellison is so kind to 'offer you; for as you are a lover of music, you, who 'have never been at an oratorio, cannot conceive how 'you will be delighted.'—'I well know your goodness, 'my dear,' answered Amelia, 'but I cannot think of 'leaving my children without some person more proper 'to take care of them than this poor girl.' Mrs. Ellison removed this objection by offering her own servant, a very discreet matron, to attend them; but notwithstanding this, and all she could say, with the assistance of Booth, and of the children themselves, Amelia still persisted in her refusal; and the mistress of the house, who knew how far good breeding allows persons to be pressing on these occasions, took her leave.

She was no sooner departed, than Amelia, looking tenderly on her husband, said, 'How can you, my dear 'creature, think that music hath any charms for me at 'this time; or indeed, do you believe that I am capable 'of any sensation worthy the name of pleasure, when 'neither you nor my children are present, or bear any 'part of it?'

An officer of the regiment to which Booth had formerly belonged, hearing from Atkinson where he lodged, now came to pay him a visit. He told him that several of their old acquaintance were to meet the next Wed-

nesday at a tavern, and very strongly pressed him to be one of the company. Booth was, in truth, what is called a hearty fellow, and loved now and then to take a cheerful glass with his friends; but he excused himself at this time. His friend declared he would take no denial, and he growing very importunate, Amelia at length seconded him. Upon this Booth answered, 'Well, my dear, since 'you desire me, I will comply, but on one condition, that 'you go at the same time to the oratorio.' Amelia thought this request reasonable enough, and gave her consent; of which Mrs. Ellison presently received the news, and with great satisfaction.

It may perhaps be asked, Why Booth could go to the tavern, and not to the oratorio with his wife?—In truth, then, the tavern was within hallowed ground, that is to say, in the verge of the court; for, of five officers that were to meet there, three, besides Booth, were confined to that air, which hath been always found extremely wholesome to a broken military constitution. And here, if the good reader will pardon the pun, he will scarce be offended at the observation; since, how is it possible that, without running in debt, any persons should maintain the dress and appearance of a gentleman, whose income is not half so good as that of a porter? It is true, that this allowance, small as it is, is a great expense to the public; but if several more unnecessary charges were spared, the public might, perhaps, bear a little increase of this, without much feeling it. They would not, I am sure, have equal reason to complain at contributing to the maintenance of a set of brave fellows, who, at the hazard of their health, their limbs, and their lives, have maintained the safety and honour of their country; as when they find themselves taxed to the support of a set of drones, who have not the least merit or claim to their favour; and who, without

contributing in any manner to the good of the hive, live luxuriously on the labours of the industrious bee.

CHAPTER IX.

In which Amelia, with her friend, goes to the Oratorio.

NOTHING happened between the Monday and the Wednesday worthy a place in this history. Upon the evening of the latter, the two ladies went to the oratorio, and were there time enough to get a first row in the gallery. Indeed, there was only one person in the house when they came; for Amelia's inclinations, when she gave a loose to them, were pretty eager for this diversion, she being a great lover of music, and particularly of Mr. Handel's compositions. Mrs. Ellison was, I suppose, a great lover likewise of music, for she was the more impatient of the two; which was rather the more extraordinary, as these entertainments were not such novelties to her as they were to poor Amelia.

Though our ladies arrived full two hours before they saw the back of Mr. Handel; yet this time of expectation did not hang extremely heavy on their hands; for, besides their own chat, they had the company of the gentleman whom they found at their first arrival in the gallery, and who, though plainly, or rather roughly dressed, very luckily for the women, happened to be not only well bred, but a person of a very lively conversation. The gentleman, on his part, seemed highly charmed with Amelia, and in fact was so; for, though he restrained himself entirely within the rules of good breeding, yet was he in the highest degree officious to catch at every opportunity of shewing his respect, and

doing her little services. He procured her a book and wax candle, and held the candle for her himself during the whole entertainment.

At the end of the oratorio, he declared he would not leave the ladies till he had seen them safe into their chairs or coach; and at the same time very earnestly entreated that he might have the honour of waiting on them. Upon which Mrs. Ellison, who was a very good-humoured woman, answered, 'Ay sure, Sir, if you please; you have 'been very obliging to us; and a dish of tea shall be at 'your service at any time;' and then told him where she lived.

The ladies were no sooner seated in the hackney-coach, than Mrs. Ellison burst into a loud laughter, and cried, 'I'll be hanged, Madam, if you have not made a 'conquest to-night; and what is very pleasant, I believe 'the poor gentleman takes you for a single lady.' 'Nay,' answered Amelia very gravely, 'I protest I began to 'think at last he was rather too particular, though he did 'not venture at a word that I could be offended at; but if 'you fancy any such thing, I am sorry you invited him to 'drink tea.' 'Why so?' replied Mrs. Ellison. 'Are you 'angry with a man for liking you? if you are, you will 'be angry with almost every man that sees you. If I was 'a man myself I declare I should be in the number of 'your admirers. Poor gentleman, I pity him heartily; 'he little knows that you have not a heart to dispose of. 'For my own part, I should not be surprised at seeing a 'serious proposal of marriage: for I am convinced he is 'a man of fortune, not only by the politeness of his 'address, but by the fineness of his linen, and that valu-'able diamond ring on his finger. But you will see more 'of him when he comes to tea.' 'Indeed I shall not,' answered Amelia, 'though I believe you only rally me; I 'hope you have a better opinion of me, than to think I

'would go willingly into the company of a man who had 'an improper liking for me.' Mrs. Ellison, who was one of the gayest women in the world, repeated the words improper liking, with a laugh; and cried, 'My dear Mrs. 'Booth, believe me, you are too handsome and too good-'humoured for a prude. How can you affect being 'offended at what I am convinced is the greatest pleasure 'of womankind, and chiefly, I believe, of us virtuous 'women? for I assure you, notwithstanding my gaiety, I 'am as virtuous as any prude in Europe.' 'Far be it from 'me, Madam,' said Amelia, 'to suspect the contrary of 'abundance of women, who indulge themselves in much 'greater freedoms than I should take, or have any pleasure 'in taking; for I solemnly protest, if I know my own heart, 'the liking of all men, but of one, is a matter quite indif-'ferent to me, or rather would be highly disagreeable.'

This discourse brought them home, where Amelia, finding her children asleep, and her husband not returned, invited her companion to partake of her homely fare, and down they sat to supper together. The clock struck twelve; and no news being arrived of Booth, Mrs. Ellison began to express some astonishment at his stay, whence she launched into a general reflection on husbands, and soon past to some particular invectives on her own. 'Ah, 'my dear Madam,' says she, 'I know the present state of 'your mind, by what I have myself often felt formerly. 'I am no stranger to the melancholy tone of a midnight 'clock. It was my misfortune to drag on a heavy chain 'above fifteen years with a sottish yoke-fellow. But how 'can I wonder at my fate; since I see even your superior 'charms cannot confine a husband from the bewitching 'pleasures of a bottle.' 'Indeed, Madam,' says Amelia, 'I have no reason to complain, Mr. Booth is one of the 'soberest of men; but now and then to spend a late hour 'with his friend, is, I think, highly excusable.' 'O, no

'doubt,' cries Mrs. Ellison, 'if he can excuse himself; 'but if I was a man——' Here Booth came in, and interrupted the discourse. Amelia's eyes flashed with joy the moment he appeared; and he discovered no less pleasure in seeing her. His spirits were indeed a little elevated with wine, so as to heighten his good-humour, without in the least disordering his understanding, and made him such delightful company, that though it was past one in the morning, neither his wife nor Mrs. Ellison thought of their beds during a whole hour.

Early the next morning the serjeant came to Mr. Booth's lodgings, and with a melancholy countenance acquainted him, that he had been the night before at an alehouse, where he heard one Mr. Murphy, an attorney, declare, that he would get a warrant backed against one captain Booth at the next board of green-cloth. 'I hope, Sir,' said he, 'your honour will pardon 'me; but by what he said, I was afraid he meant your 'honour; and therefore I thought it my duty to tell 'you; for I knew the same thing happen to a gentleman 'here the other day.'

Booth gave Mr. Atkinson many thanks for his information. 'I doubt not,' said he, 'but I am the person meant; 'for it would be foolish in me to deny that I am liable 'to apprehensions of that sort.' 'I hope, Sir,' said the serjeant, 'your honour will soon have reason to fear 'no man living; but in the mean time, if any accident 'should happen, my bail is at your service as far as it 'will go; and I am a house-keeper, and can swear 'myself worth one hundred pounds.' Which hearty and friendly declaration received all those acknowledgments from Booth which it really deserved.

The poor gentleman was greatly alarmed at this news; but he was altogether as much surprised at Murphy's being the attorney employed against him, as all his

debts, except only to captain James, arose in the country, where he did not know that Mr. Murphy had any acquaintance. However, he made no doubt that he was the person intended, and resolved to remain a close prisoner in his own lodgings, till he saw the event of a proposal which had been made him the evening before at the tavern, where an honest gentleman, who had a post under the government, and who was one of the company, had promised to serve him with the secretary at war, telling him that he made no doubt of procuring him whole pay in a regiment abroad, which in his present circumstances was very highly worth his acceptance; when, indeed, that and a gaol seemed to be the only alternatives that offered themselves to his choice.

Mr. Booth and his lady spent that afternoon with Mrs. Ellison—an incident which we should scarce have mentioned, had it not been that Amelia gave, on this occasion, an instance of that prudence which should never be off its guard in married women of delicacy; for, before she would consent to drink tea with Mrs. Ellison, she made conditions that the gentleman who had met them at the oratorio should not be let in. Indeed, this circumspection proved unnecessary in the present instance; for no such visitor ever came; a circumstance which gave great content to Amelia; for that lady had been a little uneasy at the raillery of Mrs. Ellison, and had, upon reflection, magnified every little compliment made her, and every little civility shewn her by the unknown gentleman, far beyond the truth. These imaginations now all subsided again; and she imputed all that Mrs. Ellison had said either to raillery or mistake.

A young lady made a fourth with them at whist, and likewise stayed the whole evening. Her name was

Bennet. She was about the age of five-and-twenty; but sickness had given her an older look, and had a good deal diminished her beauty; of which, young as she was, she plainly appeared to have only the remains in her present possession. She was in one particular the very reverse of Mrs. Ellison, being altogether as remarkably grave as the other was gay. This gravity was not, however, attended with any sourness of temper: on the contrary, she had much sweetness in her countenance, and was perfectly well bred. In short, Amelia imputed her grave deportment to her ill health, and began to entertain a compassion for her, which in good minds, that is to say, in minds capable of compassion, is certain to introduce some little degree of love or friendship.

Amelia was in short so pleased with the conversation of this lady, that, though a woman of no impertinent curiosity, she could not help taking the first opportunity of inquiring who she was. Mrs. Ellison said, that she was an unhappy lady, who had married a young clergyman for love, who, dying of a consumption, had left her a widow in very indifferent circumstances. This account made Amelia still pity her more, and consequently added to the liking which she had already conceived for her. Amelia, therefore, desired Mrs. Ellison to bring her acquainted with Mrs. Bennet, and said she would go any day with her to make that lady a visit. 'There need 'be no ceremony,' cried Mrs. Ellison, 'she is a woman 'of no form; and as I saw plainly she was extremely 'pleased with Mrs. Booth, I am convinced I can bring 'her to drink tea with you any afternoon you please.'

The two next days Booth continued at home, highly to the satisfaction of his Amelia, who really knew no happiness out of his company, nor scarce any misery in it. She had, indeed, at all times so much of his

company when in his power, that she had no occasion to assign any particular reason for his staying with her, and consequently it could give her no cause of suspicion. The Saturday, one of her children was a little disordered with a feverish complaint which confined her to her room, and prevented her drinking tea in the afternoon with her husband in Mrs. Ellison's apartment, where a noble lord, a cousin of Mrs. Ellison, happened to be present; for though that lady was reduced in her circumstances, and obliged to let out part of her house in lodgings, she was born of a good family, and had some considerable relations.

His lordship was not himself in any office of state; but his fortune gave him great authority with those who were. Mrs. Ellison, therefore, very bluntly took an opportunity of recommending Booth to his consideration. She took the first hint from my lord's calling the gentleman captain; to which she answered, 'Ay, I wish your 'lordship would make him so. It would be but an act 'of justice, and I know it is in your power to do much 'greater things.' She then mentioned Booth's services, and the wounds he had received at the siege, of which she had heard a faithful account from Amelia.—Booth blushed, and was as silent as a young virgin at the hearing her own praises. His lordship answered, 'Cousin 'Ellison, you know you may command my interest; 'nay, I shall have a pleasure in serving one of Mr. 'Booth's character: for my part, I think merit in all 'capacities ought to be encouraged; but I know the 'ministry are greatly pestered with solicitations at this 'time. However, Mr. Booth may be assured I will take 'the first opportunity; and, in the mean time, I shall 'be glad of seeing him any morning he pleases.' For all these declarations, Booth was not wanting in acknowledgments to the generous peer, any more than he was

in secret gratitude to the lady who had shewn so friendly and uncommon a zeal in his favour.

The reader, when he knows the character of this nobleman, may, perhaps, conclude that his seeing Booth alone was a lucky circumstance; for he was so passionate an admirer of women, that he could scarce have escaped the attraction of Amelia's beauty. And few men, as I have observed, have such disinterested generosity as to serve a husband the better, because they are in love with his wife, unless she will condescend to pay a price beyond the reach of a virtuous woman.

AMELIA.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER I.

In which the reader will meet with an old acquaintance.

Booth's affairs put on a better aspect than they had ever worn before, and he was willing to make use of the opportunity of one day in seven to taste the fresh air.

At nine in the morning he went to pay a visit to his old friend colonel James, resolving, if possible, to have a full explanation of that behaviour which appeared to him so mysterious; but the colonel was as inaccessible as the best defended fortress; and it was as impossible for Booth to pass beyond his entry, as the Spaniards found it to take Gibraltar. He received the usual answers; first, that the colonel was not stirring, and an hour after that he was gone out. All that he got by asking further questions was only to receive still ruder and ruder answers; by which, if he had been very sagacious, he might have been satisfied how little worth his while it was to desire to go in; for the porter at a great man's door is a kind of thermometer, by which you may discover the warmth or coldness of his master's friendship. Nay, in the highest stations of all, as the great man himself hath his different kinds of salutation, from an hearty embrace with a kiss, and my dear lord, or dear Sir Charles, down to, well Mr. —— what would you

have me do? so the porter, to some bows with respect, to others with a smile, to some he bows more, to others less low, to others not at all. Some he just lets in, and others he just shuts out. And in all this they so well correspond, that one would be inclined to think that the great man and his porter had compared their lists together, and, like two actors concerned to act different parts in the same scene, had rehearsed their parts privately together before they ventured to perform in public.

Though Booth did not, perhaps, see the whole matter in this just light, for that in reality it is; yet he was discerning enough to conclude, from the behaviour of the servant, especially when he considered that of the master likewise, that he had entirely lost the friendship of James; and this conviction gave him a concern, that not only the flattering prospect of his lordship's favour was not able to compensate; but which even obliterated and made him for a while forget the situation in which he had left his Amelia: and he wandered about almost two hours, scarce knowing where he went, till at last he dropt into a coffee-house near St. James's, where he sat himself down.

He had scarce drank his dish of coffee, before he heard a young officer of the guards cry to another, 'Od, 'd—n me, Jack, here he comes—here's old honour and 'dignity, faith.' Upon which, he saw a chair open, and out issued a most erect and stately figure indeed, with a vast perriwig on his head, and a vast hat under his arm. This august personage, having entered the room, walked directly up to the upper end, where having paid his respects to all present of any note, to each according to seniority, he at last cast his eyes on Booth, and very civilly, though somewhat coldly, asked him how he did.

Booth, who had long recognized the features of his old

acquaintance major Bath, returned the compliment with a very low bow; but did not venture to make the first advance to familiarity, as he was truly possessed of that quality which the Greeks considered in the highest light of honour, and which we term modesty; though indeed, neither ours nor the Latin language hath any word adequate to the idea of the original.

The colonel, after having discharged himself of two or three articles of news, and made his comments upon them, when the next chair to him became vacant, called upon Booth to fill it. He then asked him several questions relating to his affairs; and, when he heard he was out of the army, advised him earnestly to use all means to get in again, saying, that he was a pretty lad, and they must not lose him.

Booth told him in a whisper, that he had a great deal to say to him on that subject, if they were in a more private place; upon this the colonel proposed a walk in the Park, which the other readily accepted.

During their walk, Booth opened his heart, and among other matters, acquainted colonel Bath, that he feared he had lost the friendship of colonel James; 'though I am not,' said he, 'conscious of having done the least thing 'to deserve it.'

Bath answered, 'You are certainly mistaken, Mr. 'Booth. I have indeed scarce seen my brother since my 'coming to town; for I have been here but two days; 'however, I am convinced he is a man of too nice 'honour to do any thing inconsistent with the true dig-'nity of a gentleman.' Booth answered, He was far from accusing him of any thing dishonourable.—'D—n me,' said Bath, 'if there is a man alive can, or dare accuse 'him: if you have the least reason to take any thing ill, 'why don't you go to him? you are a gentleman, and 'his rank doth not protect him from giving you satis-

'faction.' 'The affair is not of any such kind,' says Booth; 'I have great obligations to the colonel, and have 'more reason to lament than complain; and if I could 'but see him, I am convinced I should have no cause for 'either; but I cannot get within his house; it was but 'an hour ago, a servant of his turned me rudely from 'the door.' 'Did a servant of my brother use you 'rudely?' said the colonel, with the utmost gravity. 'I 'do not know, Sir, in what light you see such things; 'but to me, the affront of a servant is the affront of the 'master; and if he doth not immediately punish it, by 'all the dignity of a man, I would see the master's nose 'between my fingers.' Booth offered to explain, but to no purpose; the colonel was got into his stilts; and it was impossible to take him down, nay, it was as much as Booth could possibly do to part with him without an actual quarrel; nor would he, perhaps, have been able to have accomplished it, had not the colonel by accident turned at last to take Booth's side of the question; and before they separated, he swore many oaths that James should give him proper satisfaction.

Such was the end of this present interview, so little to the content of Booth, that he was heartily concerned he had ever mentioned a syllable of the matter to his honourable friend.

CHAPTER II.

In which Booth pays a visit to the noble lord.

WHEN that day of the week returned, in which Mr. Booth chose to walk abroad, he went to wait on the noble peer, according to his kind invitation.

Booth now found a very different reception with this great man's porter, from what he had met with at his friend the colonel's. He no sooner told his name, than the porter with a bow told him his lordship was at home; the door immediately flew wide open; and he was conducted to an ante-chamber, where a servant told him he would acquaint his lordship with his arrival. Nor did he wait many minutes before the same servant returned, and ushered him to his lordship's apartment.

He found my lord alone, and was received by him in the most courteous manner imaginable. After the first ceremonials were over, his lordship began in the following words: 'Mr. Booth, I do assure you, you are very 'much obliged to my cousin Ellison. She hath given 'you such a character, that I shall have a pleasure in 'doing any thing in my power to serve you.—But it will 'be very difficult, I am afraid, to get you a rank at home. 'In the West Indies, perhaps, or in some regiment abroad, 'it may be more easy; and when I consider your reputa-'tion as a soldier, I make no doubt of your readiness to 'go to any place where the service of your country shall 'call you.' Booth answered, That he was highly obliged to his lordship, and assured him he would with great cheerfulness attend his duty in any part of the world. 'The only thing grievous in the exchange of countries,' said he, 'in my opinion, is to leave those I love behind 'me, and I am sure I shall never have a second trial 'equal to my first. It was very hard, my lord, to leave 'a young wife big with her first child, and so affected 'with my absence, that I had the utmost reason to despair 'of ever seeing her more. After such a demonstration of 'my resolution to sacrifice every other consideration to 'my duty, I hope your lordship will honour me with 'some confidence, that I shall make no objection to serve 'in any country.' 'My dear Booth,' answered the lord,

'you speak like a soldier, and I greatly honour your 'sentiments. Indeed, I own the justice of your inference 'from the example you have given; for to quit a wife, as 'you say, in the very infancy of marriage, is, I acknow-'ledge, some trial of resolution.' Booth answered with a low bow; and then, after some immaterial conversation, his lordship promised to speak immediately to the minister, and appointed Mr. Booth to come to him again on the Wednesday morning, that he might be acquainted with his patron's success. The poor man now blushed and looked silly, till, after some time, he summoned up all his courage to his assistance, and relying on the other's friendship, he opened the whole affair of his circumstances, and confessed that he did not dare stir from his lodgings above one day in seven. His lordship expressed great concern at this account, and very kindly promised to take some opportunity of calling on him at his cousin Ellison's, when he hoped, he said, to bring him comfortable tidings.

Booth soon afterwards took his leave with the most profuse acknowledgments for so much goodness, and hastened home to acquaint his Amelia with what had so greatly overjoyed him. She highly congratulated him on his having found so generous and powerful a friend, towards whom both their bosoms burnt with the warmest sentiments of gratitude. She was not, however, contented till she had made Booth renew his promise in the most solemn manner of taking her with him. After which they sat down with their little children to a scrag of mutton and broth, with the highest satisfaction, and very heartily drank his lordship's health in a pot of porter.

In the afternoon this happy couple, if the reader will allow me to call poor people happy, drank tea with Mrs. Ellison, where his lordship's praises being again repeated

by both the husband and wife, were very loudly echoed by Mrs. Ellison. While they were here, the young lady whom we have mentioned at the end of the last book to have made a fourth at whist, and with whom Amelia seemed so much pleased, came in; she was just returned to town from a short visit in the country, and her present visit was unexpected. It was, however, very agreeable to Amelia, who liked her still better upon a second interview, and was resolved to solicit her further acquaintance.

Mrs. Bennet still maintained some little reserve, but was much more familiar and communicative than before. She appeared moreover to be as little ceremonious as Mrs. Ellison had reported her, and very readily accepted Amelia's apology for not paying her the first visit, and agreed to drink tea with her the very next afternoon.

Whilst the above-mentioned company were sitting in Mrs. Ellison's parlour, sergeant Atkinson passed by the window and knocked at the door. Mrs. Ellison no sooner saw him, than she said, 'Pray, Mr. Booth, who is 'that genteel young sergeant? he was here every day 'last week, to enquire after you.' This was indeed a fact; the sergeant was apprehensive of the design of Murphy: but as the poor fellow had received all his answers from the maid or Mrs. Ellison, Booth had never heard a word of the matter. He was, however, greatly pleased with what he was now told, and burst forth into great praises of the sergeant, which were seconded by Amelia, who added, that he was her foster brother, and she believed one of the honestest fellows in the world.

'And I'll swear,' cries Mrs. Ellison, 'he is one of the 'prettiest—Do, Mr. Booth, desire him to walk in. A 'sergeant of the guards is a gentleman; and I had 'rather give such a man as you describe a dish of 'tea, than any beau fribble of them all.'

Booth wanted no great solicitation to shew any kind of regard to Atkinson; and accordingly, the sergeant was ushered in, though not without some reluctance on his side. There is, perhaps, nothing more uneasy than those sensations which the French call the *mauvaise honte*, nor any more difficult to conquer; and poor Atkinson would, I am persuaded, have mounted a breach with less concern, than he showed in walking across a room before three ladies, two of whom were his avowed well wishers.

Though I do not entirely agree with the late learned Mr. Essex, the celebrated dancing-master's opinion, that dancing is the rudiment of polite education, as he would, I apprehend, exclude every other art and science; yet, it is certain, that persons whose feet have never been under the hands of the professors of that art, are apt to discover this want in their education in every motion, nay, even when they stand or sit still. They seem indeed, to be overburthened with limbs, which they know not how to use, as if, when nature hath finished her work, the dancing-master still is necessary to put it in motion.

Atkinson was at present an example of this observation, which doth so much honour to a profession for which I have a very high regard. He was handsome and exquisitely well made; and yet, as he had never learned to dance, he made so awkward an appearance in Mrs. Ellison's parlour, that the good lady herself, who had invited him in, could at first scarce refrain from laughter at his behaviour. He had not, however, been long in the room, before admiration of his person got the better of such risible ideas. So great is the advantage of beauty in men as well as women, and so sure is this quality in either sex of procuring some regard from the beholder.

The exceeding courteous behaviour of Mrs. Ellison, joined to that of Amelia and Booth, at length dissipated

the uneasiness of Atkinson; and he gained sufficient confidence to tell the company some entertaining stories of accidents, that had happened in the army within his knowledge; which, though they greatly pleased all present, are not however of consequence enough to have a place in this history.

Mrs. Ellison was so very importunate with her company to stay supper, that they all consented. As for the sergeant, he seemed to be none of the least welcome guests. She was, indeed, so pleased with what she had heard of him, and what she saw of him, that when a little warmed with wine, for she was no flincher at the bottle, she began to indulge some freedoms in her discourse towards him, that a little offended Amelia's delicacy, nay, they did not seem to be highly relished by the other lady. Though I am far from insinuating that these exceeded the bounds of decorum, or were, indeed, greater liberties than ladies of the middle age, and especially widows, do frequently allow to themselves.

CHAPTER III.

Relating principally to the affairs of serjeant Atkinson.

THE next day, when all the same company, Atkinson only excepted, assembled in Amelia's apartment, Mrs. Ellison presently began to discourse of him, and that in terms not only of approbation, but even of affection. She called him her clever sergeant, and her dear sergeant, repeated often that he was the prettiest fellow in the army, and said it was a thousand pities he had not a commission; for that, if he had, she was sure he would become a general.

'I am of your own opinion, Madam,' answered Booth; 'and as he hath got one hundred pounds of his own 'already, if he could find a wife now to help him to two 'or three hundred more, I think he might easily get a 'commission in a marching regiment; for I am convinced 'there is no colonel in the army would refuse him.'

'Refuse him, indeed!' said Mrs. Ellison; 'No; he 'would be a very pretty colonel that did. And upon my 'honour, I believe there are very few ladies who would 'refuse him, if he had but a proper opportunity of solicit-'ing them. The colonel and the lady both would be 'better off, than with one of those pretty masters that I 'see walking about, and dragging their long swords 'after them, when they should rather drag their leading-'strings.'

'Well said,' cries Booth, 'and spoken like a woman 'of spirit.—Indeed, I believe, they would be both better 'served.'

'True, captain,' answered Mrs. Ellison. 'I would 'rather leave the two first syllables out of the word 'gentleman than the last.'

'Nay, I assure you,' replied Booth, 'there is not a 'quieter creature in the world. Though the fellow hath 'the bravery of a lion, he hath the meekness of a lamb. 'I can tell you stories enow of that kind, and so can my 'dear Amelia, when he was a boy.'

'O! if the match sticks there,' cries Amelia, 'I 'positively will not spoil his fortune by my silence. I 'can answer for him from his infancy, that he was one of 'the best natured lads in the world. I will tell you a 'story or two of him, the truth of which I can testify from 'my own knowledge. When he was but six years old, 'he was at play with me at my mother's house, and a 'great pointing-dog bit him through the leg. The poor 'lad, in the midst of the anguish of his wound, declared

'he was overjoyed it had not happened to Miss (for the 'same dog had just before snapt at me, and my petticoats 'had been my defence).——Another instance of his good-'ness, which greatly recommended him to my father, and 'which I have loved him for ever since, was this: my 'father was a great lover of birds, and strictly forbad the 'spoiling of their nests. Poor Joe was one day caught 'upon a tree, and being concluded guilty, was severely 'lashed for it; but it was afterwards discovered that 'another boy, a friend of Joe's, had robbed the nest of its 'young ones, and poor Joe had climbed the tree in order 'to restore them, notwithstanding which, he submitted to 'the punishment rather than he would impeach his 'companion. But if these stories appear childish and 'trifling, the duty and kindness he hath shewn to his 'mother, must recommend him to every one. Ever since 'he hath been fifteen years old he hath more than half 'supported her; and when my brother died, I remember 'particularly, Joe at his desire, for he was much his 'favourite, had one of his suits given him, but instead of 'his becoming finer on that occasion, another young fellow 'came to church in my brother's clothes, and my old 'nurse appeared the same Sunday in a new gown, which 'her son had purchased for her with the sale of his 'legacy.'

'Well, I protest, he is a very worthy creature,' said Mrs. Bennet.

'He is a charming fellow,' cries Mrs. Ellison,—'but 'then the name of serjeant, captain Booth, there, as the 'play says, my pride brings me off again.

> 'And whatsoever the sages charge on pride,
> The angels' fall, and twenty other good faults beside;
> On earth I'm sure—I'm sure—something—calling
> Pride saves man, and our sex too, from falling.'

Here a footman's rap at the door shook the room. Upon

which, Mrs. Ellison, running to the window, cried out, 'Let me die if it is not my lord; what shall I do? I 'must be at home to him; but suppose he should inquire 'for you, captain, what shall I say? or will you go down 'with me?'

The company were in some confusion at this instant, and before they had agreed on any thing, Booth's little girl came running into the room, and said, There was a prodigious great gentleman coming up stairs. She was immediately followed by his lordship, who, as he knew Booth must be at home, made very little or no inquiry at the door.

Amelia was taken somewhat at a surprise, but she was too polite to shew much confusion; for though she knew nothing of the town, she had had a genteel education, and kept the best company the country afforded. The ceremonies therefore past as usual, and they all sat down.

His lordship soon addressed himself to Booth, saying, 'As I have what I think good news for you, Sir, I could 'not delay giving myself the pleasure of communicating 'it to you. I have mentioned your affair where I pro- 'mised you, and I have no doubt of my success. One 'may easily perceive, you know, from the manner of 'people's behaving upon such occasions; and, indeed, 'when I related your case, I found there was much 'inclination to serve you. Great men, Mr. Booth, must 'do things in their own time; but I think you may 'depend on having something done very soon.'

Booth made many acknowledgments for his lordship's goodness, and now a second time paid all the thanks which would have been due, even had the favour been obtained. This art of promising is the economy of a great man's pride, a sort of good husbandry in conferring favours, by which they receive tenfold in acknowledgments for every obligation, I mean among those who

really intend the service; for there are others who cheat poor men of their thanks, without ever designing to deserve them at all.

This matter being sufficiently discussed, the conversation took a gayer turn; and my lord began to entertain the ladies with some of that elegant discourse, which, though most delightful to hear, it is impossible should ever be read.

His lordship was so highly pleased with Amelia, that he could not help being somewhat particular to her; but this particularity distinguished itself only in a higher degree of respect, and was so very polite, and so very distant, that she herself was pleased, and at his departure, which was not till he had far exceeded the length of a common visit, declared he was the finest gentleman she had ever seen; with which sentiment her husband and Mrs. Ellison both entirely concurred.

Mrs. Bennet, on the contrary, expressed some little dislike to my lord's complaisance, which she called excessive. 'For my own part,' said she, 'I have not the 'least relish for those very fine gentlemen; what the 'world generally calls politeness, I term insincerity; and 'I am more charmed with the stories which Mrs. Booth 'told us of the honest serjeant, than with all that the 'finest gentlemen in the world ever said in their lives.'

'Oh! to be sure,' cries Mrs. Ellison. '*All for Love*, '*or the World well Lost*, is a motto very proper for some 'folks to wear in their coat of arms; but the generality 'of the world will, I believe, agree with that lady's 'opinion of my cousin, rather than with Mrs. Bennet.'

Mrs. Bennet, seeing Mrs. Ellison took offence at what she said, thought proper to make some apology, which was very readily accepted, and so ended the visit.

We cannot however put an end to the chapter, without observing, that such is the ambitious temper of beauty,

that it may always apply to itself that celebrated passage in Lucan,

Nec quenquam jam ferre potest Cæsarve priorem,
Pompeiusve parem.——

Indeed, I believe, it may be laid down as a general rule, that no woman, who hath any great pretensions to admiration, is ever well pleased in a company, where she perceives herself to fill only the second place. This observation, however, I humbly submit to the judgment of the ladies, and hope it will be considered as retracted by me, if they shall dissent from my opinion.

CHAPTER IV

Containing matters that require no Preface.

When Booth and his wife were left alone together, they both extremely exulted in their good fortune, in having found so good a friend as his lordship; nor were they wanting in very warm expressions of gratitude towards Mrs. Ellison.—After which, they began to lay down schemes of living when Booth should have his commission of captain; and, after the exactest computation, concluded, that, with economy, they should be able to save at least fifty pounds a year out of their income, in order to pay their debts.

These matters being well settled, Amelia asked Booth what he thought of Mrs. Bennet? 'I think, my dear,' answered Booth, 'that she hath been a very pretty 'woman.' 'I am mistaken,' replied she, 'if she be not 'a very good creature. I don't know I ever took such 'a liking to any one on so short an acquaintance. I

'fancy she hath been a very sprightly woman; for, if 'you observe, she discovers by starts, a great vivacity 'in her countenance.' 'I made the same observation,' cries Booth: 'Sure some strange misfortune hath be-'fallen her.' 'A misfortune indeed!' answered Amelia; 'sure, child, you forget what Mrs. Ellison told us, that 'she had lost a beloved husband. A misfortune which 'I have often wondered at any woman's surviving.'— At which words she cast a tender look at Booth, and presently afterwards throwing herself upon his neck, cried, 'O Heavens! what a happy creature am I! when 'I consider the dangers you have gone through, how 'I exult in my bliss!' The good-natured reader will suppose that Booth was not deficient in returning such tenderness, after which, the conversation became too fond to be here related.

The next morning, Mrs. Ellison addressed herself to Booth as follows: 'I shall make no apology, Sir, for 'what I am going to say, as it proceeds from my 'friendship to yourself and your dear lady. I am con-'vinced then, Sir, there is something more than accident 'in your going abroad only one day in the week. Now, 'Sir, if, as I am afraid, matters are not altogether as 'well as I wish them, I beg, since I do not believe you 'are provided with a lawyer, that you will suffer me 'to recommend one to you. The person I shall mention, 'is, I assure you, of much ability in his profession, and 'I have known him do great services to gentlemen under 'a cloud. Do not be ashamed of your circumstances, 'my dear friend. They are a much greater scandal to 'those who have left so much merit unprovided for.'

Booth gave Mrs. Ellison abundance of thanks for her kindness, and explicitly confessed to her that her conjectures were right, and, without hesitation, accepted the offer of her friend's assistance.

Mrs. Ellison then acquainted him with her apprehensions on his account. She said, she had both yesterday and this morning seen two or three very ugly suspicious fellows pass several times by her window. 'Upon all 'accounts,' said she, 'my dear Sir, I advise you to keep 'yourself close confined till the lawyer hath been with 'you. I am sure he will get you your liberty, at least of 'walking about within the verge—There's something to 'be done with the board of green cloth, I don't know 'what, but this I know, that several gentlemen have 'lived here a long time very comfortably, and have 'defied all the vengeance of their creditors. However, 'in the mean time, you must be a close prisoner with 'your lady; and I believe there is no man in England 'but would exchange his liberty for the same gaol.'

She then departed in order to send for the attorney, and presently afterwards the serjeant arrived with news of the like kind. He said he had scraped an acquaintance with Murphy. 'I hope your honour will pardon me,' cries Atkinson, 'but I pretended to have a small demand 'upon your honour myself, and offered to employ him in 'the business. Upon which, he told me, that if I would 'go with him to the Marshal's Court, and make affidavit 'of my debt, he should be able very shortly to get it me; '"for I shall have the captain in hold," cries he, "within a '"day or two."—I wish,' said the serjeant, 'I could do 'your honour any service. Shall I walk about all day 'before the door? or shall I be porter, and watch it in 'the inside, till your honour can find some means of 'securing yourself? I hope you will not be offended at 'me, but I beg you would take care of falling into 'Murphy's hands; for he hath the character of the 'greatest villain upon earth. I am afraid you will think 'me too bold, Sir; but I have a little money, if it can be 'of any service, do, pray your honour, command it. It

'can never do me so much good any other way. Con-
'sider, Sir, I owe all I have to yourself and my dear
'mistress.'

Booth stood a moment as if he had been thunderstruck, and then, the tears bursting from his eyes, he said: 'Upon my soul, Atkinson, you overcome me. I scarce 'ever heard of so much goodness, nor do I know how to 'express my sentiments of it. But be assured, as for 'your money, I will not accept it, and let it satisfy you, 'that in my present circumstances it would do me no 'essential service; but this be assured of likewise, that 'whilst I live, I shall never forget the kindness of the 'offer——However, as I apprehend I may be in some 'danger of fellows getting into the house, for a day or 'two, as I have no guard but a poor little girl, I will 'not refuse the goodness you offer to show in my pro-'tection. And I make no doubt but Mrs. Ellison will 'let you sit in her parlour for that purpose.'

Atkinson, with the utmost readiness, undertook the office of porter; and Mrs. Ellison as readily allotted him a place in her back-parlour, where he continued three days together, from eight in the morning till twelve at night; during which time, he had sometimes the company of Mrs. Ellison, and sometimes of Booth, Amelia, and Mrs. Bennet too; for this last had taken as great a fancy to Amelia, as Amelia had to her; and therefore, as Mr. Booth's affairs were now no secret in the neighbourhood, made her frequent visits during the confinement of her husband, and consequently her own.

Nothing, as I remember, happened in this interval of time, more worthy notice than the following card, which Amelia received from her old acquaintance Mrs. James: 'Mrs. James sends her compliments to Mrs. Booth, and 'desires to know how she does; for as she hath not had 'the favour of seeing her at her own house, or of meeting

'her in any public place, in so long time, fears it may be 'owing to ill health.'

Amelia had long given over all thoughts of her friend, and doubted not but that she was as entirely given over by her; she was very much surprised at this message, and under some doubt whether it was not meant as an insult, especially from the mention of public places, which she thought so inconsistent with her present circumstances, of which she supposed Mrs. James was well apprised. However, at the entreaty of her husband, who languished for nothing more than to be again reconciled to his friend James, Amelia undertook to pay the lady a visit, and to examine into the mystery of this conduct, which appeared to her so unaccountable.

Mrs. James received her with a degree of civility that amazed Amelia, no less than her coldness had done before. She resolved to come to an eclaircissement, and having sat out some company that came in, when they were alone together, Amelia, after some silence, and many offers to speak, at last said, 'My dear Jenny (if you will now 'suffer me to call you by so familiar a name), have you 'entirely forgot a certain young lady who had the plea-'sure of being your intimate acquaintance at Montpelier?' 'Whom do you mean, dear Madam?' cries Mrs. James, with great concern. 'I mean myself,' answered Amelia. —'You surprise me, Madam,' replied Mrs. James: 'How 'can you ask me that question?'—'Nay, my dear, I do 'not intend to offend you,' cries Amelia, 'but I am really 'desirous to solve to myself the reason of that coldness 'which you shewed me, when you did me the favour of a 'visit. Can you think, my dear, I was not disappointed 'when I expected to meet an intimate friend, to receive a 'cold formal visitant? I desire you to examine your own 'heart, and answer me honestly, if you do not think I had 'some little reason to be dissatisfied with your behaviour?'

—'Indeed, Mrs. Booth,' answered the other lady, 'you 'surprise me very much; if there was any thing displeas- 'ing to you in my behaviour, I am extremely concerned 'at it. I did not know I had been defective in any of 'the rules of civility, but if I was, Madam, I ask your 'pardon.'—'Is civility then, my dear,' replied Amelia, 'a 'synonymous term with friendship? Could I have ex- 'pected, when I parted the last time with Miss Jenny 'Bath, to have met her the next time in the shape of a 'fine lady, complaining of the hardship of climbing up 'two pair of stairs to visit me, and then approaching me 'with the distant air of a new or a slight acquaintance? 'Do you think, my dear Mrs. James, if the tables had 'been turned, if my fortune had been as high in the 'world as yours, and you in my distress and abject con- 'dition, that I would not have climbed as high as the 'monument to visit you?'—'Sure, Madam,' cried Mrs. James, 'I mistake you, or you have greatly mistaken 'me. Can you complain of my not visiting you, who 'have owed me a visit almost these three weeks? Nay, 'did I not even then send you a card, which sure was 'doing more than all the friendship and good-breeding in 'the world required; but, indeed, as I had met you in no 'public place, I really thought you was ill.'—'How can 'you mention public places to me,' said Amelia, 'when 'you can hardly be a stranger to my present situation? 'Did you not know, Madam, that I was ruined?'—'No, 'indeed, Madam, I did not,' replied Mrs. James; 'I am 'sure I should have been highly concerned if I had.'— 'Why, sure, my dear,' cries Amelia, 'you could not 'imagine that we were in affluent circumstances, when 'you found us in such a place, and in such a condition.' —'Nay, my dear,' answered Mrs. James, 'since you are 'pleased to mention it first yourself, I own, I was a little 'surprised to see you in no better lodgings; but I con-

'cluded you had your own reasons for liking them; and 'for my own part, I have laid it down as a positive rule, 'never to inquire into the private affairs of any one, 'especially of my friends. I am not of the humour of 'some ladies, who confine the circle of their acquaintance 'to one part of the town, and would not be known to 'visit in the city for the world. For my part, I never 'dropt an acquaintance with any one, while it was reput-'able to keep it up; and I can solemnly declare I have 'not a friend in the world for whom I have a greater 'esteem than I have for Mrs. Booth.'

At this instant, the arrival of a new visitant put an end to the discourse; and Amelia soon after took her leave without the least anger, but with some little unavoidable contempt for a lady, in whose opinion, as we have hinted before, outward form and ceremony constituted the whole essence of friendship; who valued all her acquaintance alike, as each individual served equally to fill up a place in her visiting roll, and who, in reality, had not the least concern for the good qualities or well-being of any of them.

CHAPTER V.

Containing much heroic matter.

At the end of three days, Mrs. Ellison's friend had so far purchased Mr. Booth's liberty, that he could walk again abroad within the verge without any danger of having a warrant backed against him by the Board before he had notice. As for the ill-looked persons that had given the alarm, it was now discovered that another unhappy gentleman, and not Booth, was the object of their pursuit.

Mr. Booth now being delivered from his fears, went, as he had formerly done, to take his morning walk in the Park. Here he met colonel Bath in company with some other officers, and very civilly paid his respects to him. But, instead of returning the salute, the colonel looked him full in the face with a very stern countenance; and, if he could be said to take any notice of him, it was in such a manner as to inform him he would take no notice of him.

Booth was not more hurt than surprised at this behaviour, and resolved to know the reason of it. He therefore watched an opportunity till the colonel was alone, and then walked boldly up to him, and desired to know if he had given him any offence?—The colonel answered hastily, 'Sir, I am above being offended with you, nor do 'I think it consistent with my dignity to make you any 'answer.' Booth replied, 'I don't know, Sir, that I have 'done any thing to deserve this treatment.'—'Look'ee, 'Sir,' cries the colonel, 'if I had not formerly had some 'respect for you, I should not think you worth my re-'sentment. However, as you are a gentleman born, and 'an officer, and as I have had an esteem for you, I will 'give you some marks of it by putting it in your power 'to do yourself justice. I will tell you therefore, Sir, 'that you have acted like a scoundrel.'—'If we were not 'in the Park,' answered Booth warmly, 'I would thank 'you very properly for that compliment.'—'Oh, Sir,' cries the colonel, 'we can be soon in a convenient place.' Upon which Booth answered, he would attend him wherever he pleased.—The colonel then bid him come along, and strutted forward directly up Constitution-Hill to Hyde-Park, Booth following him at first, and afterwards walking before him, till they came to that place which may be properly called the field of blood, being that part, a little to the left of the ring, which heroes

have chosen for the scene of their exit out of this world.

Booth reached the ring some time before the colonel; for he mended not his pace any more than a Spaniard. To say truth, I believe it was not in his power; for he had so long accustomed himself to one and the same strut, that as a horse, used always to trotting, can scarce be forced into a gallop, so could no passion force the colonel to alter his pace.

At length, however, both parties arrived at the lists, where the colonel very deliberately took off his wig and coat, and laid them on the grass, and then drawing his sword, advanced to Booth, who had likewise his drawn weapon in his hand, but had made no other preparation for the combat.

The combatants now engaged with great fury, and after two or three passes, Booth ran the colonel through the body and threw him on the ground, at the same time possessing himself of the colonel's sword.

As soon as the colonel was become master of his speech, he called out to Booth in a very kind voice, and said, 'You have done my business, and satisfied 'me that you are a man of honour, and that my brother 'James must have been mistaken; for I am convinced 'that no man who will draw his sword in so gallant a 'manner, is capable of being a rascal; d—n me, give 'me a buss, my dear boy, I ask your pardon for that 'infamous appellation I dishonoured your dignity with; 'but, d—n me, if it was not purely out of love, and 'to give you an opportunity of doing yourself justice, 'which I own you have done like a man of honour. 'What may be the consequence I know not, but I 'hope, at least, I shall live to reconcile you with my 'brother.'

Booth shewed great concern, and even horror in his

countenance. 'Why, my dear colonel,' said he, 'would 'you force me to this? for Heaven's sake tell me what I 'have ever done to offend?'

'Me!' cried the colonel. 'Indeed, my dear child, you 'never did any thing to offend me.—Nay, I have acted 'the part of a friend to you in the whole affair. I main-'tained your cause with my brother as long as decency 'would permit; I could not flatly contradict him, though, 'indeed, I scarce believed him. But what could I do? 'if I had not fought with you, I must have been obliged 'to have fought with him; however, I hope what is 'done will be sufficient, and that matters may be dis-'commodated without your being put to the necessity of 'fighting any more on this occasion.'

'Never regard me,' cried Booth eagerly, 'for Heaven's 'sake, think of your own preservation. Let me put you 'into a chair, and get you a surgeon.'

'Thou art a noble lad,' cries the colonel, who was now got on his legs, 'and I am glad the business is so well 'over. For though your sword went quite through, it 'slanted so, that I apprehend there is little danger of life. 'However, I think there is enough done to put an honour-'able end to the affair, especially as you was so hasty to 'disarm me. I bleed a little, but I can walk to the house 'by the water; and if you will send me a chair thither, I 'shall be obliged to you.'

As the colonel refused any assistance (indeed he was very able to walk without it, though with somewhat less dignity than usual), Booth set forward to Grosvenor-Gate, in order to procure the chair, and soon after returned with one to his friend; whom having conveyed into it, he attended himself on foot into Bond-Street, where then lived a very eminent surgeon.

The surgeon having probed the wound, turned towards Booth, who was apparently the guilty person, and said,

with a smile, 'Upon my word, Sir, you have performed 'the business with great dexterity.'

'Sir,' cries the colonel to the surgeon, 'I would not 'have you imagine I am afraid to die. I think I know 'more what belongs to the dignity of a man; and, I 'believe, I have shewn it at the head of a line of 'battle. Do not impute my concern to that fear, when 'I ask you whether there is or is not any danger.'

'Really, colonel,' answered the surgeon, who well knew the complexion of the gentleman then under his hands, 'it would appear like presumption to say, that a 'man who hath been just run through the body, is in 'no manner of danger. But this, I think, I may assure 'you, that I yet perceive no very bad symptoms, and 'unless something worse should appear, or a fever be the 'consequence, I hope you may live to be again, with all 'your dignity, at the head of a line of battle.'

'I am glad to hear that is your opinion,' quoth the colonel, 'for I am not desirous of dying, though I am 'not afraid of it. But if any thing worse than you 'apprehend should happen, I desire you will be a wit-'ness of my declaration, that this young gentleman is 'entirely innocent. I forced him to do what he did. 'My dear Booth, I am pleased matters are as they are. 'You are the first man that ever gained an advantage 'over me; but it was very lucky for you that you dis-'armed me, and I doubt not but you have the equanimity 'to think so. If the business, therefore, hath ended with-'out doing any thing to the purpose, it was fortune's 'pleasure, and neither of our faults.'

Booth heartily embraced the colonel, and assured him of the great satisfaction he had received from the surgeon's opinion; and soon after the two combatants took their leave of each other. The colonel, after he was drest, went in a chair to his lodgings, and Booth walked

on foot to his; where he luckily arrived without meeting any of Mr. Murphy's gang; a danger which never once occurred to his imagination till he was out of it.

The affair he had been about had indeed so entirely occupied his mind, that it had obliterated every other idea; among the rest, it caused him so absolutely to forget the time of the day, that though he had exceeded the time of dining above two hours, he had not the least suspicion of being at home later than usual.

CHAPTER VI.

In which the reader will find matter worthy his consideration.

AMELIA having waited above an hour for her husband, concluded, as he was the most punctual man alive, that he had met with some engagement abroad, and sat down to her meal with her children; which, as it was always uncomfortable in the absence of her husband, was very short; so that, before his return, all the apparatus of dining was entirely removed.

Booth sat some time with his wife, expecting every minute when the little maid would make her appearance; at last, curiosity, I believe, rather than appetite, made him ask, How long it was to dinner? 'To dinner! my 'dear,' answered Amelia, 'sure you have dined, I hope?' Booth replied in the negative; upon which his wife started from her chair, and bestirred herself as nimbly to provide him a repast, as the most industrious hostess in the kingdom doth, when some unexpected guest of extraordinary quality arrives at her house.

The reader hath not, I think, from any passages

hitherto recorded in this history, had much reason to accuse Amelia of a blameable curiosity; he will not, I hope, conclude that she gave an instance of any such fault, when, upon Booth's having so long overstayed his time, and so greatly mistaken the hour of the day, and upon some other circumstances of his behaviour (for he was too honest to be good at concealing any of his thoughts), she said to him, after he had done eating, 'My 'dear, I am sure something more than ordinary hath 'happened to-day, and I beg you will tell me what 'it is.'

Booth answered that nothing of any consequence had happened; that he had been detained by a friend, whom he met accidentally, longer than he expected. In short, he made many shuffling and evasive answers, not boldly lying out, which, perhaps, would have succeeded, but poorly and vainly endeavouring to reconcile falsehood with truth. An attempt which seldom fails to betray the most practised deceiver.

How impossible was it therefore for poor Booth to succeed in an art for which nature had so entirely disqualified him. His countenance, indeed, confessed faster than his tongue denied; and the whole of his behaviour gave Amelia an alarm, and made her suspect something very bad had happened; and as her thoughts turned presently on the badness of their circumstances, she feared some mischief from his creditors had befallen him; for she was too ignorant of such matters to know, that if he had fallen into the hands of the Philistines (which is the name given by the faithful to bailiffs) he would hardly have been able so soon to recover his liberty. Booth at last perceived her to be so uneasy, that, as he saw no hopes of contriving any fiction to satisfy her, he thought himself obliged to tell her the truth, or at least part of the truth, and confessed that he had had a little skirmish

with colonel Bath, in which, he said, the colonel had received a slight wound, not at all dangerous; and this, says he, is all the whole matter. 'If it be so,' cries Amelia, 'I thank Heaven no worse hath happened; but 'why, my dear, will you ever converse with that mad-'man, who can embrace a friend one moment, and fight 'with him the next?' 'Nay, my dear,' answered Booth, 'you yourself must confess, though he be a little too 'much on the *qui vive*, he is a man of great honour and 'good-nature.' 'Tell me not,' replied she, 'of such good-'nature and honour as would sacrifice a friend, and a 'whole family, to a ridiculous whim. Oh, Heavens!' cried she, falling upon her knees, 'from what misery 'have I escaped, from what have these poor babes es-'caped, through your gracious providence this day!' Then turning to her husband, she cried, 'But are you 'sure the monster's wound is no more dangerous than 'you say? a monster surely I may call him, who can 'quarrel with a man that could not, that I am convinced 'would not, offend him.'

Upon this question, Booth repeated the assurance which the surgeon had given them, perhaps with a little enlargement, which pretty well satisfied Amelia; and instead of blaming her husband for what he had done, she tenderly embraced him, and again returned thanks to Heaven for his safety.

In the evening, Booth insisted on paying a short visit to the colonel, highly against the inclination of Amelia, who, by many arguments and entreaties, endeavoured to dissuade her husband from continuing an acquaintance in which, she said, she should always foresee much danger for the future. However, she was at last prevailed upon to acquiesce; and Booth went to the colonel, whose lodgings happened to be in the verge as well as his own.

He found the colonel in his night-gown, and his great chair, engaged with another officer at a game of chess. He rose immediately, and having heartily embraced Booth, presented him to his friend, saying he had the honour to introduce to him as brave and as *fortitudinous* a man as any in the king's dominions. He then took Booth with him into the next room, and desired him not to mention a word of what had happened in the morning; saying, 'I am very well satisfied that no more hath 'happened; however, as it ended in nothing, I could 'wish it might remain a secret.' Booth told him he was heartily glad to find him so well, and promised never to mention it more to any one.

The game at chess being but just begun, and neither of the parties having gained any considerable advantage, they neither of them insisted on continuing it; and now the colonel's antagonist took his leave, and left the colonel and Booth together.

As soon as they were alone, the latter earnestly entreated the former to acquaint him with the real cause of his anger; 'for, may I perish,' cries Booth, 'if I can even 'guess what I have ever done to offend either you, or 'your brother, colonel James.'

'Look'ee, child,' cries the colonel, 'I tell you I am 'for my own part satisfied; for I am convinced that a 'man who will fight can never be a rascal; and, there-'fore, why should you require any more of me at 'present? when I see my brother James, I hope to 'reconcile all matters, and perhaps no more swords 'need be drawn on this occasion.' But Booth still persisting in his desire, the colonel, after some hesitation, with a tremendous oath, cried out, 'I do not think 'myself at liberty to refuse you after the indignity I 'offered you; so, since you demand it of me, I will 'inform you. My brother told me you had used him

'dishonourably, and had divellicated his character behind 'his back. He gave me his word, too, that he was 'well assured of what he said. What could I have 'done? though I own to you I did not believe him, 'and your behaviour since hath convinced me I was 'in the right; I must either have given him the lie, 'and fought with him, or else I was obliged to behave 'as I did, and fight with you. And now, my lad, I leave 'it to you to do as you please; but if you are laid under 'any necessity to do yourself further justice, it is your 'own fault.'

'Alas! colonel,' answered Booth, 'besides the obli- 'gations I have to the colonel, I have really so much 'love for him, that I think of nothing less than resent- 'ment. All I wish is to have this affair brought to an 'eclaircissement, and to satisfy him that he is in an error; 'for, though his assertions are cruelly injurious, and I 'have never deserved them, yet I am convinced he would 'not say what he did not himself think. Some rascal, 'envious of his friendship for me, hath belied me to 'him, and the only resentment I desire is to convince 'him of his mistake.'

At these words, the colonel grinned horribly a ghastly smile, or rather sneer, and answered, 'Young gentle- 'man, you may do as you please; but by the eternal 'dignity of man, if any man breathing had taken a 'liberty with my character,—Here, here—Mr. Booth,' (shewing his fingers) 'Here—d—n me, should be his 'nostrils, he should breathe through my hands, and 'breathe his last, d—n me.'

Booth answered, 'I think, colonel, I may appeal to 'your testimony that I dare do myself justice: since he, 'who dare draw his sword against you, can hardly be 'supposed to fear any other person; but I repeat to you 'again, that I love colonel James so well, and am so

'greatly obliged to him, that it would be almost in-
'different to me, whether I directed my sword against
'his breast or my own.'

The colonel's muscles were considerably softened by Booth's last speech; but he again contracted them into a vast degree of fierceness, before he cried out——'Boy,
'thou hast reason enough to be vain; for thou art the
'first person that ever could proudly say he gained an
'advantage over me in combat. I believe, indeed, thou
'art not afraid of any man breathing, and, as I know
'thou hast some obligations to my brother, I do not dis-
'commend thee; for nothing more becomes the dignity
'of a man than gratitude. Besides, as I am satisfied my
'brother can produce the author of the slander—I say,
'I am satisfied of that, d—n me, if any man alive dares
'assert the contrary; for that would be to make my
'brother himself a liar, I will make him produce his
'author; and then, my dear boy, your doing yourself
'proper justice there will bring you finely out of the
'whole affair. As soon as my surgeon gives me leave to
'go abroad, which I hope will be in a few days, I will
'bring my brother James to a tavern, where you shall
'meet us; and I will engage my honour, my whole
'dignity to you, to make you friends.'

The assurance of the colonel gave Booth great pleasure; for few persons ever loved a friend better than he did James; and as for doing military justice on the author of that scandalous report which had incensed his friend against him, not Bath himself was ever more ready, on such an occasion, than Booth to execute it. He soon after took his leave, and returned home in high spirits to his Amelia, whom he found in Mrs. Ellison's apartment, engaged in a party at ombre with that lady and her right honourable cousin.

His lordship had, it seems, had a second interview

with the great man, and having obtained further hopes (for I think there was not yet an absolute promise) of success in Mr. Booth's affairs, his usual good-nature brought him immediately to acquaint Mr. Booth with it. As he did not therefore find him at home, and as he met with the two ladies together, he resolved to stay till his friend's return, which he was assured would not be long, especially as he was so lucky, he said, to have no particular engagement that whole evening.

We remarked before, that his lordship, at the first interview with Amelia, had distinguished her by a more particular address from the other ladies; but that now appeared to be rather owing to his perfect good-breeding, as she was then to be considered as the mistress of the house, than from any other preference. His present behaviour made this still more manifest; for as he was now in Mrs. Ellison's apartment, though she was his relation and an old acquaintance, he applied his conversation rather more to her than to Amelia. His eyes, indeed, were now and then guilty of the contrary distinction, but this was only by stealth; for they constantly withdrew the moment they were discovered. In short, he treated Amelia with the greatest distance, and at the same time with the most profound and awful respect; his conversation was so general, so lively, and so obliging, that Amelia, when she added to his agreeableness the obligations she had to him for his friendship to Booth, was certainly as much pleased with his lordship, as any virtuous woman can possibly be with any man, besides her own husband.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing various matters.

We have already mentioned the good humour in which Booth returned home; and the reader will easily believe it was not a little increased by the good humour in which he found his company. My lord received him with the utmost marks of friendship and affection, and told him that his affairs went on as well almost as he himself could desire, and that he doubted not very soon to wish him joy of a company.

When Booth had made a proper return to all his lordship's unparalleled goodness, he whispered Amelia, that the colonel was entirely out of danger, and almost as well as himself. This made her satisfaction complete, threw her into such spirits, and gave such a lustre to her eyes, that her face, as Horace says, was too dazzling to be looked at; it was certainly too handsome to be looked at without the highest admiration.

His lordship departed about ten o'clock, and left the company in raptures with him, especially the two ladies, of whom it is difficult to say which exceeded the other in his commendations. Mrs. Ellison swore she believed he was the best of all human kind; and Amelia, without making any exception, declared he was the finest gentleman, and most agreeable man, she had ever seen in her life; adding, it was great pity he should remain single. 'That's true, indeed,' cries Mrs. Ellison, 'and I 'have often lamented it, nay, I am astonished at it, con- 'sidering the great liking he always shews for our sex, 'and he may certainly have the choice of all. The real 'reason, I believe, is his fondness for his sister's children.

'I declare, Madam, if you was to see his behaviour to 'them, you would think they were his own. Indeed, 'he is vastly fond of all manner of children.' 'Good 'creature,' cries Amelia, 'if ever he doth me the honour 'of another visit, I am resolved I will shew him my 'little things. I think, Mrs. Ellison, as you say my lord 'loves children, I may say, without vanity, he will not 'see many such.' 'No, indeed, will he not,' answered Mrs. Ellison: 'and now I think on't, Madam, I wonder 'at my own stupidity in never making the offer before; 'but since you put it into my head, if you will give me 'leave, I'll take master and miss to wait on my lord's 'nephew and niece. They are very pretty behaved 'children: and little master and miss will be, I dare 'swear, very happy in their acquaintance; besides, if my 'lord himself should see them, I know what will happen; 'for he is the most generous of all human beings.'

Amelia very readily accepted the favour which Mrs. Ellison offered her; but Booth exprest some reluctance. 'Upon my word, my dear,' said he, with a smile, 'this 'behaviour of ours puts me in mind of the common 'conduct of beggars; who, whenever they receive a 'favour, are sure to send other objects to the same foun-'tain of charity. Don't we, my dear, repay our obliga-'tions to my lord in the same manner, by sending our 'children a begging to him?'

'O beastly!' cries Mrs. Ellison, 'how could such a 'thought enter your brains? I protest, Madam, I begin 'to grow ashamed of this husband of yours. How can 'you have so vulgar a way of thinking? Begging, 'indeed! the poor little dear things a begging.—If my 'lord was capable of such a thought, though he was my 'own brother instead of my cousin, I should scorn him 'too much ever to enter his doors.'—'O dear Madam!' answered Amelia, 'you take Mr. Booth too seriously,

'when he was only in jest; and the children shall wait 'upon you whenever you please.'

Though Booth had been a little more in earnest than Amelia had represented him, and was not, perhaps, quite so much in the wrong as he was considered by Mrs. Ellison; yet seeing there were two to one against him, he wisely thought proper to recede, and let his simile go off with that air of a jest, which his wife had given it.

Mrs. Ellison, however, could not let it pass without paying some compliments to Amelia's understanding, nor without some obscure reflections upon Booth, with whom she was more offended than the matter required. She was indeed a woman of most profuse generosity, and could not bear a thought which she deemed vulgar or sneaking. She afterwards launched forth the most profuse encomiums of his lordship's liberality, and concluded the evening with some instances which he had given of that virtue, which, if not the noblest, is, perhaps, one of the most useful to society, with which great and rich men can be endowed.

The next morning early, serjeant Atkinson came to wait on lieutenant Booth, and desired to speak with his honour in private. Upon which, the lieutenant and serjeant took a walk together in the Park. Booth expected every minute when the serjeant would open his mouth; under which expectation he continued till he came to the end of the Mall, and so he might have continued till he came to the end of the world; for though several words stood at the end of the serjeant's lips, there they were likely to remain for ever. He was, indeed, in the condition of a miser, whom a charitable impulse hath impelled to draw a few pence to the edge of his pocket, where they were altogether as secure as if they were in the bottom; for, as the one hath not the

heart to part with a farthing, so neither had the other the heart to speak a word.

Booth at length, wondering that the serjeant did not speak, asked him, What his business was? when the latter with a stammering voice began the following apology: 'I hope, Sir, your honour will not be angry, 'nor take any thing amiss of me. I do assure you, it 'was not of my seeking, nay, I dare not proceed in the 'matter without first asking your leave. Indeed, if I 'had taken any liberties from the goodness you have 'been pleased to shew me, I should look upon myself as 'one of the most worthless and despicable of wretches; 'but nothing is farther from my thoughts. I know the 'distance which is between us; and because your honour 'hath been so kind and good as to treat me with more 'familiarity than any other officer ever did, if I had been 'base enough to take any freedoms, or to encroach upon 'your honour's goodness, I should deserve to be whipt 'through the regiment. I hope, therefore, Sir, you will 'not suspect me of any such attempt.'

'What can all this mean, Atkinson,' cries Booth; 'what mighty matter would you introduce with all this 'previous apology?'

'I am almost ashamed and afraid to mention it,' answered the serjeant, 'and yet I am sure your honour 'will believe what I have said, and not think any thing 'owing to my own presumption; and, at the same time, 'I have no reason to think you would do any thing 'to spoil my fortune in an honest way, when it is dropt 'into my lap without my own seeking. For, may I 'perish, if it is not all the lady's own goodness, and I 'hope in Heaven, with your honour's leave, I shall live 'to make her amends for it.'—In a word, that we may not detain the reader's curiosity quite so long as he did Booth's, he acquainted that gentleman that he had an

offer of marriage from a lady of his acquaintance, to whose company he had introduced him, and desired his permission to accept of it.

Booth must have been very dull, indeed, if after what the serjeant had said, and after what he had heard Mrs. Ellison say, he had wanted any information concerning the lady. He answered him briskly and cheerfully, that he had his free consent to marry any woman whatever; 'and the greater and richer she is,' added he, 'the more 'I shall be pleased with the match. I don't inquire who 'the lady is,' said he, smiling, 'but I hope she will make 'as good a wife as, I am convinced, her husband will 'deserve.'

'Your honour hath been always too good to me,' cries Atkinson, 'but this I promise you, I will do all in my 'power to merit the kindness she is pleased to shew me. 'I will be bold to say, she will marry an honest man, 'though he is but a poor one; and she shall never want 'any thing which I can give her or do for her, while my 'name is Joseph Atkinson.'

'And so her name is a secret, Joe, is it?' cries Booth.

'Why, Sir,' answered the serjeant, 'I hope your 'honour will not insist upon knowing that, as I think 'it would be dishonourable in me to mention it.'

'Not at all,' replied Booth; 'I am the farthest in the 'world from any such desire. I know thee better than 'to imagine thou wouldst disclose the name of the fair 'lady.' Booth then shook Atkinson heartily by the hand, and assured him earnestly of the joy he had in his good fortune; for which the good serjeant failed not of making all proper acknowledgments. After which they departed, and Booth returned home.

As Mrs. Ellison opened the door, Booth hastily rushed by; for he had the utmost difficulty to prevent laughing in her face. He ran directly up stairs, and throwing

himself into a chair, discharged such a fit of laughter as greatly surprised, and at first almost frightened, his wife.

Amelia, it will be supposed, presently inquired into the cause of this phænomenon, with which Booth, as soon as he was able (for that was not within a few minutes) acquainted her. The news did not affect her in the same manner as it had affected her husband. On the contrary, she cried, 'I protest I cannot guess what makes you see 'it in so ridiculous a light. I really think Mrs. Ellison 'has chosen very well. I am convinced Joe will make 'her one of the best of husbands; and in my opinion 'that is the greatest blessing a woman can be possessed of.'

However, when Mrs. Ellison came into her room a little while afterwards, to fetch the children, Amelia became of a more risible disposition, especially when the former, turning to Booth, who was then present, said, 'So, captain, my jantee-serjeant was very early here this 'morning. I scolded my maid heartily for letting him 'wait so long in the entry like a lacquais, when she 'might have shewn him into my inner apartment.' At which words Booth burst into a very loud laugh; and Amelia herself could no more prevent laughing than she could blushing.

'Heyday!' cries Mrs. Ellison, 'what have I said to 'cause all this mirth?' and at the same time blushed, and looked very silly, as is always the case with persons who suspect themselves to be the objects of laughter, without absolutely taking what it is which makes them ridiculous.

Booth still continued laughing; but Amelia, composing her muscles, said, 'I ask your pardon, dear Mrs. Ellison; 'but Mr. Booth hath been in a strange giggling humour 'all this morning; and I really think it is infectious.'

'I ask your pardon too, Madam,' cries Booth, 'but one 'is sometimes unaccountably foolish.'

'Nay, but seriously,' said she, 'what is the matter?—'Something I said about the serjeant, I believe; but you 'may laugh as much as you please, I am not ashamed of 'owning, I think him one of the prettiest fellows I ever 'saw in my life; and, I own, I scolded my maid at 'suffering him to wait in my entry; and where is the 'mighty ridiculous matter, pray?'

'None at all,' answered Booth; 'and, I hope, the next 'time, he will be ushered into your inner apartment.'

'Why should he not, Sir?' replied she; 'for wherever 'he is ushered, I am convinced he will behave himself as 'a gentleman should.'

Here Amelia put an end to the discourse, or it might have proceeded to very great lengths; for Booth was of a waggish inclination; and Mrs. Ellison was not a lady of the nicest delicacy.

CHAPTER VIII.

The heroic behaviour of colonel Bath.

Booth went this morning to pay a second visit to the colonel, where he found colonel James. Both the colonel and the lieutenant appeared a little shocked at their first meeting; but matters were soon cleared up; for the former presently advanced to the latter, shook him heartily by the hand, and said—'Mr. Booth, 'I am ashamed to see you; for I have injured you, and 'I heartily ask your pardon. I am now perfectly con-'vinced, that what I hinted to my brother, and which I 'find had like to have produced such fatal consequences,

'was entirely groundless. If you will be contented with 'my asking your pardon, and spare me the disagreeable 'remembrance of what led me into my error, I shall 'esteem it as the highest obligation.'

Booth answered, 'As to what regards yourself, my 'dear colonel, I am abundantly satisfied; but as I am 'convinced, some rascal hath been my enemy with you 'in the cruellest manner, I hope you will not deny me 'the opportunity of kicking him through the world.'

'By all the dignity of man,' cries colonel Bath, 'the 'boy speaks with spirit, and his request is reasonable.'

Colonel James hesitated a moment, and then whispered Booth, that he would give him all the satisfaction imaginable concerning the whole affair, when they were alone together; upon which Booth addressing himself to colonel Bath, the discourse turned on other matters, during the remainder of the visit, which was but short, and then both went away together, leaving colonel Bath as well as it was possible to expect, more to the satisfaction of Booth than of colonel James, who would not have been displeased if his wound had been more dangerous; for he was grown somewhat weary of a disposition that he rather called captious than heroic, and which, as he every day more and more hated his wife, he apprehended might some time or other give him some trouble; for Bath was the most affectionate of brothers, and had often swore, in the presence of James, that he would eat any man alive who should use his sister ill.

Colonel Bath was well satisfied that his brother and the lieutenant were gone out with a design of tilting, from which he offered not a syllable to dissuade them, as he was convinced it was right, and that Booth could not in honour take, nor the colonel give, any less satisfaction. When they had been gone therefore about half an hour, he rang his bell, to inquire if there was any

news of his brother; a question which he repeated every ten minutes, for the space of two hours, when having heard nothing of him, he began to conclude that both were killed on the spot.

While he was in this state of anxiety, his sister came to see him; for notwithstanding his desire of keeping it a secret, the duel had blazed all over the town. After receiving some kind congratulations on his safety, and some unkind hints concerning the warmth of his temper, the colonel asked her, when she had seen her husband? She answered, not that morning. He then communicated to her his suspicion, told her he was convinced his brother had drawn his sword that day, and that as neither of them had heard any thing from him, he began to apprehend the worst that could happen.

Neither Miss Bellamy nor Mrs. Cibber were ever in a greater consternation on the stage, than now appeared in the countenance of Mrs. James. 'Good Heavens! 'brother,' cries she, 'what do you tell me! you have 'frightened me to death. Let your man get me a glass 'of water immediately, if you have not a mind to see 'me die before your face. When, where, how was this 'quarrel, why did not you prevent it, if you knew of it? 'is it not enough to be every day tormenting me with 'hazarding your own life, but must you bring the life of 'one who you know must be, and ought to be, so much 'the dearest of all to me, into danger? Take your sword, 'brother, take your sword, and plunge it into my bosom; 'it would be kinder of you than to fill it with such 'dreads and terrors.'—Here she swallowed the glass of water; and then threw herself back in her chair, as if she had intended to faint away.

Perhaps, if she had so, the colonel would have lent her no assistance; for she had hurt him more than by ten thousand stabs. He sat erect in his chair, with his

eyebrows knit, his forehead wrinkled, his eyes flashing fire, his teeth grating against each other, and breathing horror all round him. In this posture he sat for some time silent, casting disdainful looks at his sister. At last, his voice found its way through a passion which had almost choked him, and he cried out: 'Sister, what have 'I done to deserve the opinion you express of me? which 'of my actions hath made you conclude that I am a rascal 'and a coward? look at that poor sword, which never 'woman yet saw but in its sheath, what hath that done 'to merit your desire that it should be contaminated with 'the blood of a woman?'

'Alas! brother,' cried she, 'I know not what you say, 'you are desirous, I believe, to terrify me out of the little 'senses I have left. What can I have said in the agonies of 'grief into which you threw me, to deserve this passion?'

'What have you said?' answered the colonel, 'you 'have said that which if a man had spoken, nay, d—n 'me, if he had but hinted that he durst even think, I 'would have made him eat my sword, by all the dignity 'of man, I would have crumbled his soul into powder. 'But, I consider that the words were spoken by a woman, 'and I am calm again. Consider, my dear, that you are 'my sister, and behave yourself with more spirit. I have 'only mentioned to you my surmise. It may not have 'happened as I suspect; but let what will have happened, 'you will have the comfort that your husband hath be-'haved himself with becoming dignity, and lies in the 'bed of honour.'

'Talk not to me of such comfort,' replied the lady, 'it 'is a loss I cannot survive. But why do I sit here la-'menting myself; I will go this instant and know the 'worst of my fate, if my trembling limbs will carry me 'to my coach.—Good-morrow, dear brother; whatever 'becomes of me, I am glad to find you out of danger.'—

The colonel paid her his proper compliments, and she then left the room, but returned instantly back, saying, 'Brother, I must beg the favour of you to let your foot-'man step to my mantua-maker; I am sure it is a 'miracle, in my present distracted condition, how it came 'into my head.' The footman was presently summoned, and Mrs. James delivered him his message, which was to countermand the orders, which she had given that very morning, to make her up a new suit of brocade. 'Heaven 'knows,' says she, 'now, when I can wear brocade, or 'whether ever I shall wear it.' And now having repeated her message with great exactness, lest there should be any mistake, she again lamented her wretched situation, and then departed, leaving the colonel in full expectation of hearing speedy news of the fatal issue of the battle.

But, though the reader should entertain the same curiosity, we must be excused from satisfying it, till we have first accounted for an incident which we have related in this very chapter, and which we think deserves some solution. The critic, I am convinced, already is apprised, that I mean the friendly behaviour of James to Booth, which, from what we had before recorded, seemed so little to be expected.

It must be remembered, that the anger which the former of these gentlemen had conceived against the latter, arose entirely from the false account given by Miss Matthews of Booth, whom that lady had accused to colonel James of having as basely as wickedly traduced his character.

Now, of all the ministers of vengeance, there are none with whom the devil deals so treacherously as with those whom he employs in executing the mischievous purposes of an angry mistress; for no sooner is revenge executed on an offending lover, than it is sure to be repented, and

all the anger, which before raged against the beloved object, returns with double fury on the head of his assassin.

Miss Matthews, therefore, no sooner heard that Booth was killed (for so was the report at first, and by a colonel of the army) than she immediately concluded it to be James. She was extremely shocked with the news, and her heart instantly began to relent. All the reasons on which she had founded her love, recurred in the strongest and liveliest colours to her mind, and all the causes of her hatred sunk down and disappeared; or, if the least remembrance of any thing which had disobliged her remained, her heart became his zealous advocate, and soon satisfied her that her own fates were more to be blamed than he, and that without being a villain he could have acted no otherwise than he had done.

In this temper of mind she looked on herself as the murderer of an innocent man, and, what to her was much worse, of the man she had loved, and still did love with all the violence imaginable. She looked on James as the tool with which she had done this murder; and as it is usual for people, who have rashly or inadvertently made any animate or inanimate thing the instrument of mischief, to hate the innocent means by which the mischief was effected; (for this is a subtle method which the mind invents to excuse ourselves, the last objects on whom we would willingly wreak our vengeance;) so Miss Matthews now hated and cursed James as the efficient cause of that act which she herself had contrived, and laboured to carry into execution.

She sat down therefore in a furious agitation, little short of madness, and wrote the following letter:

'I HOPE this will find you in the hands of justice, for 'the murder of one of the best friends that ever man was 'blest with. In one sense, indeed, he may seem to have

'deserved his fate, by choosing a fool for a friend; for 'who but a fool would have believed what the anger and 'rage of an injured woman suggested; a story so im-'probable, that I could scarce be thought in earnest 'when I mentioned it.

'Know then, cruel wretch, that poor Booth loved you 'of all men breathing, and was, I believe, in your com-'mendation, guilty of as much falsehood as I was in 'what I told you concerning him.

'If this knowledge makes you miserable, it is no more 'than you have made

'The unhappy

'F. MATTHEWS.'

CHAPTER IX.

Being the last chapter of the Fifth Book.

WE shall now return to colonel James and Mr. Booth, who walked together from colonel Bath's lodging with much more peaceable intention than that gentleman had conjectured, who dreamt of nothing but swords and guns, and implements of war.

The Birdcage-walk in the Park was the scene appointed by James for unburthening his mind. Thither they came, and there James acquainted Booth with all that which the reader knows already, and gave him the letter which we have inserted at the end of the last chapter.

Booth exprest great astonishment at this relation, not without venting some detestation of the wickedness of Miss Matthews; upon which, James took him up, saying, he ought not to speak with such abhorrence of faults, which love for him had occasioned.

'Can you mention love, my dear colonel,' cried Booth, 'and such a woman in the same breath?'

'Yes, faith! can I,' says James; 'for the devil take 'me, if I know a more lovely woman in the world.' Here he began to describe her whole person; but as we cannot insert all the description, so we shall omit it all; and concluded with saying, 'Curse me if I don't think 'her the finest creature in the universe. I would give 'half my estate, Booth, she loved me as well as she 'doth you. Though, on second consideration, I believe 'I should repent that bargain; for then, very possibly, 'I should not care a farthing for her.'

'You will pardon me, dear colonel,' answered Booth; 'but to me there appears somewhat very singular in 'your way of thinking. Beauty is indeed the object 'of liking, great qualities of admiration, good ones of 'esteem; but the devil take me, if I think any thing 'but love to be the object of love.'

'Is there not something too selfish,' replied James, 'in that opinion; but without considering it in that light, 'is it not of all things the most insipid? all oil! all 'sugar! zounds! it is enough to cloy the sharp-set appe-'tite of a parson. Acids surely are the most likely to 'quicken.'

'I do not love reasoning in allegories,' cries Booth: 'but with regard to love, I declare I never found any 'thing cloying in it. I have lived almost alone with 'my wife near three years together, was never tired 'with her company, nor ever wished for any other; and 'I am sure, I never tasted any of the acid you mention 'to quicken my appetite.'

'This is all very extraordinary and romantic to me,' answered the colonel. 'If I was to be shut up three 'years with the same woman, which Heaven forbid! 'nothing, I think, could keep me alive, but a temper

'as violent as that of Miss Matthews. As to love, it 'would make me sick to death, in the twentieth part of 'that time. If I was so condemned, let me see, what 'I would wish the woman to be! I think no one virtue 'would be sufficient. With the spirit of a tigress, I 'would have her be a prude, a scold, a scholar, a 'critic, a wit, a politician, and a Jacobite; and then, 'perhaps, eternal opposition would keep up our spirits; 'and wishing one another daily at the devil, we should 'make a shift to drag on a damnable state of life, with-'out much spleen or vapours.'

'And so you do not intend,' cries Booth, 'to break 'with this woman.'

'Not more than I have already, if I can help it,' answered the colonel.

'And you will be reconciled to her,' said Booth.

'Yes, faith! will I, if I can,' answered the colonel ——'I hope you have no objection.'

'None, my dear friend,' said Booth, 'unless on your 'account.'

'I do believe you,' said the colonel; 'and yet, let 'me tell you, you are a very extraordinary man not 'to desire me to quit her on your own account. Upon 'my soul, I begin to pity the woman, who hath placed 'her affection, perhaps, on the only man in England 'of your age, who would not return it. But, for my 'part, I promise you, I like her beyond all other women; 'and whilst that is the case, my boy, if her mind was 'as full of iniquity as Pandora's box was of diseases, 'I'd hug her close in my arms, and only take as much 'care as possible to keep the lid down for fear of mis-'chief.——But come, dear Booth,' said he, 'let us con-'sider your affairs; for I am ashamed of having neglected 'them so long: and the only anger I have against this 'wench is, that she was the occasion of it.'

Booth then acquainted the colonel with the promises he had received from the noble lord, upon which, James took him by the hand, and heartily wished him joy, crying, 'I do assure you, if you have his interest, you 'will need no other; I did not know you was acquainted 'with him.'

To which Mr. Booth answered, 'That he was but a 'new acquaintance, and that he was recommended to 'him by a lady.'

'A lady,' cries the colonel,—'well, I don't ask her 'name. You are a happy man, Booth, amongst the 'women; and I assure you, you could have no stronger 'recommendation. The peer loves the ladies, I believe, 'as well as ever Mark Antony did; and it is not his 'fault, if he hath not spent as much upon them. If he 'once fixes his eye upon a woman, he will stick at 'nothing to get her.'

'Ay, indeed!' cries Booth. 'Is that his character?'

'Ay, faith,' answered the colonel, 'and the character 'of most men besides him. Few of them, I mean, will 'stick at any thing beside their money. Jusque à la 'Bourse, is sometimes the boundary of love as well as 'friendship. And, indeed, I never knew any other 'man part with his money so very freely on these occa-'sions. You see, dear Booth, the confidence I have 'in your honour.'

'I hope, indeed, you have,' cries Booth, 'but I don't 'see what instance you now give me of that confidence.'

'Have not I shown you,' answered James, 'where you 'may carry your goods to market? I can assure you, 'my friend, that is a secret I would not impart to every 'man in your situation, and all circumstances considered.'

'I am very sorry, Sir,' cries Booth, very gravely, and turning as pale as death, 'you should entertain a thought 'of this kind. A thought which hath almost frozen up

'my blood. I am unwilling to believe there are such 'villains in the world; but there is none of them whom I 'should detest half so much as myself, if my own mind 'had ever suggested to me a hint of that kind. I have 'tasted of some distresses of life, and I know not to what 'greater I may be driven; but my honour, I thank 'Heaven, is in my own power, and I can boldly say to 'Fortune, she shall not rob me of it.'

'Have I not expressed that confidence, my dear Booth?' answered the colonel. 'And what you say now well 'justifies my opinion; for I do agree with you, that con-'sidering all things, it would be the highest instance of 'dishonour.'

'Dishonour, indeed!' returned Booth. 'What! to 'prostitute my wife!—Can I think there is such a wretch 'breathing?'

'I don't know that,' said the colonel; 'but I am sure 'it was very far from my intention to insinuate the least 'hint of any such matter to you. Nor can I imagine how 'you yourself could conceive such a thought. The goods 'I meant were no other than the charming person of 'Miss Matthews; for whom I am convinced my lord 'would bid a swinging price against me.'

Booth's countenance greatly cleared up at this declaration, and he answered with a smile, that he hoped he need not give the colonel any assurances on that head. However, though he was satisfied with regard to the colonel's suspicions; yet some chimeras now arose in his brain, which gave him no very agreeable sensations. What these were, the sagacious reader may probably suspect; but if he should not, we may, perhaps, have occasion to open them in the sequel. Here we will put an end to this dialogue, and to the fifth book of this history.

AMELIA.

BOOK VI.

CHAPTER I.

Panegyrics on beauty, with other grave matters.

THE colonel and Booth walked together to the latter's lodgings; for as it was not that day in the week in which all parts of the town are indifferent, Booth could not wait on the colonel.

When they arrived in Spring-Garden, Booth, to his great surprise, found no one at home but the maid. In truth, Amelia had accompanied Mrs. Ellison and her children to his lordship's; for as her little girl showed a great unwillingness to go without her, the fond mother was easily persuaded to make one of the company.

Booth had scarce ushered the colonel up to his apartment, when a servant from Mrs. James knocked hastily at the door. The lady not meeting with her husband at her return home, began to despair of him, and performed everything which was decent on the occasion. An apothecary was presently called with hartshorn and sal volatile, a doctor was sent for, and messengers were dispatched every way; amongst the rest, one was sent to enquire at the lodgings of his supposed antagonist.

The servant hearing that his master was alive and well above stairs, ran up eagerly to acquaint him with the dreadful situation in which he left his miserable lady at

home, and likewise with the occasion of all her distress, saying, That his lady had been at her brother's, and had there heard that his honour was killed in a duel by captain Booth.

The colonel smiled at this account, and bid the servant make haste back to contradict it.—And then turning to Booth, he said, 'Was there ever such another fellow as 'this brother of mine? I thought indeed his behaviour 'was somewhat odd at the time. I suppose he overheard 'me whisper that I would give you satisfaction, and 'thence concluded, we went together with a design of 'tilting. D—n the fellow, I begin to grow heartily sick 'of him, and wish I could get well rid of him without 'cutting his throat, which I sometimes apprehend he will 'insist on my doing, as a return for my getting him made 'lieutenant-colonel.'

Whilst these two gentlemen were commenting on the character of the third, Amelia and her company returned, and all presently came up stairs, not only the children, but the two ladies, laden with trinkets as if they had been come from a fair. Amelia, who had been highly delighted all the morning with the excessive pleasure which her children enjoyed, when she saw colonel James with her husband, and perceived the most manifest marks of that reconciliation which she knew had been so long and so earnestly wished by Booth, became so transported with joy, that her happiness was scarce capable of addition. Exercise had painted her face with vermilion; and the highest good-humour had so sweetened every feature, and a vast flow of spirits had so lightened up her bright eyes, that she was all a blaze of beauty. She seemed, indeed, as Milton sublimely describes Eve,

——Adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable.——

Again,

> Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
> In every gesture, dignity and love.

Or, as Waller sweetly, though less sublimely, sings:

> Sweetness, truth, and every grace,
> Which time and use are wont to teach,
> The eye may in a moment reach,
> And read distinctly in her face.

Or to mention one poet more, and him of all the sweetest, she seemed to be the very person of whom Suckling wrote the following lines, where, speaking of Cupid, he says,

> —All his lovely looks, his pleasing fires,
> All his sweet motions, all his taking smiles,
> All that awakes, all that inflames desires,
> All that sweetly commands, all that beguiles,
> He does into one pair of eyes convey,
> And there begs leave that he himself may stay.

Such was Amelia at this time when she entered the room; and having paid her respects to the colonel, she went up to her husband, and cried, 'O, my dear! never were any 'creatures so happy as your little things have been this 'whole morning; and all owing to my lord's goodness; 'sure never was any thing so good natured and so 'generous!'—She then made the children produce their presents, the value of which amounted to a pretty large sum; for there was a gold watch, amongst the trinkets, that cost above twenty guineas.

Instead of discovering so much satisfaction on this occasion as Amelia expected, Booth very gravely answered, 'And pray, my dear, how are we to repay all 'these obligations to his lordship?' 'How can you ask 'so strange a question?' cries Mrs. Ellison, 'how little 'do you know of the soul of generosity (for sure my

'cousin deserves that name,) when you call a few little 'trinkets given to children, an obligation?' 'Indeed, 'my dear,' cries Amelia, 'I would have stopped his 'hand, if it had been possible; nay, I was forced at 'last absolutely to refuse, or I believe he would have 'laid a hundred pound out on the children; for I never 'saw any one so fond of children, which convinces me 'he is one of the best of men; but I ask your pardon, 'colonel,' said she, turning to him, 'I should not enter-'tain you with these subjects; yet I know you have 'goodness enough to excuse the folly of a mother.'

The colonel made a very low assenting bow; and soon after they all sat down to a small repast; for the colonel had promised Booth to dine with him when they first came home together; and what he had since heard from his own house, gave him still less inclination than ever to repair thither.

But besides both these, there was a third and stronger inducement to him to pass the day with his friend; and this was the desire of passing it with his friend's wife. When the colonel had first seen Amelia in France, she was but just recovered from a consumptive habit, and looked pale and thin; besides, his engagements with Miss Bath at that time took total possession of him, and guarded his heart from the impressions of another woman; and when he had dined with her in town, the vexations through which she had lately passed, had somewhat deadened her beauty; besides, he was then engaged, as we have seen, in a very warm pursuit of a new mistress; but now he had no such impediment; for though the reader hath just before seen his warm declarations of a passion for Miss Matthews, yet it may be remembered that he had been in possession of her for above a fortnight; and one of the happy properties of this kind of passion is, that it can with equal violence

love half a dozen, or half a score, different objects at one and the same time.

But indeed such were the charms now displayed by Amelia, of which we endeavoured above to draw some faint resemblance, that perhaps no other beauty could have secured him from their influence; and here, to confess a truth in his favour, however the grave, or rather the hypocritical part of mankind may censure it, I am firmly persuaded, that to withdraw admiration from exquisite beauty, or to feel no delight in gazing at it, is as impossible as to feel no warmth from the most scorching rays of the sun. To run away is all that is in our power; and in the former case, if it must be allowed we have the power of running away, it must be allowed also, that it requires the strongest resolution to execute it; for when, as Dryden says,

All Paradise is opened in a face,

how natural is the desire of going thither! and how difficult to quit the lovely prospect!

And yet however difficult this may be, my young readers, it is absolutely necessary, and that immediately too; flatter not yourselves that fire will not scorch as well as warm, and the longer we stay within its reach, the more we shall burn. The admiration of a beautiful woman, though the wife of our dearest friend, may at first perhaps be innocent; but let us not flatter ourselves it will always remain so; desire is sure to succeed; and wishes, hopes, designs, with a long train of mischiefs, tread close at our heels. In affairs of this kind we may most properly apply the well known remark of *nemo repente fuit turpissimus.* It fares, indeed, with us on this occasion, as with the unwary traveller in some parts of Arabia, the desert, whom the treacherous sands imperceptibly betray till he is overwhelmed and lost. In both

cases the only safety is by withdrawing our feet the very first moment we perceive them sliding.

This digression may appear impertinent to some readers; we could not, however, avoid the opportunity of offering the above hints; since of all passions there is none against which we should so strongly fortify ourselves as this, which is generally called love; for no other lays before us, especially in the tumultuous days of youth, such sweet, such strong, and almost irresistible temptations; none hath produced in private life such fatal and lamentable tragedies; and what is worst of all, there is none to whose poison and infatuation the best of minds are so liable. Ambition scarce ever produces any evil, but when it reigns in cruel and savage bosoms; and avarice seldom flourishes at all but in the basest and poorest soil. Love, on the contrary, sprouts usually up in the richest and noblest minds; but there, unless nicely watched, pruned, and cultivated, and carefully kept clear of those vicious weeds which are too apt to surround it, it branches forth into wildness and disorder, produces nothing desirable, but chokes up and kills whatever is good and noble in the mind where it so abounds. In short, to drop the allegory, not only tenderness and good nature, but bravery, generosity, and every virtue, are often made the instruments of effecting the most atrocious purposes of this all-subduing tyrant.

CHAPTER II.

Which will not appear, we presume, unnatural to all married readers.

If the table of poor Booth afforded but an indifferent repast to the colonel's hunger, here was most excellent entertainment of a much higher kind. The colonel began now to wonder within himself at his not having before discovered such incomparable beauty and excellence. This wonder was indeed so natural, that, lest it should arise likewise in the reader, we thought proper to give the solution of it in the preceding chapter.

During the first two hours, the colonel scarce ever had his eyes off from Amelia; for he was taken by surprise, and his heart was gone before he suspected himself to be in any danger. His mind, however, no sooner suggested a certain secret to him, than it suggested some degree of prudence to him at the same time; and the knowledge that he had thoughts to conceal, and the care of concealing them, had birth at one and the same instant. During the residue of the day, therefore, he grew more circumspect, and contented himself with now and then stealing a look by chance, especially as the more than ordinary gravity of Booth made him fear, that his former behaviour had betrayed to Booth's observation the great and sudden liking he had conceived for his wife, even before he had observed it in himself.

Amelia continued the whole day in the highest spirits and highest good humour imaginable; never once remarking that appearance of discontent in her husband, of which the colonel had taken notice; so much more quick-sighted, as we have somewhere else hinted, is guilt than

innocence. Whether Booth had in reality made any such observations on the colonel's behaviour, as he had suspected, we will not undertake to determine; yet so far may be material to say, as we can with sufficient certainty, that the change in Booth's behaviour that day, from what was usual with him, was remarkable enough. None of his former vivacity appeared in his conversation; and his countenance was altered from being the picture of sweetness and good humour, not indeed to sourness or moroseness, but to gravity and melancholy.

Though the colonel's suspicion had the effect which we have mentioned on his behaviour; yet it could not persuade him to depart. In short, he sat in his chair as if confined to it by enchantment, stealing looks now and then, and humouring his growing passion, without having command enough over his limbs to carry him out of the room, till decency at last forced him to put an end to his preposterous visit. When the husband and wife were left alone together the latter resumed the subject of her children, and gave Booth a particular narrative of all that had passed at his lordship's, which he, though something had certainly disconcerted him, affected to receive with all the pleasure he could; and this affectation, however awkwardly he acted his part, passed very well on Amelia; for she could not well conceive a displeasure, of which she had not the least hint of any cause; and, indeed, at a time, when, from his reconciliation with James, she imagined her husband to be entirely and perfectly happy.

The greatest part of that night Booth past awake; and, if during the residue he might be said to sleep, he could scarce be said to enjoy repose; his eyes were no sooner closed than he was pursued and haunted by the most frightful and terrifying dreams, which threw him into so restless a condition, that he soon disturbed his Amelia,

and greatly alarmed her with apprehensions that he had been seized by some dreadful disease, though he had not the least symptoms of a fever by any extraordinary heat, or any other indication, but was rather colder than usual.

As Booth assured his wife that he was very well, but found no inclination to sleep, she likewise bid adieu to her slumbers, and attempted to entertain him with her conversation. Upon which his lordship occurred as the first topic; and she repeated to him all the stories which she had heard from Mrs. Ellison, of the peer's goodness to his sister and his nephew and niece. 'It is impossible, 'my dear,' says she, 'to describe their fondness for their 'uncle, which is to me an incontestible sign of a parent's 'goodness.'—In this manner she ran on for several minutes, concluding at last, that it was pity so very few had such generous minds joined to immense fortunes.

Booth, instead of making a direct answer to what Amelia had said, cried coldly, 'But do you think, my 'dear, it was right to accept all those expensive toys 'which the children brought home? And I ask you 'again, what return we are to make for these obli-'gations?'

'Indeed, my dear,' cries Amelia, 'you see this matter 'in too serious a light. Though I am the last person 'in the world who would lessen his lordship's goodness '(indeed I shall always think we are both infinitely 'obliged to him), yet sure you must allow the expense 'to be a mere trifle to such a vast fortune. As for 'return, his own benevolence, in the satisfaction it re-'ceives, more than repays itself, and I am convinced he 'expects no other.'

'Very well, my dear,' cries Booth, 'you shall have it 'your way; I must confess I never yet found any reason 'to blame your discernment; and perhaps I have been

'in the wrong to give myself so much uneasiness on 'this account.'

'Uneasiness! child,' said Amelia eagerly. 'Good 'Heavens! hath this made you uneasy?'

'I do own it hath,' answered Booth, 'and it hath been 'the only cause of breaking my repose.'

'Why then I wish,' cries Amelia, 'all the things had 'been at the devil, before ever the children had seen 'them; and whatever I may think myself, I promise 'you they shall never more accept the value of a far-'thing—If upon this occasion, I have been the cause 'of your uneasiness, you will do me the justice to believe 'that I was totally innocent.'

At those words Booth caught her in his arms, and with the tenderest embrace, emphatically repeating the word innocent, cried—'Heaven forbid I should think other-'wise! O, thou art the best of creatures that ever blessed 'a man!'

'Well but,' said she, smiling—'Do confess, my dear, 'the truth; I promise you I won't blame you nor dis-'esteem you for it; but is not pride really at the bottom 'of this fear of an obligation?'

'Perhaps it may,' answered he, 'or if you will, you 'may call it fear. I own I am afraid of obligations, as 'the worst kind of debts: for I have generally observed 'those, who confer them, expect to be repaid ten thou-'sand fold.'

Here ended all that is material of their discourse; and a little time afterwards, they both fell fast asleep in one another's arms; from which time Booth had no more restlessness, nor any further perturbation in his dreams.

Their repose, however, had been so much disturbed in the former part of the night, that, as it was very late before they enjoyed that sweet sleep I have just men-

tioned, they lay abed the next day till noon, when they both rose with the utmost cheerfulness; and, while Amelia bestirred herself in the affairs of her family, Booth went to visit the wounded colonel.

He found that gentleman still proceeding very fast in his recovery, with which he was more pleased than he had reason to be with his reception; for the colonel received him very coldly indeed, and, when Booth told him he had received perfect satisfaction from his brother, Bath erected his head, and answered with a sneer, 'Very 'well, Sir, if you think these matters can be so made up, 'd—n me, if it is any business of mine. My dignity 'hath not been injured.'

'No one, I believe,' cries Booth, 'dare injure it.'

'You believe so!' said the colonel; 'I think, Sir, you 'might be assured of it; but this, at least, you may be 'assured of, that if any man did, I would tumble him 'down the precipice of hell, d—n me, that you may be 'assured of.'

As Booth found the colonel in this disposition, he had no great inclination to lengthen out his visit, nor did the colonel himself seem to desire it; so he soon returned back to his Amelia, whom he found performing the office of a cook, with as much pleasure as a fine lady generally enjoys in dressing herself out for a ball.

CHAPTER III.

In which the history looks a little backwards.

BEFORE we proceed farther in our history, we shall recount a short scene to our reader which passed between Amelia and Mrs. Ellison, whilst Booth was on his visit

to colonel Bath. We have already observed that Amelia had conceived an extraordinary affection for Mrs. Bennet, which had still increased every time she saw her; she thought she discovered something wonderfully good and gentle in her countenance and disposition, and was very desirous of knowing her whole history.

She had a very short interview with that lady this morning in Mrs. Ellison's apartment. As soon therefore as Mrs. Bennet was gone Amelia acquainted Mrs. Ellison with the good opinion she had conceived of her friend, and likewise with her curiosity to know her story: 'For 'there must be something uncommonly good,' said she, 'in one who can so truly mourn for a husband above 'three years after his death.'

'O!' cries Mrs. Ellison, 'to be sure the world must 'allow her to have been one of the best of wives. And, 'indeed, upon the whole, she is a good sort of woman; 'and what I like her the best for is a strong resemblance 'that she bears to yourself in the form of her person, and 'still more in her voice. But, for my own part, I know 'nothing remarkable in her fortune, unless what I have 'told you, that she was the daughter of a clergyman, had 'little or no fortune, and married a poor parson for love, 'who left her in the utmost distress. If you please, I will 'shew you a letter which she writ to me at that time, 'though I insist upon your promise never to mention it 'to her; indeed, you will be the first person I ever 'shewed it to.' She then opened her escritoire, and taking out the letter, delivered it to Amelia, saying, 'There, Madam, is, I believe, as fine a picture of distress 'as can well be drawn.'

'DEAR MADAM,

'As I have no other friend on earth but yourself, I 'hope you will pardon my writing to you at this season; 'though I do not know that you can relieve my dis-

'tresses, or, if you can, have I any pretence to expect 'that you should. My poor dear, O Heavens—my—— 'lies dead in the house; and after I had procured suffi- 'cient to bury him, a set of ruffians have entered my 'house, seized all I have, have seized his dear, dear 'corpse, and threatened to deny it burial. For Heaven's 'sake, send me, at least, some advice; little Tommy 'stands now by me crying for bread, which I have not 'to give him.—I can say no more than that I am, your 'most distressed humble servant,

'M. Bennet.'

Amelia read the letter over twice, and then returning it, with tears in her eyes, asked how the poor creature could possibly get through such distress.

'You may depend upon it, Madam,' said Mrs. Ellison, 'the moment I read this account I posted away imme- 'diately to the lady. As to the seizing the body, that 'I found was a mere bugbear; but all the rest was 'literally true. I sent immediately for the same gentle- 'man, that I recommended to Mr. Booth, left the care of 'burying the corpse to him, and brought my friend and 'her little boy immediately away to my own house, 'where she remained some months in the most miserable 'condition. I then prevailed with her to retire into the 'country, and procured her a lodging with a friend at 'St. Edmundsbury, the air and gaiety of which place by 'degrees recovered her; and she returned in about a 'twelvemonth to town, as well, I think, as she is at 'present.'

'I am almost afraid to ask,' cries Amelia; 'and yet I 'long methinks to know what is become of the poor 'little boy.'

'He hath been dead,' said Mrs. Ellison, 'a little more 'than half a year; and the mother lamented him, at first, 'almost as much as she did her husband; but I found it

'indeed rather an easier matter to comfort her, though 'I sat up with her near a fortnight upon the latter 'occasion.'

'You are a good creature,' said Amelia, 'and I love 'you dearly.'

'Alas! Madam,' cries she, 'what could I have done, if 'it had not been for the goodness of that best of men, 'my noble cousin! His lordship no sooner heard of the 'widow's distress from me, than he immediately settled 'one hundred and fifty pounds a year upon her during 'her life.'

'Well! how noble, how generous was that!' said Amelia. 'I declare I begin to love your cousin, Mrs. 'Ellison.'

'And I declare if you do,' answered she, 'there is no 'love lost, I verily believe; if you had heard what I 'heard him say yesterday behind your back——'

'Why, what did he say, Mrs. Ellison?' cries Amelia.

'He said,' answered the other, 'that you was the finest 'woman his eyes ever beheld.—Ah! it is in vain to wish, 'and yet I cannot help wishing too.—O, Mrs. Booth! if 'you had been a single woman, I firmly believe I could 'have made you the happiest in the world. And I 'sincerely think, I never saw a woman who deserved 'it more.'

'I am obliged to you, Madam,' cries Amelia, 'for your 'good opinion; but I really look on myself already as 'the happiest woman in the world. Our circumstances, 'it is true, might have been a little more fortunate; but 'O, my dear Mrs. Ellison! what fortune can be put in 'the balance with such a husband as mine?'

'I am afraid, dear Madam,' answered Mrs. Ellison, 'you would not hold the scale fairly.—I acknowledge, 'indeed, Mr. Booth is a very pretty gentleman; Heaven 'forbid I should endeavour to lessen him in your

'opinion; yet, if I was to be brought to confession, I 'could not help saying, I see where the superiority lies, 'and that the men have more reason to envy Mr. Booth, 'than the women have to envy his lady.'

'Nay, I will not bear this,' replied Amelia. 'You 'will forfeit all my love, if you have the least dis-'respectful opinion of my husband.—You do not know 'him, Mrs. Ellison, he is the best, the kindest, the 'worthiest of all his sex. I have observed, indeed, 'once or twice before, that you have taken some dislike 'to him. I cannot conceive for what reason. If he 'hath said or done any thing to disoblige you, I am 'sure I can justly acquit him of design. His extreme 'vivacity makes him sometimes a little too heedless; but, 'I am convinced, a more innocent heart, or one more 'void of offence, was never in a human bosom.'

'Nay, if you grow serious,' cries Mrs. Ellison, 'I have 'done. How is it possible you should suspect I had taken 'any dislike to a man, to whom I have always shewn 'so perfect a regard! but to say I think him, or almost 'any other man in the world, worthy of yourself is not 'within my power with truth. And since you force the 'confession from me, I declare, I think such beauty, such 'sense, and such goodness united, might aspire without 'vanity to the arms of any monarch in Europe.'

'Alas! my dear Mrs. Ellison,' answered Amelia, 'do 'you think happiness and a crown so closely united? 'how many miserable women have lain in the arms of 'kings?—Indeed, Mrs. Ellison, if I had all the merit you 'compliment me with, I should think it all fully rewarded 'with such a man as, I thank Heaven, had fallen to my 'lot; nor would I, upon my soul, exchange that lot with 'any queen in the universe.'

'Well, there are enow of our sex,' said Mrs. Ellison, 'to keep you in countenance; but I shall never forget

'the beginning of a song of Mr. Congreve's that my 'husband was so fond of, that he was always singing it.

'Love's but a frailty of the mind,
'When 'tis not with ambition join'd.

'Love without interest makes but an unsavoury dish 'in my opinion.'

'And pray how long hath this been your opinion?' said Amelia, smiling.

'Ever since I was born,' answered Mrs. Ellison, 'at 'least, ever since I can remember.'

'And have you never,' said Amelia, 'deviated from 'this generous way of thinking?'

'Never once,' answered the other, 'in the whole 'course of my life.'

'O, Mrs. Ellison! Mrs. Ellison!' cries Amelia, 'why 'do we ever blame those who are disingenuous in con-'fessing their faults, when we are so often ashamed to 'own ourselves in the right. Some women, now, in my 'situation, would be angry that you had not made con-'fidantes of them; but I never desire to know more of 'the secrets of others than they are pleased to entrust 'me with. You must believe, however, that I should 'not have given you these hints of my knowing all, if 'I had disapproved of your choice. On the contrary, 'I assure you, I highly approve it. The gentility he 'wants, it will be easy in your power to procure for 'him; and as for his good qualities, I will myself be 'bound for them; and I make not the least doubt, as 'you have owned to me yourself, that you have placed 'your affections on him, you will be one of the happiest 'women in the world.'

'Upon my honour,' cries Mrs. Ellison, very gravely, 'I do not understand one word of what you mean.'

'Upon my honour, you astonish me,' said Amelia; 'but I have done.'

'Nay then,' said the other, 'I insist upon knowing 'what you mean.'

'Why, what can I mean,' answered Amelia, 'but your 'marriage with serjeant Atkinson?'

'With serjeant Atkinson!' cries Mrs. Ellison eagerly, 'my marriage with a serjeant?'

'Well, with Mr. Atkinson then, captain Atkinson, 'if you please; for so I hope to see him.'

'And have you really no better opinion of me,' said Mrs. Ellison, 'than to imagine me capable of such con- 'descension! What have I done, dear Mrs. Booth, to 'deserve so low a place in your esteem? I find, indeed, 'as Solomon says, *Women ought to watch the door of their 'lips.* How little did I imagine that a little harmless 'freedom in discourse, could persuade any one that I 'could entertain a serious intention of disgracing my 'family! for of a very good family am I come, I assure 'you, Madam, though I now let lodgings. Few of my 'lodgers, I believe, ever came of a better.'

'If I have offended you, Madam,' said Amelia, 'I am 'very sorry, and ask your pardon; but besides what I 'heard from yourself, Mr. Booth told me——'

'O yes!' answered Mrs. Ellison, 'Mr. Booth, I know 'is a very good friend of mine.—Indeed, I know you 'better than to think it could be your own suspicion.— 'I am very much obliged to Mr. Booth truly.'

'Nay,' cries Amelia, 'the serjeant himself is in fault; 'for Mr. Booth, I am positive, only repeated what he 'had from him.'

'Impudent coxcomb!' cries Mrs. Ellison. 'I shall 'know how to keep such fellows at a proper distance 'for the future—I will tell you, dear Madam, all that 'happened. When I rose in the morning, I found the 'fellow waiting in the entry; and as you had exprest 'some regard for him as your foster-brother, nay, he is

'a very genteel fellow, that I must own, I scolded my 'maid for not shewing him into my little back-room; 'and I then asked him to walk into the parlour. Could 'I have imagined he would have construed such little 'civility into an encouragement.'

'Nay, I will have justice done to my poor brother too,' said Amelia. 'I myself have seen you give him much 'greater encouragement than that.'

'Well, perhaps I have,' said Mrs. Ellison. 'I have 'been always too unguarded in my speech, and cannot 'answer for all I have said.' She then began to change her note, and with an affected laugh, turned all into ridicule; and soon afterwards the two ladies separated, both in apparent good-humour; and Amelia went about those domestic offices in which Mr. Booth found her engaged at the end of the preceding chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing a very extraordinary incident.

In the afternoon, Mr. Booth, with Amelia and her children, went to refresh themselves in the Park. The conversation now turned on what passed in the morning with Mrs. Ellison, the latter part of the dialogue, I mean, recorded in the last chapter. Amelia told her husband, that Mrs. Ellison so strongly denied all intentions to marry the serjeant, that she had convinced her the poor fellow was under an error, and had mistaken a little too much levity for serious encouragement; and concluded, by desiring Booth not to jest with her any more on that subject.

Booth burst into a laugh, at what his wife said. 'My

'dear creature,' said he, 'how easy is thy honesty and 'simplicity to be imposed on! how little dost thou guess 'at the art and falsehood of women! I knew a young 'lady, who, against her father's consent, was married to a 'brother officer of mine: and as I often used to walk 'with her (for I knew her father intimately well), she 'would of her own accord take frequent occasions to 'ridicule and vilify her husband (for so he was at the 'time), and exprest great wonder and indignation at the 'report which she allowed to prevail, that she should 'condescend ever to look at such a fellow, with any 'other design than of laughing at, and despising him. 'The marriage afterwards became publicly owned, and 'the lady was reputably brought to bed. Since which I 'have often seen her; nor hath she ever appeared to be 'in the least ashamed of what she had formerly said, 'though, indeed, I believe she hates me heartily for 'having heard it.'

'But for what reason,' cries Amelia, 'should she deny 'a fact, when she must be so certain of our discovering 'it, and that immediately?'

'I cannot answer what end she may propose,' said Booth. 'Sometimes one would be almost persuaded that 'there was a pleasure in lying itself. But this I am cer- 'tain, that I would believe the honest serjeant on his 'bare word, sooner than I would fifty Mrs. Ellisons on 'oath. I am convinced he would not have said what he 'did to me without the strongest encouragement; and, I 'think, after what we have been both witnesses to, it re- 'quires no great confidence in his veracity to give him an 'unlimited credit with regard to the lady's behaviour.'

To this Amelia made no reply; and they discoursed of other matters during the remainder of a very pleasant walk.

When they returned home Amelia was surprised to find

an appearance of disorder in her apartment. Several of the trinkets, which his lordship had given the children, lay about the room; and a suit of her own clothes, which she had left in her drawers, was now displayed upon the bed.

She immediately summoned her little girl up stairs, who, as she plainly perceived the moment she came up with a candle, had half cried her eyes out; for, though the girl had opened the door to them, as it was almost dark, she had not taken any notice of this phænomenon in her countenance.

The girl now fell down upon her knees, and cried,— 'For Heaven's sake, Madam, do not be angry with me. 'Indeed, I was left alone in the house; and hearing 'somebody knock at the door, I opened it, I am sure 'thinking no harm. I did not know but it might have 'been you, or my master, or Madam Ellison; and 'immediately as I did, the rogue burst in and ran 'directly up stairs, and what he hath robbed you of 'I cannot tell; but I am sure I could not help it; for 'he was a great swinging man, with a pistol in each 'hand; and, if I had dared to call out, to be sure he 'would have killed me. I am sure I was never in 'such a fright in my born days, whereof I am hardly 'come to myself yet. I believe he is somewhere about 'the house yet; for I never saw him go out.'

Amelia discovered some little alarm at this narrative, but much less than many other ladies would have shewn; for a fright is, I believe, some time laid hold of as an opportunity of disclosing several charms peculiar to that occasion. And which, as Mr. Addison says of certain virtues,

> ———Shun the day, and lie conceal'd
> In the smooth seasons, and the calms of life.

Booth having opened the window, and summoned in two chairmen to his assistance, proceeded to search the house; but all to no purpose; the thief was flown, though the poor girl, in her state of terror, had not seen him escape.

But now a circumstance appeared which greatly surprised both Booth and Amelia; indeed, I believe it will have the same effect on the reader; and this was, that the thief had taken nothing with him. He had, indeed, tumbled over all Booth's and Amelia's clothes, and the children's toys, but had left all behind him.

Amelia was scarce more pleased than astonished at this discovery, and re-examined the girl, assuring her of an absolute pardon, if she confessed the truth, but grievously threatening her if she was found guilty of the least falsehood. 'As for a thief, child,' says she, 'that is 'certainly not true; you have had somebody with you, 'to whom you have been shewing the things; therefore 'tell me plainly who it was.'

The girl protested in the solemnest manner that she knew not the person; but as to some circumstances she began to vary a little from her first account, particularly as to the pistols; concerning which, being strictly examined by Booth, she at last cried—'To be sure, Sir, 'he must have had pistols about him.' And instead of persisting in his having rushed in upon her, she now confessed, that he had asked at the door for her master and mistress; and that at his desire she had shewn him up stairs, where he at first said he would stay till their return home; 'but, indeed,' cried she, 'I thought no 'harm; for he looked like a gentleman-like sort of a 'man. And, indeed, so I thought he was for a good 'while, whereof he sat down and behaved himself very 'civilly, till he saw some of master's and miss's things 'upon the chest of drawers; whereof he cried, "Heyday!

'"what's here?" and then he fell to tumbling about 'the things like any mad. Then I thinks, thinks I to 'myself, to be sure he is a highwayman, whereof I did 'not dare to speak to him; for I knew Madam Ellison 'and her maid were gone out, and what could such a 'poor girl as I do against a great strong man? and 'besides, thinks I, to be sure he hath got pistols about 'him, though I cannot indeed (that I will not do for 'the world) take my Bible-oath that I saw any; yet to 'be sure he would have soon pulled them out and shot 'me dead, if I had ventured to have said any thing to 'offend him.'

'I know not what to make of this,' cries Booth. 'The 'poor girl, I verily believe, speaks to the best of her 'knowledge. A thief it could not be; for he hath not 'taken the least thing; and it is plain he had the girl's 'watch in his hand. If it had been a bailiff, surely he 'would have staid till our return. I can conceive no 'other from the girl's account, than that it must have 'been some madman.'

'O good Sir!' said the girl, 'now you mention it, if he 'was not a thief, to be sure he must have been a mad-'man; for indeed he looked, and behaved himself too, 'very much like a madman; for now I remember it, he 'talked to himself, and said many strange kind of words 'that I did not understand. Indeed, he looked altoge-'ther as I have seen people in Bedlam; besides if he 'was not a madman, what good could it do him to throw 'the things all about the room, in such a manner? and 'he said something too about my master, just before he 'went down stairs; I was in such a fright, I cannot 'remember particularly; but I am sure they were very 'ill words; he said he would do for him, I am sure he 'said that, and other wicked bad words too, if I could 'but think of them.'

'Upon my word,' said Booth, 'this is the most pro-
'bable conjecture; but still I am puzzled to conceive
'who it should be; for I have no madman to my know-
'ledge of my acquaintance; and it seems, as the girl
'says, he asked for me.' He then turned to the child, and asked her if she was certain of that circumstance.

The poor maid, after a little hesitation, answered, 'Indeed, Sir, I cannot be very positive; for the fright 'he threw me into afterwards, drove every thing almost 'out of my mind.'

'Well, whatever he was,' cries Amelia, 'I am glad 'the consequence is no worse; but let this be a warning 'to you, little Betty, and teach you to take more care 'for the future. If ever you should be left alone in the 'house again, be sure to let no person in, without first 'looking out at the window, and seeing who they are. 'I promised not to chide you any more on this occasion, 'and I will keep my word; but it is very plain you 'desired this person to walk up into our apartment, 'which was very wrong in our absence.'

Betty was going to answer—but Amelia would not let her, saying, 'Don't attempt to excuse yourself; for I 'mortally hate a liar, and can forgive any fault sooner 'than falsehood.'

The poor girl then submitted; and now Amelia, with her assistance, began to replace all things in their order; and little Emily, hugging her watch with great fondness, declared she would never part with it any more.

Thus ended this odd adventure, not entirely to the satisfaction of Booth; for, besides his curiosity, which, when thoroughly roused, is a very troublesome passion, he had, as is, I believe, usual with all persons in his circumstances, several doubts and apprehensions of he knew not what. Indeed, fear is never more uneasy than when it doth not certainly know its object; for on such

occasions the mind is ever employed in raising a thousand bugbears and phantoms, much more dreadful than any realities, and like children, when they tell tales of hobgoblins, seems industrious in terrifying itself.

CHAPTER V.

Containing some matters not very unnatural.

MATTERS were scarce sooner reduced into order and decency, than a violent knocking was heard at the door, such indeed as would have persuaded any one not accustomed to the sound that the madman was returned in the highest spring-tide of his fury.

Instead, however, of so disagreeable an appearance, a very fine lady presently came into the room, no other, indeed, than Mrs. James herself; for she was resolved to show Amelia, by the speedy return of her visit, how unjust all her accusations had been of any failure in the duties of friendship; she had moreover another reason to accelerate this visit, and that was, to congratulate her friend on the event of the duel between colonel Bath and Mr. Booth.

The lady had so well profited by Mrs. Booth's remonstrance, that she had now no more of that stiffness and formality which she had worn on a former occasion. On the contrary, she now behaved with the utmost freedom and good humour, and made herself so very agreeable that Amelia was highly pleased and delighted with her company.

An incident happened during this visit, that may appear to some too inconsiderable in itself to be recorded; and yet, as it certainly produced a very strong

consequence in the mind of Mr. Booth, we cannot prevail on ourselves to pass it by.

Little Emily, who was present in the room while Mrs. James was there, as she stood near that lady, happening to be playing with her watch, which she was so greatly overjoyed had escaped safe from the madman. Mrs. James, who exprest great fondness for the child, desired to see the watch, which she commended as the prettiest of the kind she had ever seen.

Amelia caught eager hold of this opportunity to spread the praises of her benefactor. She presently acquainted Mrs. James with the donor's name, and ran on with great encomiums on his lordship's goodness, and particularly on his generosity. To which Mrs. James answered, 'O! certainly, Madam, his lordship hath uni-'versally the character of being extremely generous—'where he likes.'

In uttering these words, she laid a very strong emphasis on the three last monosyllables, accompanying them at the same time with a very sagacious look, a very significant leer, and a great flirt with her fan.

The greatest genius the world hath ever produced, observes in one of his most excellent plays, that

> ——Trifles, light as air,
> Are to the jealous confirmations strong
> As proofs of holy writ.

That Mr. Booth began to be possessed by this worst of fiends, admits, I think, no longer doubt; for, at this speech of Mrs. James, he immediately turned pale, and from a high degree of cheerfulness, was all on a sudden struck dumb, so that he spoke not another word till Mrs. James left the room.

The moment that lady drove from the door Mrs. Ellison came up stairs. She entered the room with a

laugh, and very plentifully rallied both Booth and Amelia concerning the madman, of which she had received a full account below stairs; and at last asked Amelia if she could not guess who it was; but without receiving an answer, went on, saying, 'For my own part, 'I fancy it must be some lover of yours! some person 'that hath seen you, and so is run mad with love. 'Indeed, I should not wonder if all mankind were to do 'the same. La! Mr. Booth, what makes you grave? 'why you are as melancholy as if you had been robbed 'in earnest. Upon my word, though, to be serious, it is 'a strange story; and as the girl tells it, I know not 'what to make of it. Perhaps it might be some rogue 'that intended to rob the house, and his heart failed him; 'yet even that would be very extraordinary. What, did 'you lose nothing, Madam?'

'Nothing at all,' answered Amelia. 'He did not even 'take the child's watch.'

'Well, captain,' cries Mrs. Ellison, 'I hope you will 'take more care of the house to-morrow; for your lady 'and I shall leave you alone to the care of it. Here, 'Madam,' said she, 'here is a present from my lord to us; 'here are two tickets for the masquerade at Ranelagh. 'You will be so charmed with it! It is the sweetest of all 'diversions!'

'May I be damn'd, Madam,' cries Booth, 'if my wife 'shall go thither.'

Mrs. Ellison started at these words, and indeed so did Amelia; for they were spoke with great vehemence. At length the former cried out with an air of astonishment, 'Not let your lady go to Ranelagh, Sir?'

'No, Madam,' cries Booth, 'I will not let my wife go 'to Ranelagh.'

'You surprise me,' cries Mrs. Ellison. 'Sure, you are 'not in earnest.'

'Indeed, Madam,' returned he, 'I am seriously in earnest. 'And what is more, I am convinced she would of her own 'accord refuse to go.'

'Now, Madam,' said Mrs. Ellison, 'you are to answer 'for yourself; and I will for your husband, that, if you 'have a desire to go, he will not refuse you.'

'I hope, Madam,' answered Amelia with great gravity, 'I shall never desire to go to any place contrary to Mr. 'Booth's inclinations.'

'Did ever mortal hear the like?' said Mrs. Ellison; 'you are enough to spoil the best husband in the universe. 'Inclinations! what, is a woman to be governed then by 'her husband's inclinations, though they are never so un-'reasonable?'

'Pardon me, Madam,' said Amelia, 'I will not suppose 'Mr. Booth's inclinations ever can be unreasonable. I 'am very much obliged to you for the offer you have 'made me; but I beg you will not mention it any more; 'for, after what Mr. Booth hath declared, if Ranelagh 'was a heaven upon earth, I would refuse to go to it.'

'I thank you, my dear,' cries Booth; 'I do assure you 'you oblige me beyond my power of expression by what 'you say; but I will endeavour to shew you, both my 'sensibility of such goodness, and my lasting gratitude 'to it.'

'And pray, Sir,' cries Mrs. Ellison, 'what can be your 'objection to your lady's going to a place, which, I will 'venture to say, is as reputable as any about town, and 'which is frequented by the best company?'

'Pardon me, good Mrs. Ellison,' said Booth: 'as my 'wife is so good to acquiesce without knowing my reasons, 'I am not, I think, obliged to assign them to any other 'person.'

'Well,' cries Mrs. Ellison, 'if I had been told this, I 'would not have believed it. What, refuse your lady an

'innocent diversion, and that too when you have not the 'pretence to say it would cost you a farthing?'

'Why will you say any more on this subject, dear 'Madam?' cries Amelia. 'All diversions are to me 'matters of such indifference, that the bare inclinations of 'any one for whom I have the least value would at all 'times turn the balance of mine. I am sure then, after 'what Mr. Booth hath said——'

'My dear,' cries he, taking her up hastily, 'I sincerely 'ask your pardon, I spoke inadvertently, and in a passion '—I never once thought of controlling you—nor ever 'would.—Nay, I said in the same breath you would not 'go; and, upon my honour, I meant nothing more.'

'My dear,' said she, 'you have no need of making 'any apology. I am not in the least offended, and am 'convinced you will never deny me what I shall desire.'

'Try him, try him, Madam,' cries Mrs. Ellison; 'I will 'be judged by all the women in town, if it is possible 'for a wife to ask her husband any thing more reasonable. 'You cannot conceive what a sweet, charming, elegant, 'delicious place it is.—Paradise itself can hardly be equal 'to it.'

'I beg you will excuse me, Madam,' said Amelia; 'nay, I entreat you will ask me no more; for be assured 'I must and will refuse—Do let me desire you to give 'the ticket to poor Mrs. Bennet. I believe it would 'greatly oblige her.'

'Pardon me, Madam,' said Mrs. Ellison. 'If you will 'not accept of it, I am not so distressed for want of 'company as to go to such a public place with all sorts 'of people, neither. I am always very glad to see Mrs. 'Bennet at my own house; because I look upon her 'as a very good sort of woman; but I don't choose to 'be seen with such people in public places.'

Amelia expressed some little indignation at this last

speech, which she declared to be entirely beyond her comprehension; and soon after Mrs. Ellison, finding all her efforts to prevail on Amelia were ineffectual, took her leave, giving Mr. Booth two or three sarcastical words, and a much more sarcastical look at her departure.

CHAPTER VI.

A scene, in which some ladies will possibly think Amelia's conduct exceptionable.

Booth and his wife being left alone, a solemn silence prevailed during a few minutes. At last, Amelia, who though a good, was yet a human creature, said to her husband, 'Pray, my dear, do inform me, what could put 'you into so great a passion when Mrs. Ellison first 'offered me the tickets for this masquerade?'

'I had rather you would not ask me,' said Booth. 'You have obliged me greatly in your ready acqui-'escence with my desire, and you will add greatly to 'the obligation by not inquiring the reason of it. This 'you may depend upon, Amelia, that your good and 'happiness are the great objects of all my wishes, and 'the end I propose in all my actions. This view alone 'could tempt me to refuse you any thing, or to conceal 'any thing from you.'

'I will appeal to yourself,' answered she, 'whether 'this be not using me too much like a child, and whether 'I can possibly help being a little offended at it?'

'Not in the least,' replied he, 'I use you only with 'the tenderness of a friend. I would only endeavour 'to conceal that from you which I think would give

'you uneasiness if you knew. These are called the 'pious frauds of friendship.'

'I detest all fraud,' says she; 'and pious is too good 'an epithet to be joined to so odious a word. You have 'often, you know, tried these frauds with no better effect 'than to tease and torment me.—You cannot imagine, 'my dear, but that I must have a violent desire to know 'the reason of words which, I own, I never expected to 'have heard. And the more you have shewn a re-'luctance to tell me, the more eagerly I have longed to 'know. Nor can this be called a vain curiosity; since I 'seem so much interested in this affair. If after all this, 'you still insist on keeping the secret, I will convince 'you, I am not ignorant of the duty of a wife, by my 'obedience; but I cannot help telling you, at the same 'time, you will make me one of the most miserable of 'women.'

'That is,' cries he, 'in other words, my dear Emily, to 'say, I will be contented without the secret; but I am 'resolved to know it, nevertheless.'

'Nay, if you say so,' cries she, 'I am convinced you 'will tell me—Positively, dear Billy, I must and will 'know.'

'Why, then, positively,' says Booth, 'I will tell you. 'And I think I shall then shew you, that however well 'you may know the duty of a wife, I am not always able 'to behave like a husband. In a word then, my dear, the 'secret is no more than this; I am unwilling you should 'receive any more presents from my lord.'

'Mercy upon me!' cries she, with all the marks of astonishment; 'what! a masquerade ticket!'—

'Yes, my dear,' cries he, 'that is, perhaps, the very 'worst and most dangerous of all. Few men make 'presents of those tickets to ladies without intending to 'meet them at the place. And what do we know of

'your companion? To be sincere with you, I have not 'liked her behaviour for some time. What might be the 'consequence of going with such a woman to such a 'place, to meet such a person, I tremble to think.—And 'now, my dear, I have told you my reason of refusing 'her offer with some little vehemence, and, I think, I 'need explain myself no farther.'

'You need not, indeed, Sir,' answered she. 'Good 'Heavens! did I ever expect to hear this! I can appeal 'to Heaven, nay, I will appeal to yourself, Mr. Booth, if 'I have ever done any thing to deserve such a suspicion. 'If ever any action of mine, nay, if ever any thought 'had stained the innocence of my soul, I could be 'contented.'

'How cruelly do you mistake me,' said Booth—'what 'suspicion have I ever shewn?'

'Can you ask it,' answered she, 'after what you have 'just now declared?'

'If I have declared any suspicion of you,' replied he, 'or if ever I entertained a thought leading that way, 'may the worst of evils that ever afflicted human nature 'attend me. I know the pure innocence of that tender 'bosom, I do know it, my lovely angel, and adore it. 'The snares, which might be laid for that innocence, 'were alone the cause of my apprehension. I feared 'what a wicked and voluptuous man, resolved to sacrifice 'every thing to the gratification of a sensual appetite 'with the most delicious repast, might attempt. If ever 'I injured the unspotted whiteness of thy virtue in my 'imagination, may hell——'

'Do not terrify me,' cries she, interrupting him, 'with 'such imprecations. O Mr. Booth! Mr. Booth! you 'must well know that a woman's virtue is always her 'sufficient guard. No husband, without suspecting that, 'can suspect any danger from those snares you mention—

'And why, if you are liable to take such things into 'your head, may not your suspicions fall on me, as well 'as on any other? for sure nothing was ever more un-'just, I will not say ungrateful, than the suspicions which 'you have bestowed on his lordship. I do solemnly de-'clare, in all the times I have seen the poor man, he hath 'never once offered the least forwardness. His behaviour 'hath been polite indeed, but rather remarkably distant 'than otherwise. Particularly when we played at cards 'together. I don't remember he spoke ten words to me 'all the evening; and when I was at his house, though 'he shewed the greatest fondness imaginable to the 'children, he took so little notice of me, that a vain 'woman would have been very little pleased with him. 'And if he gave them many presents, he never offered me 'one. The first, indeed, which he offered me was that 'which you in that kind manner forced me to refuse.'

'All this may be only the effect of art,' said Booth. 'I am convinced he doth, nay, I am convinced he must 'like you; and my good friend James, who perfectly 'well knows the world, told me, that his lordship's cha-'racter was that of the most profuse in his pleasures with 'women; nay, what said Mrs. James this very evening, '"his lordship is extremely generous—where he likes." '——I shall never forget the sneer with which she spoke 'these last words.'

'I am convinced they injure him,' cries Amelia. 'As 'for Mrs. James, she was always given to be censorious; 'I remarked it in her long ago, as her greatest fault. 'And for the colonel, I believe he may find faults enow 'of this kind in his own bosom, without searching after 'them among his neighbours. I am sure he hath the 'most impudent look of all the men I know; and I 'solemnly declare, the very last time he was here, he 'put me out of countenance more than once.'

'Colonel James,' answered Booth, 'may have his 'faults very probably. I do not look upon him as a 'saint, nor do I believe he desires I should; but what 'interest could he have in abusing this lord's character 'to me? or why should I question his truth, when he 'assured me that my lord had never done an act of 'beneficence in his life, but for the sake of some woman 'whom he lusted after!'

'Then I myself can confute him,' replied Amelia; 'for 'besides his service to you, which, for the future, I shall 'wish to forget, and his kindness to my little babes, how 'inconsistent is the character which James gives of him, 'with his lordship's behaviour to his own nephew and 'niece, whose extreme fondness of their uncle sufficiently 'proclaims his goodness to them?—I need not mention 'all that I have heard from Mrs. Ellison, every word of 'which I believe; for I have great reason to think, not-'withstanding some little levity, which, to give her her 'due, she sees and condemns in herself, she is a very 'good sort of woman.'

'Well, my dear,' cries Booth, 'I may have been de-'ceived, and I heartily hope I am so; but in cases of 'this nature, it is always good to be on the surest side; 'for, as Congreve says,

'The wise too jealous are: Fools too secure.'

Here Amelia burst into tears, upon which, Booth immediately caught her in his arms, and endeavoured to comfort her.—Passion, however, for a while, obstructed her speech, and at last she cried, 'O, Mr. 'Booth! can I bear to hear the word jealousy from 'your mouth?'

'Why, my love,' said Booth, 'will you so fatally mis-'understand my meaning? how often shall I protest that 'it is not of you, but of him that I was jealous? If you

'could look into my breast, and there read all the most 'secret thoughts of my heart, you would not see one 'faint idea to your dishonour.'

'I don't misunderstand you, my dear,' said she, 'so 'much as I am afraid you misunderstand yourself. 'What is it you fear?—you mention not force, but 'snares. Is not this to confess, at least that you have 'some doubt of my understanding? do you then really 'imagine me so weak as to be cheated of my virtue?— 'am I to be deceived into an affection for a man, before 'I perceive the least inward hint of my danger? No, 'Mr. Booth, believe me, a woman must be a fool indeed, 'who can have, in earnest, such an excuse for her actions. 'I have not, I think, any very high opinion of my judg- 'ment; but, so far I shall rely upon it, that no man 'breathing could have any such designs as you have 'apprehended without my immediately seeing them; and 'how I should then act, I hope my whole conduct to you 'hath sufficiently declared.'

'Well, my dear,' cries Booth, 'I beg you will mention 'it no more; if possible, forget it. I hope, nay, I be- 'lieve, I have been in the wrong; pray forgive me.'

'I will, I do forgive you, my dear,' said she, 'if for- 'giveness be a proper word for one whom you have 'rather made miserable than angry; but let me entreat 'you to banish for ever all such suspicions from your 'mind. I hope Mrs. Ellison hath not discovered the 'real cause of your passion; but, poor woman, if she 'had, I am convinced it would go no farther. Oh, 'Heaven! I would not for the world it should reach 'his lordship's ears. You would lose the best friend 'that ever man had.—Nay, I would not for his own 'sake, poor man! for I really believe it would affect 'him greatly, and I must, I cannot help having an 'esteem for so much goodness. An esteem which, by

'this dear hand,' said she, taking Booth's hand and kissing it, 'no man alive shall ever obtain by making 'love to me.'

Booth caught her in his arms and tenderly embraced her. After which, the reconciliation soon became complete; and Booth, in the contemplation of his happiness, entirely buried all his jealous thoughts.

CHAPTER VII.

A chapter in which there is much learning.

THE next morning, whilst Booth was gone to take his morning walk, Amelia went down into Mrs. Ellison's apartment, where, though she was received with great civility, yet she found that lady was not at all pleased with Mr. Booth; and by some hints which dropped from her in conversation, Amelia very greatly apprehended that Mrs. Ellison had too much suspicion of her husband's real uneasiness. For that lady declared very openly, she could not help perceiving what sort of man Mr. Booth was: 'And though I have the greatest regard 'for you, Madam, in the world,' said she, 'yet I think 'myself in honour obliged not to impose on his 'lordship, who, I know very well, hath conceived his 'greatest liking to the captain, on my telling him, that 'he was the best husband in the world.'

Amelia's fears gave her much disturbance; and when her husband returned, she acquainted him with them; upon which occasion, as it was natural, she resumed a little the topic of their former discourse, nor could she help casting, though in very gentle terms, some slight

blame on Booth, for having entertained a suspicion, which, she said, might in its consequence very possibly prove their ruin, and occasion the loss of his lordship's friendship.

Booth became highly affected with what his wife said, and the more, as he had just received a note from colonel James, informing him that the colonel had heard of a vacant company in the regiment which Booth had mentioned to him, and that he had been with his lordship about it, who had promised to use his utmost interest to obtain him the command.

The poor man now expressed the utmost concern for his yesterday's behaviour, said he believed the devil had taken possession of him, and concluded with crying out, 'Sure I was born, my dearest creature, to be your 'torment.'

Amelia no sooner saw her husband's distress, than she instantly forbore whatever might seem likely to aggravate it, and applied herself with all her power to comfort him. 'If you will give me leave to offer my advice, 'my dearest soul,' said she, 'I think all might yet be 'remedied. I think you know me too well, to suspect 'that the desire of diversion should induce me to mention 'what I am now going to propose; and in that confidence 'I will ask you to let me accept my lord's and Mrs. 'Ellison's offer, and go to the masquerade. No matter 'how little while I stay there; if you desire it, I will not 'be an hour from you. I can make an hundred excuses 'to come home, or tell a real truth, and say, I am tired 'of the place. The bare going will cure every thing.'

Amelia had no sooner done speaking, than Booth immediately approved her advice, and readily gave his consent. He could not, however, help saying, That the shorter her stay was there, the more agreeable it would be to him; 'for you know, my dear,' said he, 'I

'would never willingly be a moment out of your 'sight.'

In the afternoon, Amelia sent to invite Mrs. Ellison to a dish of tea; and Booth undertook to laugh off all that had passed yesterday, in which attempt, the abundant good-humour of that lady gave him great hopes of success.

Mrs. Bennet came that afternoon to make a visit, and was almost an hour with Booth and Amelia, before the entry of Mrs. Ellison.

Mr. Booth had hitherto rather disliked this young lady, and had wondered at the pleasure which Amelia declared she took in her company. This afternoon, however, he changed his opinion, and liked her almost as much as his wife had done. She did indeed behave at this time with more than ordinary gaiety; and good humour gave a glow to her countenance that set off her features, which were very pretty, to the best advantage, and lessened the deadness that had usually appeared in her complexion.

But if Booth was now pleased with Mrs. Bennet, Amelia was still more pleased with her than ever. For when their discourse turned on love, Amelia discovered that her new friend had all the same sentiments on that subject with herself. In the course of their conversation, Booth gave Mrs. Bennet a hint of wishing her a good husband, upon which both the ladies declaimed against second marriages, with equal vehemence.

Upon this occasion, Booth and his wife discovered a talent in their visitant, to which they had been before entirely strangers, and for which they both greatly admired her; and this was that the lady was a good scholar, in which, indeed, she had the advantage of poor Amelia, whose reading was confined to English plays and poetry; besides which, I think, she had conversed

only with the divinity of the great and learned Dr. Barrow, and with the histories of the excellent bishop Burnet.

Amelia delivered herself on the subject of second marriages with much eloquence and great good sense; but when Mrs. Bennet came to give her opinion, she spoke in the following manner: 'I shall not enter into 'the question concerning the legality of bigamy. Our 'laws certainly allow it, and so, I think, doth our 'religion. We are now debating only on the decency 'of it, and in this light, I own myself as strenuous an 'advocate against it, as any Roman matron would have 'been in those ages of the commonwealth when it was 'held to be infamous. For my own part, how great a 'paradox soever my opinion may seem, I solemnly 'declare, I see but little difference between having 'two husbands at one time, and at several times; and of 'this I am very confident, that the same degree of love 'for a first husband, which preserves a woman in the one 'case, will preserve her in the other. There is one 'argument, which I scarce know how to deliver before 'you, Sir; but—if a woman hath lived with her first 'husband without having children, I think it unpardon-'able in her to carry barrenness into a second family. 'On the contrary, if she hath children by her first 'husband, to give them a second father is still more 'unpardonable.'

'But suppose, Madam,' cries Booth, interrupting her, with a smile, 'she should have had children by her first 'husband, and have lost them.'

'That is a case,' answered she, with a sigh, 'which I 'did not desire to think of, and, I must own it, the 'most favourable light in which a second marriage 'can be seen. But the scriptures, as Petrarch observes, 'rather suffer them than commend them; and St. Jerome

'speaks against them with the utmost bitterness.'—'I 'remember,' cries Booth, (who was willing either to shew his learning, or to draw out the lady's) 'a very wise 'law of Charondas, the famous lawgiver of Thurium, by 'which men, who married a second time, were removed 'from all public councils; for it was scarce reasonable to 'suppose, that he, who was so great a fool in his own 'family, should be wise in public affairs. And though 'second marriages were permitted among the Romans, 'yet they were at the same time discouraged; and those 'Roman widows who refused them, were held in high 'esteem, and honoured with what Valerius Maximus calls 'the Corona Pudicitiæ. In the noble family of Camilli, 'there was not, in many ages, a single instance of this, 'which Martial calls adultery.

'*Quæ toties nubit, non nubit; adultera lege est.*'

'True, Sir,' says Mrs. Bennet, 'and Virgil calls this a 'violation of chastity, and makes Dido speak of it with 'the utmost detestation:

'*Sed mihi vel Tellus optem prius ima dehiscat;*
'*Vel Pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,*
'*Pallentes umbras Erebi, noctemque profundam,*
'*Ante, pudor, quam te violo, aut tua jura resolvo.*
'*Ille meos, primum qui me sibi junxit, amores,*
'*Ille habeat semper secum, servetque Sepulchro.*'

She repeated these lines with so strong an emphasis, that she almost frightened Amelia out of her wits, and not a little staggered Booth, who was himself no contemptible scholar—He expressed great admiration of the lady's learning; upon which she said it was all the fortune given her by her father, and all the dower left her by her husband; 'and sometimes,' said she, 'I am inclined 'to think I enjoy more pleasure from it, than if they had 'bestowed on me what the world would in general call

'more valuable.'—She then took occasion, from the surprise which Booth had affected to conceive at her repeating Latin with so good a grace, to comment on that great absurdity (for so she termed it) of excluding women from learning; for which they were equally qualified with the men, and in which so many had made so notable a proficiency; for a proof of which, she mentioned Madam Dacier, and many others.

Though both Booth and Amelia outwardly concurred with her sentiments, it may be a question whether they did not assent rather out of complaisance, than from their real judgment.

CHAPTER VIII.

Containing some unaccountable behaviour in Mrs. Ellison.

Mrs. Ellison made her entrance at the end of the preceding discourse. At her first appearance, she put on an unusual degree of formality and reserve; but when Amelia had acquainted her that she designed to accept the favour intended her, she soon began to alter the gravity of her muscles, and presently fell in with that ridicule which Booth thought proper to throw on his yesterday's behaviour.

The conversation now became very lively and pleasant, in which Booth having mentioned the discourse that passed in the last chapter, and having greatly complimented Mrs. Bennet's speech on that occasion, Mrs. Ellison, who was as strenuous an advocate on the other side, began to rally that lady extremely, declaring it was a certain sign she intended to marry again soon. 'Mar-

'ried ladies,' cries she, 'I believe, sometimes think them-'selves in earnest in such declarations, though they are 'oftener perhaps meant as compliments to their hus-'bands; but when widows exclaim loudly against second 'marriages, I would always lay a wager, that the man, if 'not the wedding-day, is absolutely fixed on.'

Mrs. Bennet made very little answer to this sarcasm. Indeed, she had scarce opened her lips from the time of Mrs. Ellison's coming into the room, and had grown particularly grave at the mention of the masquerade. Amelia imputed this to her being left out of the party, a matter which is often no small mortification to human pride, and in a whisper asked Mrs. Ellison, if she could not procure a third ticket, to which she received an absolute negative.

During the whole time of Mrs. Bennet's stay, which was above an hour afterwards, she remained perfectly silent, and looked extremely melancholy. This made Amelia very uneasy, as she concluded she had guessed the cause of her vexation. In which opinion she was the more confirmed, from certain looks of no very pleasant kind, which Mrs. Bennet now and then cast on Mrs. Ellison, and the more than ordinary concern that appeared in the former lady's countenance, whenever the masquerade was mentioned, and which, unfortunately, was the principal topic of their discourse; for Mrs. Ellison gave a very elaborate description of the extreme beauty of the place, and elegance of the diversion.

When Mrs. Bennet was departed, Amelia could not help again soliciting Mrs. Ellison for another ticket, declaring she was certain Mrs. Bennet had a great inclination to go with them; but Mrs. Ellison again excused herself from asking it of his lordship. 'Besides, 'Madam,' says she, 'if I would go thither with Mrs.

'Bennet, which, I own to you, I don't choose, as she is a 'person whom *nobody knows*, I very much doubt whether 'she herself would like it; for she is a woman of a very 'unaccountable turn. All her delight lies in books; and 'as for public diversions, I have heard her often declare 'her abhorrence of them.'

'What then,' said Amelia, 'could occasion all that 'gravity from the moment the masquerade was men-'tioned?'

'As to that,' answered the other, 'there is no guessing. 'You have seen her altogether as grave before now. She 'hath had these fits of gravity at times ever since the 'death of her husband.'

'Poor creature!' cries Amelia, 'I heartily pity her; 'for she must certainly suffer a great deal on these occa-'sions. I declare I have taken a strange fancy to her.'

'Perhaps you would not like her so well if you knew 'her thoroughly,' answered Mrs. Ellison.—'She is, upon 'the whole, but of a whimsical temper; and, if you will 'take my opinion, you should not cultivate too much in-'timacy with her. I know you will never mention what 'I say; but she is like some pictures which please best at 'a distance.'

Amelia did not seem to agree with these sentiments, and she greatly importuned Mrs. Ellison to be more explicit, but to no purpose; she continued to give only dark hints to Mrs. Bennet's disadvantage; and, if ever she let drop something a little too harsh, she failed not immediately to contradict herself, by throwing some gentle commendations into the other scale; so that her conduct appeared utterly unaccountable to Amelia, and, upon the whole, she knew not whether to conclude Mrs. Ellison to be a friend or enemy to Mrs. Bennet.

During this latter conversation Booth was not in the room; for he had been summoned down stairs by the

serjeant, who came to him with news from Murphy, whom he had met that evening, and who assured the serjeant, that if he was desirous of recovering the debt, and which he had before pretended to have on Booth, he might shortly have an opportunity; for that there was to be a very strong petition to the board, the next time they sat. Murphy said further, That he need not fear having his money; for that to his certain knowledge the captain had several things of great value, and even his children had gold watches.

This greatly alarmed Booth, and still more, when the serjeant reported to him from Murphy, that all these things had been seen in his possession within a day last past. He now plainly perceived, as he thought, that Murphy himself, or one of his emissaries, had been the supposed madman; and he now very well accounted to himself, in his own mind, for all that had happened, conceiving that the design was to examine into the state of his effects, and to try whether it was worth his creditors' while to plunder him by law.

At his return to his apartment, he communicated what he had heard to Amelia and Mrs. Ellison, not disguising his apprehensions of the enemy's intentions; but Mrs. Ellison endeavoured to laugh him out of his fears, calling him faint-hearted, and assuring him he might depend on her lawyer.—'Till you hear from him,' said she, 'you 'may rest entirely contented; for, take my word for it, no 'danger can happen to you, of which you will not be 'timely apprised by him. And as for the fellow that 'had the impudence to come into your room, if he was 'sent on such an errand as you mention, I heartily wish 'I had been at home; I would have secured him safe 'with a constable, and have carried him directly before 'justice Thrasher. I know the justice is an enemy to 'bailiffs on his own account.'

This heartening speech a little roused the courage of Booth, and somewhat comforted Amelia, though the spirits of both had been too much hurried to suffer them either to give or receive much entertainment that evening; which Mrs. Ellison perceiving, soon took her leave, and left this unhappy couple to seek relief from sleep, that powerful friend to the distressed, though, like other powerful friends, he is not always ready to give his assistance to those who want it most.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing a very strange incident.

When the husband and wife were alone, they again talked over the news which the serjeant had brought; on which occasion, Amelia did all she could to conceal her own fears, and to quiet those of her husband. At last she turned the conversation to another subject, and poor Mrs. Bennet was brought on the carpet. 'I should be 'sorry,' cries Amelia, 'to find I had conceived an affec- 'tion for a bad woman; and yet I begin to fear Mrs. 'Ellison knows something of her more than she cares to 'discover; why else should she be unwilling to be seen 'with her in public? Besides, I have observed that 'Mrs. Ellison hath been always backward to introduce 'her to me, nor would ever bring her to my apartment, 'though I have often desired her. Nay, she hath given 'me frequent hints not to cultivate the acquaintance. 'What do you think, my dear?—I should be very sorry 'to contract an intimacy with a wicked person.'

'Nay, my dear,' cries Booth, 'I know no more of her, 'nor indeed hardly so much as yourself. But this I

'think, that if Mrs. Ellison knows any reason why she 'should not have introduced Mrs. Bennet into your com-'pany, she was very much in the wrong in introducing 'her into it.'

In discourses of this kind they past the remainder of the evening. In the morning Booth rose early, and going down stairs received from little Betty a sealed note, which contained the following words:

> Beware, beware, beware,
> For I apprehend a dreadful snare
> Is laid for virtuous innocence,
> Under a friend's false pretence.

Booth immediately inquired of the girl who brought this note? and was told it came by a chairman, who having delivered it, departed without saying a word.

He was extremely staggered at what he read, and presently referred the advice to the same affair on which he had received those hints from Atkinson the preceding evening; but, when he came to consider the words more maturely, he could not so well reconcile the two last lines of this poetical epistle, if it may be so called, with any danger which the law gave him reason to apprehend. Mr. Murphy and his gang could not well be said to attack either his innocence or his virtue; nor did they attack him under any colour or pretence of friendship.

After much deliberation on this matter, a very strange suspicion came into his head; and this was, that he was betrayed by Mrs. Ellison. He had for some time conceived no very high opinion of that good gentlewoman, and he now began to suspect that she was bribed to betray him. By this means he thought he could best account for the strange appearance of the supposed madman. And, when this conceit once had birth in his mind, several circumstances nourished and improved

it. Among these were her jocose behaviour and raillery on that occasion, and her attempt to ridicule his fears from the message which the serjeant had brought him.

This suspicion was indeed preposterous, and not at all warranted by, or even consistent with, the character and whole behaviour of Mrs. Ellison, but it was the only one which at that time suggested itself to his mind; and, however blameable it might be, it was certainly not unnatural in him to entertain it; for so great a torment is anxiety to the human mind, that we always endeavour to relieve ourselves from it by guesses, however doubtful or uncertain; on all which occasions, dislike and hatred are the surest guides to lead our suspicion to its object.

When Amelia rose to breakfast, Booth produced the note which he had received, saying, 'My dear, you have 'so often blamed me for keeping secrets from you, and I 'have so often, indeed, endeavoured to conceal secrets of 'this kind from you with such ill success, that, I think, I 'shall never more attempt it.' Amelia read the letter hastily, and seemed not a little discomposed, then turning to Booth with a very disconsolate countenance, she said, 'Sure fortune takes a delight in terrifying us! what can 'be the meaning of this?'—Then fixing her eyes attentively on the paper, she perused it for some time, till Booth cried ——'How is it possible, my Emily, you can read such 'stuff patiently! the verses are certainly as bad as ever 'were written.'—'I was trying, my dear,' answered she, 'to recollect the hand; for I will take my oath, I have 'seen it before, and that very lately,' and suddenly she cried out with great emotion, 'I remember it perfectly 'now—It is Mrs. Bennet's hand. Mrs. Ellison shewed 'me a letter from her but a day or two ago. It is a very 'remarkable hand, and I am positive it is hers.'

'If it be hers,' cries Booth, 'what can she possibly 'mean by the latter part of her caution? sure Mrs. 'Ellison hath no intention to betray us.'

'I know not what she means,' answered Amelia, 'but 'I am resolved to know immediately; for I am certain 'of the hand. By the greatest luck in the world she told 'me yesterday where her lodgings were, when she pressed 'me exceedingly to come and see her. She lives but 'a very few doors from us, and I will go to her this 'moment.'

Booth made not the least objection to his wife's design. His curiosity was, indeed, as great as hers, and so was his impatience to satisfy it, though he mentioned not this his impatience to Amelia; and perhaps it had been well for him if he had.

Amelia, therefore, presently equipped herself in her walking dress, and leaving her children to the care of her husband, made all possible haste to Mrs. Bennet's lodgings.

Amelia waited near five minutes at Mrs. Bennet's door, before any one came to open it; at length, a maid servant appeared, who being asked if Mrs. Bennet was at home, answered with some confusion in her countenance, that she did not know; 'but, Madam,' said she, 'if you will 'send up your name, I will go and see.' Amelia then told her name; and the wench, after staying a considerable time, returned and acquainted her that Mrs. Bennet was at home. She was then ushered into a parlour, and told that the lady would wait on her presently.

In this parlour Amelia cooled her heels, as the phrase is, near a quarter of an hour. She seemed, indeed, at this time, in the miserable situation of one of those poor wretches who make their morning visits to the great, to solicit favours, or perhaps to solicit the payment of a debt; for both are alike treated as beggars, and the latter

sometimes considered as the more troublesome beggars of the two.

During her stay here, Amelia observed the house to be in great confusion; a great bustle was heard above stairs, and the maid ran up and down several times in a great hurry.

At length Mrs. Bennet herself came in. She was greatly disordered in her looks, and had, as the women call it, huddled on her clothes in much haste: for in truth, she was in bed when Amelia first came. Of this fact she informed her, as the only apology she could make for having caused her to wait so long for her company.

Amelia very readily accepted her apology, but asked her with a smile if these early hours were usual with her? Mrs. Bennet turned as red as scarlet at the question, and answered, 'No, indeed, dear Madam. I am for the most 'part a very early riser; but I happened accidentally to sit 'up very late last night. I am sure I had little expec-'tation of your intending me such a favour this morning.'

Amelia, looking very steadfastly at her, said: 'Is it 'possible, Madam, you should think such a note as this 'would raise no curiosity in me?' She then gave her the note, asking her if she did not know the hand.

Mrs. Bennet appeared in the utmost surprise and confusion at this instant. Indeed, if Amelia had conceived but the slightest suspicion before, the behaviour of the lady would have been a sufficient confirmation to her of the truth. She waited not therefore, for an answer, which, indeed, the other seemed in no haste to give; but conjured her in the most earnest manner, to explain to her the meaning of so extraordinary an act of friendship: 'For so,' said she, 'I esteem it; being convinced you must 'have sufficient reason for the warning you have given 'me.'

Mrs. Bennet, after some hesitation, answered; 'I need

'not, I believe, tell you how much I am surprised at 'what you have shewn me, and the chief reason of my 'surprise is, how you came to discover my hand. Sure, 'Madam, you have not shewn it to Mrs. Ellison.'

Amelia declared she had not; but desired she would question her no farther. 'What signifies how I dis-'covered it, since your hand it certainly is?'

'I own it is,' cries Mrs. Bennet, recovering her spirits; 'and since you have not shewn it to that woman I am 'satisfied. I begin to guess now whence you might have 'your information; but no matter; I wish I had never 'done any thing of which I ought to be more ashamed— 'No one can, I think, justly accuse me of a crime on 'that account; and, I thank heaven, my shame will 'never be directed by the false opinion of the world.— 'Perhaps it was wrong to shew my letter; but when 'I consider all circumstances, I can forgive it.'

'Since you have guessed the truth,' said Amelia, 'I 'am not obliged to deny it. She, indeed, shewed me 'your letter; but I am sure you have not the least 'reason to be ashamed of it. On the contrary, your 'behaviour on so melancholy an occasion was highly 'praiseworthy; and your bearing up under such af-'flictions, as the loss of a husband in so dreadful a 'situation, was truly great and heroical.'

'So Mrs. Ellison then hath shewn you my letter?' cries Mrs. Bennet, eagerly.

'Why, did not you guess it yourself?' answered Amelia, 'otherwise I am sure I have betrayed my honour 'in mentioning it. I hope you have not drawn me in-'advertently into any breach of my promise. Did you 'not assert, and that with an absolute certainty, that 'you knew she had shewn me your letter, and that you 'was not angry with her for so doing?'

'I am so confused,' replied Mrs. Bennet, 'that I

'scarce know what I say; yes, yes, I remember I did 'say so——I wish I had no greater reason to be angry 'with her than that.'

'For Heaven's sake,' cries Amelia, 'do not delay my 'request any longer; what you say now greatly increases 'my curiosity; and my mind will be on the rack till 'you discover your whole meaning; for I am more and 'more convinced that something of the utmost import-'ance was the purport of your message.'

'Of the utmost importance, indeed,' cries Mrs. Bennet; 'at least you will own my apprehensions were sufficiently 'well founded—O gracious Heaven! how happy shall 'I think myself, if I should have proved your preserva-'tion! I will, indeed, explain my meaning; but, in 'order to disclose all my fears in their just colours, I 'must unfold my whole history to you. Can you have 'patience, Madam, to listen to the story of the most 'unfortunate of women?'

Amelia assured her of the highest attention; and Mrs. Bennet soon after began to relate what is written in the seventh book of this history.

END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

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